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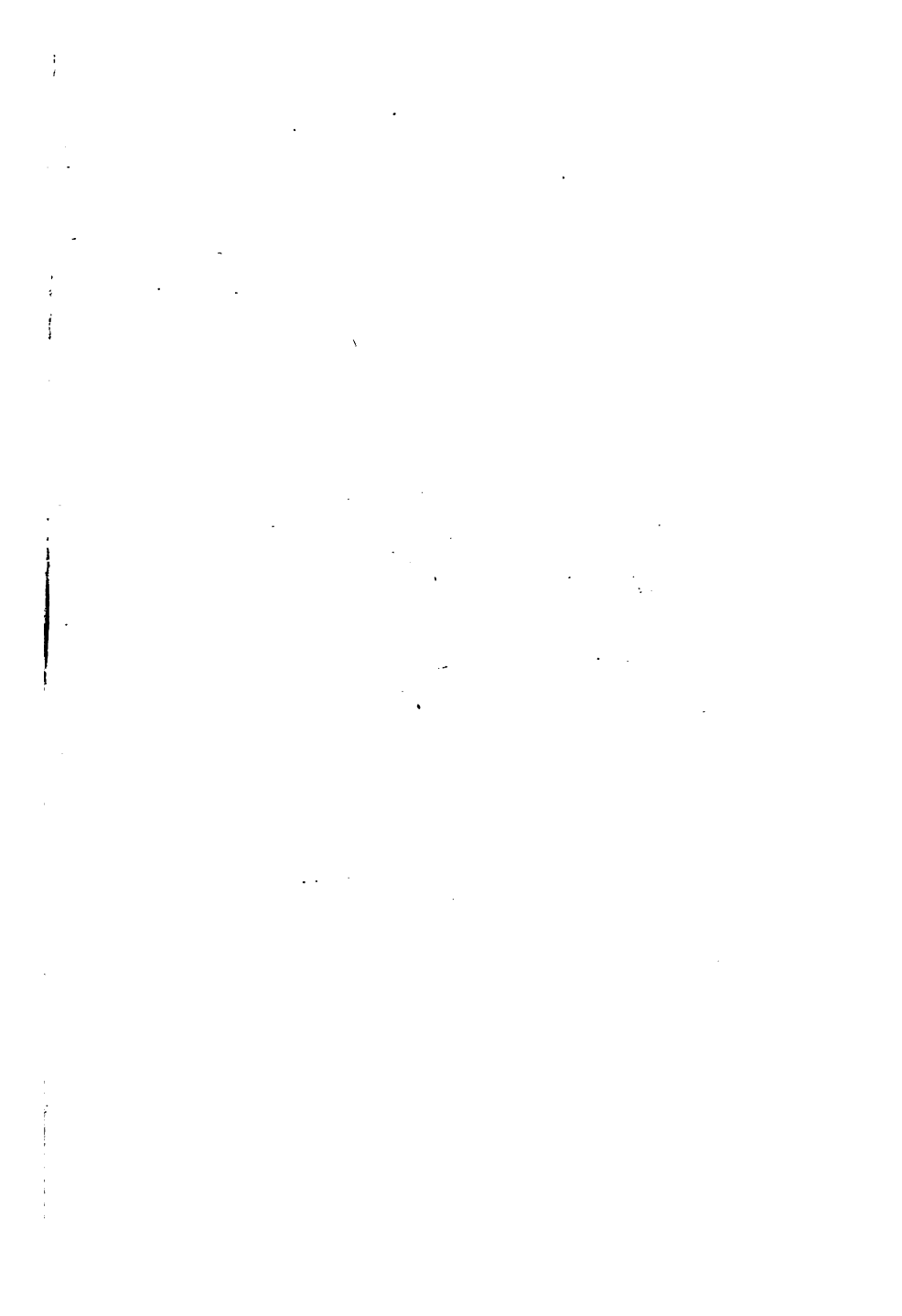
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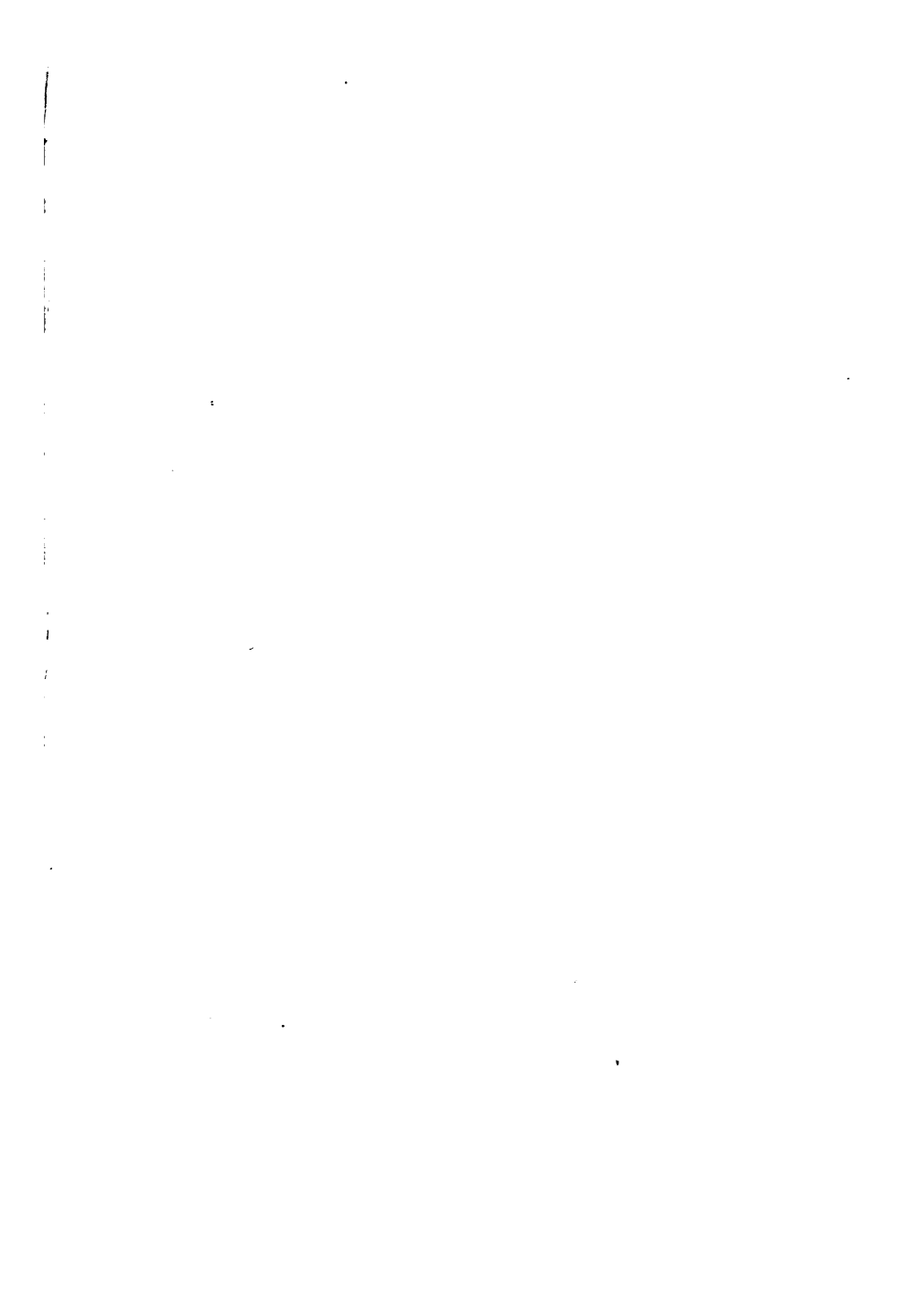
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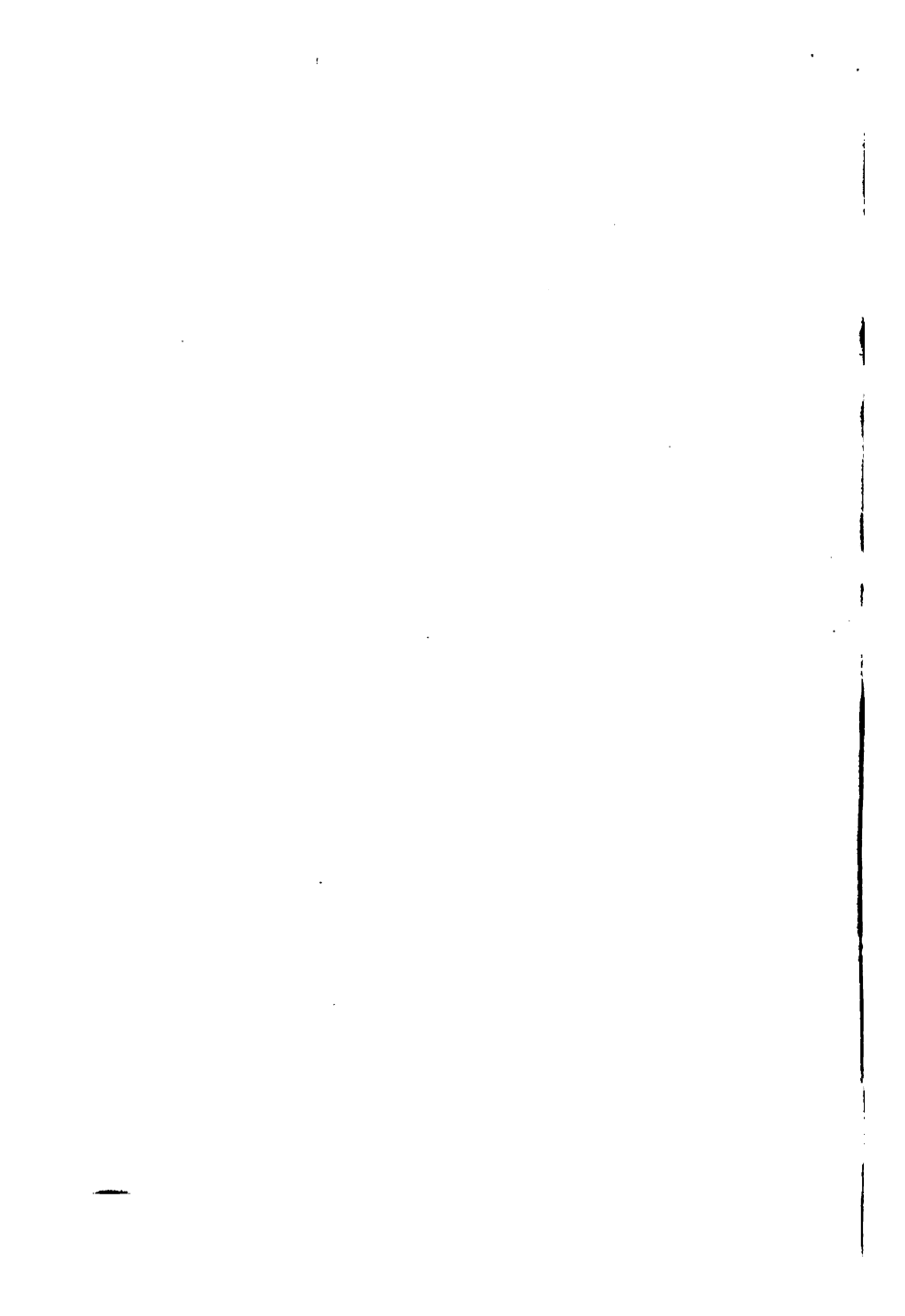
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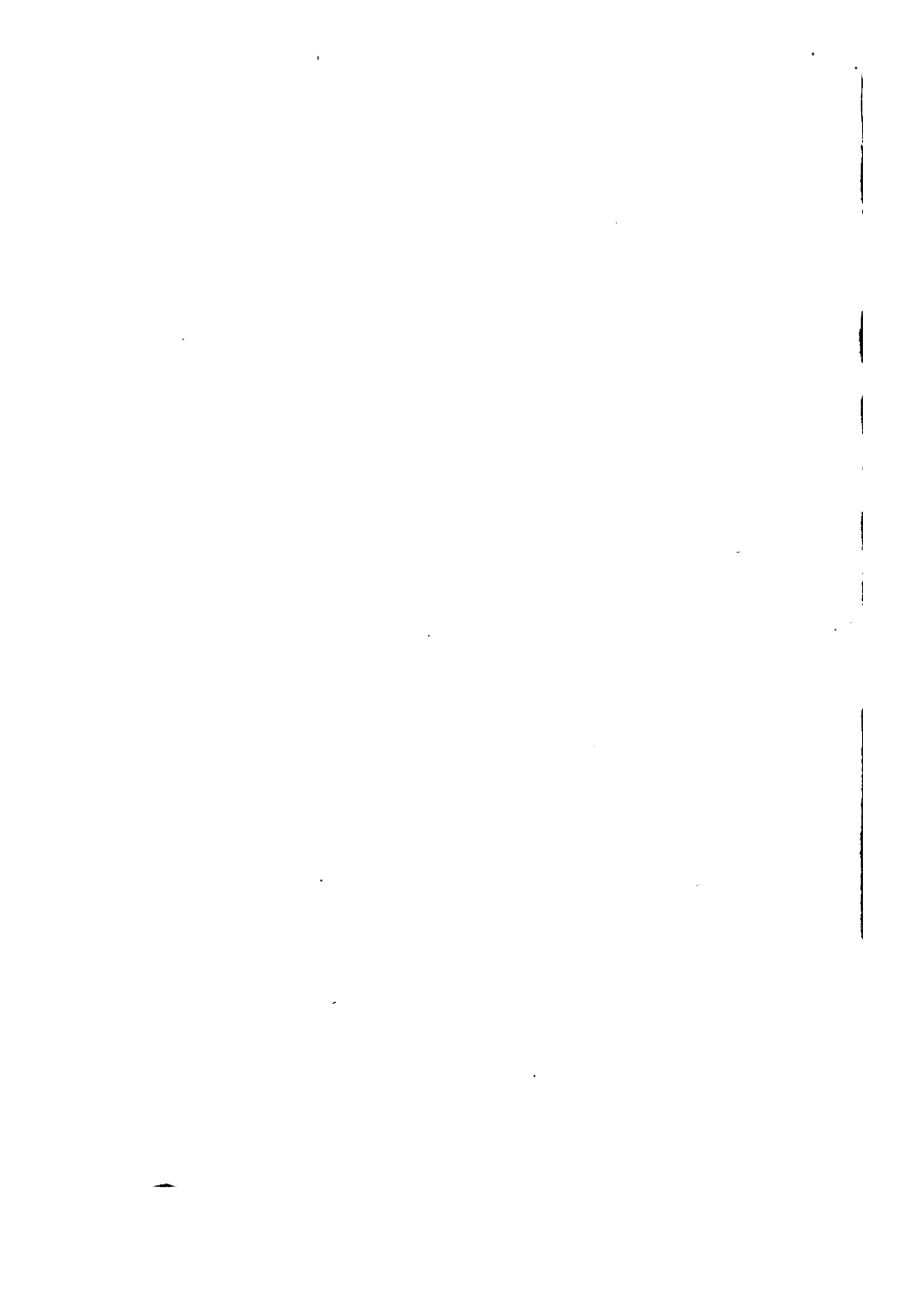








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S. AUGUSTINE.

August 28.

THE
LIVES OF THE SAINTS.

60678

BY
REV. S. BARING-GOULD, M.A.,

AUTHOR OF

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Preachers," "Curious Myths of the Middle Ages," &c., &c.*

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LIVES OF THE SAINTS.

—◆—
August 1.

SS. ELIAZAR, the SEVEN MACCABEES and their MOTHER, at Antioch, B.C. 166 (2 Macc. vi. vii.)

S. PETER AD VINCULA.

SS. FIDES, SPES, AND CHARITAS, VV. MM., and SAPIENTIA, M. at Rome.

S. FELIX, M. at Gerona in Catalonia; circ. A.D. 303.

S. JUSTIN, Boy M. at Paris.

S. JUSTA, V. M. at Aquila in Italy; circ. A.D. 304.

SS. FICARDUS AND SECUNDELIUS, HH., at Nantes; 6th cent.

S. BANDARIDUS, B. of Soissons; 6th cent.

S. KENETH, H. in Gower; 6th cent.

S. ALMEDHA, V. M. at Brecknock; 6th cent.

S. ETHELWOLD, B. of Winchester; A.D. 974.

S. PETER AD VINCULA.

[Roman Martyrology. Bede, Usuardus, Hrabanus, Nothes, &c., Anglican reformed Kalendar. In the Roman, "At Rome, on the Esquiline, the dedication of S. Peter ad Vincula." In the Anglican "Lammas Day."]



THE name of this holy day, Lammas, is a corruption of Loafmass—a feast of thanksgiving for the first fruits of the harvest, annually observed in England at the beginning of August. Bread made of the new wheat was offered at mass on this day, and was solemnly blessed; and hence, in many parts of England, tenants were bound to bring in new wheat of the year to their lords, on or before the 1st August.

The blessing of new fruits was performed annually in the Eastern and Western Churches on the 1st, and sometimes on the 6th of August. It is mentioned on the latter day in the Sacramentary of S. Gregory.

In the 5th cent. a church was dedicated to S. Peter ad Vincula on the Esquiline hill at Rome, on this day; and

hence the festival of S. Peter's delivery from prison, and the breaking off of his chains, was kept upon it, though the event happened shortly after Easter. The account of the deliverance of S. Peter is thus recorded by S. Luke in the Acts of the Apostles :—

“ Now about that time Herod the king stretched forth his hands to vex certain of the Church.

“ And he killed James the brother of John with the sword.

“ And because he saw it pleased the Jews, he proceeded further to take Peter also. (Then were the days of unleaven bread.)

“ And when he had apprehended him, he put him in prison, and delivered him to four quaternions of soldiers to keep him ; intending after Easter to bring him forth to the people.

“ Peter therefore was kept in prison : but prayer was made without ceasing of the Church unto God for him.

“ And when Herod would have brought him forth, the same night Peter was sleeping between two soldiers, bound with two chains ; and the keepers before the door kept the prison.

“ And, behold, the angel of the Lord came upon him, and a light shined in the prison : and he smote Peter on the side, and raised him up, saying, Arise up quickly. And his chains fell off from his hands.

“ And the angel said unto him, Gird thyself, and bind on thy sandals. And so he did. And he saith unto him, Cast thy garment about thee, and follow me.

“ And he went out, and followed him ; and wist not that it was true which was done by the angel ; but thought he saw a vision.

“ When they were past the first and second ward, they came unto the iron gate that leadeth unto the city ; which opened to them of his own accord : and they went out, and

passed on through one street ; and forthwith the angel departed from him.

"And when Peter was come to himself, he said, Now I know of a surety, that the Lord hath sent his angel, and hath delivered me out of the hand of Herod, and from all the expectation of the people of the Jews.

"And when he had considered the thing, he came to the house of Mary the mother of John, whose surname was Mark ; where many were gathered together praying.

"And as Peter knocked at the door of the gate, a damsel came to hearken, named Rhoda.

"And when she knew Peter's voice, she opened not the gate for gladness, but ran in, and told how Peter stood before the gate.

"And they said unto her, Thou art mad. But she constantly affirmed that it was even so. Then said they, It is his angel.

"But Peter continued knocking : and when they had opened the door, and saw him, they were astonished.

"But he, beckoning unto them with the hand to hold their peace, declared unto them how the Lord had brought him out of the prison. And he said, Go shew these things unto James, and to the brethren. And he departed, and went into another place.

"Now as soon as it was day, there was no small stir among the soldiers, what was become of Peter.

"And when Herod had sought for him, and found him not, he examined the keepers, and commanded that they should be put to death. And he went down from Judæa to Cæsarea, and there abode."

SS. FIDES, SPES, CHARITAS, VV., MM.,
AND SAPIENTIA, W.M.

(DATE UNCERTAIN.)

[Roman Martyrology. Usuardus and Notker are the first to insert these Saints in their Latin Martyrologies. By the Greeks on Sept. 17; also by the Russians on the same day. The names in Greek are Pistis, Elpis, Agape, and their mother Sophia.]

JUSTINIAN built at Constantinople a church, which he dedicated to the Eternal Wisdom (Sophia). The Hagia Sophia was vulgarly supposed to be a female saint, and as Faith, Hope, and Charity are the fruit or offspring of Wisdom, it was fabled that Wisdom had three daughters, Faith, Hope, and Charity. Thus sprang up among the ignorant a supposition that there had been once a saintly woman named Sophia, who had three virgin daughters named Pistis, Elpis, and Agape. That they were martyr virgins was the next stage in the growth of the myth, and some sarcastic joke that Faith, Hope, and Charity were dead and buried in Rome led next to the localization of their martyrdom. Hrabanus and Notker, finding these saints in the Constantinopolitan kalendar, introduced them into the West, and from these martyrologies the saints found their way into all other Latin menologies. The bones of Wisdom, Faith, Hope, and Charity are shown in the churches of S. Peter and S. Sylvester at Rome, the head of Hope is at Paderborn, some bones in the Escorial. But the bodies were also shown before the Revolution in the church of S. Marie at Viganne, in the diocese of Cahors. Other bodies are shown in a church dedicated to them and S. Julia at Brescia, translated in 1600.

According to the legend, S. Sapientia (Sophia) was a widow. Her daughters, Fides, Spes, and Charitas, were summoned before Antiochus, prefect of Rome, in the reign

of Hadrian.¹ Faith, aged twelve, was beaten, thrown into molten pitch, and decapitated. Hope was cast into a furnace, but, being unhurt by the flames, was also executed with the sword. The same happened to Charity. Last of all the mother, Wisdom, was executed.

S. FELIX, M.

(A.D. 303.)

[Roman and Spanish Martyrologies. Authorities :—Same as those for S. Cucuphas, July 25.]

FELIX and CUCUPHAS, two African Christians, of good family, and in easy circumstances, left their native land on board a trading vessel, which they had laden with wares, in hopes of escaping the persecution raging at the close of the reign of Diocletian, by following the vocation of merchants, and avoiding such places as were suffering most severely from cruel and zealous magistrates. On reaching Barcelona, they were arrested and led before the Governor, Dacian ; S. Cucuphas suffered at Barcelona, but Felix was conducted to Gerona, where, having refused to adore idols, he was tortured and executed.

Modern hagiographers, dissatisfied with the statement that Cucuphas and Felix endeavoured to elude persecution, assert that in their eagerness to gain the crown of martyrdom they sailed from Mauritania to Spain, impatient at the sluggishness with which the Christians were being despatched in Africa. If this were so, why the merchandize with which their ship was freighted ?

¹ It is needless to say there was no prefect of that name in the reign of Hadrian.

S. KENETH, H.

(6TH CENT.)

[Wilson in his *Anglican Martyrology*. The Bollandists. Authority :—The Legend in Capgrave.]

S. KENETH was a hermit who lived in Gower. A wild legend of his childhood is told by Capgrave, of no historical value. He was the son of a Welsh prince, born in sin, and cast out when born in an osier coracle on the waves to be drifted away where God willed. The seagulls fluttered round him, raised the babe with their claws and beaks, and bore him to a ledge of rock, where they made a bed for him of the feathers from their breasts. Nine days after, an angel brought a brazen bell for him to suck out of, and every day a forest doe came to the edge of the cliff, and spurted milk into the bell.

A shepherd found the infant, and bore him to his home ; but a flight of seagulls followed, and, swooping down on the crib in which the shepherd had laid the child, flew away with the little Keneth, and bore him back to the ledge of rock over the thundering Atlantic.

Thus grew up Keneth. But he was always deformed, having one leg bent up so that the calf adhered to his thigh.

He lived till his death, revered by all, on the storm-beaten rocks of the Peninsula of Gower, the associate of seagulls and forest deer.

S. ALMEDHA, V.M.

(6TH CENT.)

[Wilson's *Anglican Martyrology*. Authority :—Giraldus Cambrensis, in his *Itinerary* ; and the *Cognitio Brychani*.]

BRYCHAN, son of Awlach Mac-Gormuc, an Irish prince, was brought, at an early age, to Britain by his parents, who took up their residence at Benne (Gaer, upon the banks of

the river Isgeer, near Brecknock), and became King of Garthmathrin, in Wales, in right of his mother, Marchell, daughter of Tydor, Prince of Garthmathrin. He changed the name of his principality into Brecknock. He was a distinguished character in the history of Wales, as being the father of a very numerous issue, which came to be styled one of the three holy families of Britain; for nearly all his children embraced the religious life, and became founders of churches. *S. Almedha*, though not included in the ordinary lists of his children, is said to have been a daughter of King Brychan, and sister of *S. Canoc*. She was probably a granddaughter. Her real name was *Elyned*, or *Aled*, which has been Latinized into *Almedha*. The Welsh genealogists say that she suffered martyrdom on a hill near Brecknock, having been massacred by the heathen Saxons. A chapel was erected to her memory on the site of her martyrdom. Mr. Hugh Thomas, who wrote an essay on the history of Brecknockshire in 1698, says that the chapel was still standing, but roofless, in his time; the people thereabouts called it *S. Tayled* (*i.e.*, *Saint Ayled*). It was situated on an eminence, about a mile to the east of Brecknock, and about half a mile from a farmhouse, formerly the mansion and residence of the Aubreys. Some vestiges of this building may still be traced, and an aged yew tree, with a well at its foot, marks the site.

Giraldus says, "In her honour a solemn feast is annually held here in the beginning of August, and attended by a large concourse of people from a considerable distance, when those persons who labour under various diseases, through the merits of this blessed Virgin, receive their wished-for health. The circumstances which occur at every anniversary, appear to me remarkable. You may see men or girls, now in the church, now in the churchyard, now in the dance, which is led round the churchyard with a song,

on a sudden falling on the ground in a fit, then jumping up as in a frenzy, and representing with their hands and feet, before the people, whatever work they have unlawfully done on feast days; you may see one man put his hand to the plough, and another, as it were, goad on the oxen, mitigating their sense of labour by the usual rude song; one man imitating the profession of a shoemaker; another, that of a tanner. You may see a girl with a distaff, drawing out the thread, and winding it again on the spindle; another walking, and arranging the threads for the web; another, as it were, throwing the shuttle, and seeming to weave. On being brought into the church, and led up to the altar with their oblations, you will be astonished to see them suddenly awakened, and coming to themselves. Thus, by the divine mercy, which rejoices in the conversion—not in the death—of sinners, many persons, from the conviction of their senses, are at these feast days corrected and amended.”

S. ETHELWOLD, B. OF WINCHESTER.

(A.D. 984.)

[Found in post-mediæval Martyrologies. In an Anglican Kalendar, published by Martene T. VI., Wilson, Menardus, Wyon, Greven, Molanus, the Bollandists, a Mass in honour of S. Ethelwold is published by Mabillon, and the Bollandists. Authority:—A life by Wulstan, Abbot of Winchester, a contemporary, d. 990, “in Latin prose, in a style below mediocrity,” *Wright*, but interesting, and thoroughly trustworthy. Also, William of Malmesbury, “*De Pontif. Anglic.*”]

ETHELWOLD, or Ethelwald, whom his contemporaries and followers designated as the “father of monks,” was a native of Winchester, the son of a noble citizen of that place. He was born in the reign of Edward the Elder, and, therefore, not later than the year 925; and was trained to learning from his childhood.

While very young he was taken to court, and his talents

and many good qualities obtained for him the favour of King Athelstan, and of the learned men who enjoyed the favour of that monarch. He received the tonsure at the hand of Alphege the Bald, Bishop of Winchester.

Ethelwold appears to have been nearly of the same age as Dunstan; they were ordained to the priesthood at the same time; and when Dunstan became abbot of Glastonbury, towards 943, Ethelwold took the monastic habit, and became the companion of his studies and of his counsels. He then qualified himself as a grammarian and poet, entered eagerly into the deepest mysteries of theology; and probably followed all the various pursuits in the arts and sciences, to which Dunstan showed so much attachment. Ethelwold is said to have been an ingenious mechanic, and an early writer of the abbey of Abingdon mentions two bells which he made with his own hands.

Ethelwold remained but a few years at Glastonbury, for before the end of the reign of Edred, who died in 955, he was seized with the desire of visiting France, and of perfecting himself in learning and monastic discipline in the schools and monasteries which flourished in that country. But the queen-mother, Edgiva, a woman of great piety, represented to King Edred the loss his kingdom would sustain if he allowed such an eminent monk to leave it; and when Ethelwold applied for leave to travel, he met with a refusal.

As an excuse for retaining him in England, the king gave him the abbey of Abingdon, in Berkshire, a small monastic house, then deserted and in ruins, which the king and his mother at the same time enriched with lands, and other valuable gifts. Ethelwold induced five monks of Glastonbury, Osgar, Foldbirht, Friwegar, Ordbirht, and Eadric, to accompany him, and they began to erect a new building, more worthy of the purpose for which it was destined. This

work was not completed till the beginning of the reign of Edgar, when Ethelwold sent Osgar to Fleury to be instructed in the monastic discipline of that place, and qualified to teach it to the monks of Abingdon.¹

There was at Abingdon a simple monk named Ælfstan, who was employed by Ethelwold in the kitchen. Ælfstan had no easy time of it; he had to cook for the monks, and cook for the workmen engaged on the buildings of the new monastery. He was an active, neat, punctual man, who had always meals ready at the right time, the kitchen swept scrupulously clean, the pots and pans scrubbed, and set in their places. Ethelwold had no idea that Ælfstan was without assistance in the kitchen; by some oversight he had not supplied him with a scullery-monk, but the cheerful, dapper cook did not complain, but went about his work singing and making melody in his heart to God.

One day Ethelwold came into the kitchen and found the great cauldron full of bread and meat stewing for the workmen, the floor as clean as a platter, no dusters scattered here and there, and dirty bowls in the sink, on the table, or crumbs everywhere, but all in perfect, scrupulous order.

"Oh, my brother! thou art a gallant soldier of Christ!" exclaimed the abbot. "Thrust thy hand into the cauldron, and fish me up a crust from the bottom, and see if the Lord approveth thee, as I do."

The obedient Ælfstan took the lid off the simmering copper, put in his arm through the steam, down through the boiling-water, and brought up a dripping crust. And his arm was uninjured. "Tell no man," said the abbot, rejoiced.

Ælfstan, the cook, became eventually Abbot of Abingdon, and afterwards Bishop of Winchester.²

¹ The most detailed account of Ethelwold's works at Abingdon will be found in the extracts from the register of that house, printed by Dugdale in his *Monasticon*, vol. i.

² Elsewhere called Alfsin or Elfsage; he occupied the episcopal throne of Winchester from A.D. 1015 to 1032.

Ethelwold was a mighty builder, never at rest unless superintending and setting his hand to the construction of new buildings ; and several times in jeopardy thereby. One day a great beam fell on him whilst he was helping the masons ("the devil seeking to extinguish him," says Wulstan), and knocked him head over heels into a ditch, when it lay across him. All his ribs were broken, and but for the ditch it would have crushed the life out of him.

In 963, about three years after the completion of the monastery at Abingdon, King Edgar promoted Ethelwold to the bishopric of Winchester, left vacant by the death of Brithelm. He was consecrated by S. Dunstan, then Archbishop of Canterbury, on the first Sunday in Advent, November 29th, the vigil of S. Andrew's Day.

Ethelwold had no sooner been advanced to the bishopric of Winchester, than he joined Dunstan in the great revolution in the Anglo-Saxon Church, which the archbishop had at heart. He found his cathedral served by secular married priests, canons under no strict rule, living with their wives and families near the great church, feeding well, and sometimes taking the convivial glass, chirpy, jovial, worthy souls, very unlike the grave, austere, enthusiastic monks in the abbeys. Not only the Old Minster at Winchester—the monastery attached to the episcopal see—was occupied by these convivial, married canons, but also the New Minster, formed by King Alfred. The former was immediately under the jurisdiction of the bishop ; and having obtained the authorization of Edgar, in the second year of his bishopric (A.D. 964), he ejected the priests, their wives and children from the close, and invited his monks from Abingdon to occupy their stalls, and enjoy their emoluments.

The last mass sung by the old canons was on the first Saturday in Lent. The mass ended, they were singing the communion, when the western door was opened by the

arriving black-robed swarm from Abingdon. The words of the communion were : " Serve the Lord in fear and rejoice unto him with reverence, receive discipline, lest ye perish from the right way." The monks thought the words appropriate. Osgar, turning in the sunshine at the great gate, exclaimed, " My brethren ! the canons are calling us to come in and take their places. Why tarry ye without ? "

Then an officer of the king stood forth, and ordered the canons to assume the black, monastic robe, or to depart. The canons, bewildered, filled with dismay—the plans of Ethelwold were apparently kept secret till the blow fell—fled from the church, to collect such of their property as they would be suffered to carry off.¹ Three only consented to turn their wives and children out of their houses on the world, and embrace the religious life. " At this time," says Wulstan, " there were no monks in England save at Glastonbury and Abingdon."

The New Minster soon shared the fate of the Old, and within the same year the secular priests were expelled from Chertsey and Milton—old monasteries which had been gradually invaded by clergy not living under rule, who had brought in with them their wives and children to disturb the silent cloisters.

These vigorous proceedings caused great irritation in the diocese between the old clergy and the new monks, and the biographer of Ethelwold does not hesitate to charge the former with an attempt to poison their prelate at his own table, because after a draught of home-made wine he felt uncomfortable internally.²

¹ " He drave out the clergy of the bishopric, because they would not take the rule, and he set there monks in their room." Saxon Chron. sub. ann. 983.

² The only ground for this charge is that the bishop had a pain in his stomach after drinking some home-made wine. He was none the worse for it, however, next day. That, Wulstan thinks, was a miracle. But he tells us elsewhere that the saintly bishop was subject to pains in the bowels. " Vir Dei infirmabatur frequenter in visceribus."

Having thus reformed the four monasteries above mentioned, and compelled the Nuns' Minster at Winchester to adopt a stricter rule, Ethelwold turned his attention to the monasteries which had been deserted during the Danish wars, and the possessions of which had fallen into the hands of the king. This was the case with most of the larger monastic foundations, and it assisted in no slight degree his favourite project of introducing monks in place of the secular clergy throughout the land. Ethelwold first bought from the king the ancient nunnery of Ely, and having, by the purchase of numerous estates, and by other gifts, made it "very rich," he placed in it a company of monks under an abbot named Brithnoth.¹ He bought and rebuilt, in the same manner, the ruins of Medeshamsted (Peterborough), and Thorney; and he did not desist from prosecuting his great design until he had established monks in every part of England.

These extensive operations afforded Ethelwold frequent occasions for indulging in his love of the arts. One of his chief architectural works was the rebuilding the cathedral of Winchester, which occupied him some years, and was not finished till the year 980, when, on the 20th of October, it was consecrated with much pomp by Archbishop Dunstan, in the presence of King Ethelred and nine bishops. In the course of this undertaking Ethelwold disinterred the bones of S. Swithun, which he deposited in a new tomb in the interior of the church in A.D. 971.

Ethelwold was likewise skilful in the mechanical arts, and in music, taking after his old friend and fellow pupil, Dunstan. We have already mentioned the bells which he made with his own hands for the abbey of Abingdon. From the early register of the same abbey we learn that he also

¹ Saxon Chron. sub. ann. 963. A detailed account of Ethelwold's benefactions to the minster of Ely is found in MS. Cotton, Vespas. A. xix.

made "a certain wheel full of bells, which he called the Golden Wheel, on account of its being plated with gold, which he ordered to be brought out and turned round on feast days to excite greater devotion." He is said to have been eminent as a mathematician; and a treatise on the quadrature of the circle, addressed by him to the celebrated Gerbert, is still preserved.

Under Ethelwold's superintendence the monastery of Winchester became an eminent school, which produced many of the most remarkable bishops and abbots of the following age. His biographer describes to us the eagerness with which he employed himself in the instruction of youth, and the pleasure he appeared to feel when teaching children the grammar and metres of the Latin language, and reading to them Latin books in English.

He suffered from a tumour on his thigh, and from pains in the bowels, yet he would not eat meat, except for three months, and in his last sickness, at the exhortation of S. Dunstan.

One night a monk named Theodric went to him when the time came for rising to sing the praises of God, and found that instead of having gone to bed after Compline the bishop had sat up reading by a candle he held in his own hand, whilst he shaded his eyes with the other. This was a novel idea to Theodric. How a man could find such delight in a book as to forget his sleep for it was to him amazing. That a man should read by candlelight was a novelty. So he took the candle from the bishop's hand, drew the book towards himself, and tried to read. But his eyes ached next day, and never, till his dying day, did Theodric afterwards approve of study by candlelight.

Another night the old bishop fell asleep over his studies, and the candle he held dropped on the parchment page. He was found by a monk with his head bowed, and the

candle on the book, and though the grease had swaled over the page, the parchment was unconsumed. This was regarded as miraculous.

The chief literary work of S. Ethelwold (or, at least, the one by which he was best known) was a translation into Anglo-Saxon of the Rule of S. Benedict. This work he is said to have undertaken at the desire of King Edgar, who gave him for it the manor of Southbourne, which he immediately conferred upon his foundation of Ely. Ethelwold's munificence appeared in the number and richness of his endowments, probably far exceeding those of any other individual in his age. His charity was exhibited in a no less remarkable manner; when his own diocese was suffering under the visitation of famine, he ordered all the sacred vessels of the Church to be broken up and turned into money, observing that the precious metals were better employed in feeding the poor than in ministering to the pride of ecclesiastics. The Saxon Chronicle calls him "the well-willing bishop." Ethelwold died on the 1st of August, 984, and was buried in the cathedral of Winchester. S. Dunstan was present at his death.

August 2.

- S. MAXIMUS, *B. of Padua*; 2nd cent.
 S. STEPHEN I. *Pope, M. at Rome*; A.D. 257.
 S. RUTILIUS, *M. in Africa*; 3rd cent.
 SS. THEODOTA AND HER THREE SONS, *at Nicæa*; circ. A.D. 304.
 S. AUSPICIUS, *B. at Apté in Gaul*.
 S. SERENUS, *B. of Marseilles*; beginning of 7th cent.
 S. BETHANIUS, *B. of Chartres*; circ. A.D. 623.
 S. ETHELDRIETHA, *R. at Croyland*; circ. A.D. 834.
 S. PETER, *B. of Borgo de Osma, in Spain*, A.D. 1109.
 S. ALPHONSO LIGUORI, *B. of S. Agatha, at Nocera de' Pagani*, A.D. 1787.

S. STEPHEN I. POPE, M.

(A.D. 257.)

[Roman Martyrology, Ado, Usuardus, ancient Roman Martyrology. By the Greeks on the 30th August or 7th Sept. But in the Martyrology of the Emperor Basil on August 2. Authority:—The letters of S. Cyprian, Anastasius Bibliothecarius, &c.]



URING the interval of peace that elapsed between the Decian and Valerian persecutions, a controversy sprang up on the rebaptism of heretics. Africa and the East, Alexandria, with less decision, declared the baptism by heretics to be an idle ceremony, and even an impious mimicry of that holy sacrament, which could only be valid when performed by clergy duly consecrated, and maintaining their union with the body of the Church.

Lucius, Pope of Rome, died in 253, and was succeeded by Stephen. This pope did not adopt the harsh view of the Eastern prelates. Every baptism performed with the right matter and the right words, he contended, admitted to Christian privileges. Unfortunately, Stephen's letters are lost; his adversaries charge him with having enforced his rule with imperious dictation.

S. Cyprian of Carthage, S. Dionysius of Alexandria, wrote to him. He replied denouncing S. Cyprian as a false Christ, a false apostle, a deceitful worker; and broke off communion with all the Churches of the East and of Africa which adhered to the more rigorous practice. S. Cyprian summoned a council to meet at Carthage. Seventy-one bishops of Africa assembled, and asserted the independent judgment of the African Churches.

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S. Cyprian sent two bishops to Rome with a copy of the decisions of the Carthaginian council, and letters from himself. S. Stephen would not allow the messengers to enter his presence, and forbade the faithful to show them the smallest hospitality, to receive them into their houses, or wish them God-speed. Cyprian wrote in indignation. He condemned in severe terms the perverseness, obstinacy, contumacy of Stephen. He promulgated, in Latin, a letter of S. Firmilian, Bishop of Cappadocian Cæsarea, still more unmeasured in its censures. Firmilian denounced the audacity, the insolence of Stephen; scoffed at his boasted descent from S. Peter; declared that, by his sin, he had excommunicated himself; that he was a schismatic, an apostate from the unity of the Church. Cyprian assembled another council. Eighty-seven bishops met under his presidency, reasserted their previous decision, repudiated the assumption by Stephen of the title Bishop of Bishops, and the arbitrary dictation of one bishop to all Christendom.

This was in A.D. 256. In the council were fifteen confessors, some with scars, and maimed for the faith. It is not known what was the end of this dispute. It lasted under the pontificate of S. Sixtus, successor of S. Stephen; for S. Dionysius wrote to him on the subject.

The sudden break out of persecution under Valerian in the year following the council, A.D. 257, drew attention

from these questions to the more pressing necessities of a time of fiery trial.

One of the first victims was S. Stephen. He died on the 2nd of August, A.D. 257, and was buried in the cemetery of Callixtus.

S. RUTILIUS, M.

(3RD CENT.)

[Roman Martyrology. Authority:—Tertullian, *De Fuga in Persecutione*, c. 9.]

RUTILIUS, says Tertullian, was a Christian in Africa who greatly feared death. He therefore, in the persecution of Severus, fled from place to place, and from one hiding-place to another to avoid capture. He even paid money to obtain his exemption from sacrifice. But having been caught, he was brought before the magistrate, boldly confessed Christ, and suffered.

S. THEODOTA, M.

(CIRC. A.D. 304.)

[By the Greeks S. Theodota and her three sons on July 29, and again on Dec. 22. In the lesser Roman Martyrology "In Bithynia, Theodota and her three sons." So also Ado, Usuardus adds "at Nicæa," and says that the eldest of the sons was called Euodius. A church was dedicated to these martyrs at an early age at Constantinople. It was built by the Emperor Justin, about A.D. 520, but probably only rebuilt on an earlier site. The Acts are untrustworthy.]

S. THEODOTA, a widow of Nicæa, probably wealthy, was sought in marriage by Leucatus the prefect. And when she refused him, he sent her and her three sons to Nicetias, prefect of Bithynia, charged with being Christians. They were cast into a furnace, and perished in the flames.

S. ETHELDRITHA, V.R.

(ABOUT A.D. 834.)

[Mayhew says, "In the Monastery of Croyland, on this day, the commemoration of the Blessed Etheldritha the virgin, called by some *Alfreda*." The Bollandists also on this day. Authorities :—Ingulf of Croyland and John of Brompton. Ingulf's History of Croyland is unfortunately not to be depended upon in many matters. It was certainly not composed by Ingulf, who died A.D. 1109, and is a forgery of some monk of Croyland composed for the purpose of supporting the claims of the abbots of Croyland in their lawsuits with the monks of Spalding. The charters it contains are also forgeries. It was too frequently the custom of the monastic bodies in the Middle Ages to forge charters and grants of lands, &c., to support their claims. Some of these forgeries may be seen in the Durham library at the present day. Ingulf's History of Croyland may, however, and probably does, contain fragments of genuine history, and among such may be the notice of S. Etheldritha. It is moreover confirmed by other writers.]

OFFA, King of the Mercians, by his wife Cynedritha, had a daughter named Etheldritha, or *Alfreda*, whose hand Ethelbert of the East Angles sought. The young prince came to the court of Offa at Sutton Wallis to make his suit, but was treacherously murdered by Cynedritha, no doubt with the private sanction of Offa, who, after his death, sent troops into East Anglia, and annexed it to his own possessions.¹ Etheldritha, filled with horror at the crime—the murder by her own mother of the young king who had sought her in marriage—fled her home, and retired to the island of Croyland, in the desolate marshes of Lincolnshire, and spent forty years in a cell adjoining the church. Another daughter of Offa was Eadburg, who became wife of Beortric, King of Wessex, and was the murderess of Worr.²

On the death of Offa (A.D. 794), Mercia was governed by Kenwulf, who died in 819; S. Kenelm,³ the little son of Kenwulf, was murdered by his sister in the same year, and then the throne was occupied by Ceolwulf. Two years after, he was driven out by one Beornwulf, who was defeated

¹ See for particulars, May 20th, p. 308.

² See SS. Judith and Salome, June 29th.

³ See S. Kenelm, July 17th.

by Egbert, King of the West Saxons, in 823. He was succeeded by Ludeca, who was killed by the East Anglians. On his death, Witlaf was elected king; but in 827 Egbert drove him out of his kingdom. Witlaf took refuge in the cell of his kinswoman, S. Etheldritha, at Croyland. The soldiers of Egbert sought him everywhere throughout Mercia, but could not find him, and for four months he lay concealed in the cell of the recluse. Siward, Abbot of Croyland, then mediated between him and Egbert, and Witlaf was allowed to return to his kingdom, on a promise of paying an annual tribute.¹

"This King Witlaf perseveringly continued up to the time of his death in the same love which he had entertained for the monastery of Croyland. And when he heard of the death of the most holy virgin Etheldritha, he was overwhelmed with such excessive grief, that as he lay for a long time on his bed, his friends feared that his death was nigh at hand. At length, having, by the grace of God, been in some degree restored, he came to her sepulchre—for she had been buried at the head of the holy man Tatwin, formerly the guide and boatman of the holy father Guthlac, in the said island—and there, as though in an ecstasy, he shed as many tears over the tomb as if he had lost wife and son, or his whole family had perished by a sudden misfortune; until Lord Siward, the abbot, whom he always most tenderly venerated as his father, having rebuked him with some severity, led him away, unwillingly and reluctantly, from the tomb to his own chamber."²

¹ This is the occasion of the pseudo Ingulf introducing a forged charter granting extensive lands to the Abbey of Croyland, signed by Witlaf.

² Ingulf.

S. ALPHONSO LIGUORI, B.D.

(A.D. 1789.)

[Roman Martyrology. Declared Venerable by Pius VI. in 1798, beatified by Pius VII., canonized by Pius VIII. in 1830, and proclaimed a Doctor of the Church by Pius IX.]

ALPHONSO LIGUORI was born in 1696, at Marianella, near Naples, and was educated for the law. His faculties were not remarkable for their brilliancy, and there seemed little prospect of his making much way in the profession of the law. One day he had to argue a case; he spent a whole month in laboriously getting it up; when he came to argue, he spoke with great vehemence, but showed such wonderful lack of appreciation of the matter under dispute, that the counsel on the other side found no difficulty in exposing him to the ridicule and scorn of the court. He rushed from the hall of justice, amid the hisses and laughter of all present, to bury himself in his chamber, muttering, "Deceptive world, now I know thee!" He did not leave his room for three days, during which he ate his heart with vexation and shame. At the end of that time he came forth resolved, as the law opened no prospects of success to him, that he would essay what he could do in the Church. His father opposed his design, the outcome, as he thought, not of a true vocation, but of chagrin and disappointed pride. But Alphonso was resolute, and at the age of twenty-seven he irrevocably devoted himself to religion. He was tonsured by the Cardinal-Archbishop of Naples on the 23rd September, 1725, and received the four minor orders by accumulation on the 23rd of December of the same year. When he had received the priesthood, he associated himself with the Society of the Propaganda, and other charitable foundations established at Naples, devoted himself to the ministry of the Word, and preached throughout the realm. Missions became the principal object of

his zeal and of his care. In 1732 he laid the foundations of his Congregation of Missionaries of the Holy Redeemer, in the hermitage of S. Maria at Scala. This institute met with obstacles at first, but Liguori triumphed over them by his constancy and zeal. It was approved by the Holy See, and spread through the kingdom of Naples and the States of the Church. In 1762 Clement XIII. elevated this laborious missionary to the episcopate. Consecrated Bishop of S. Agata de' Goti and Nocera, Liguori exhibited himself a vigilant pastor of souls, preaching, and exhorting, and visiting his flock, and taking pains to form a religious character in his clergy. In July, 1775, exhausted by his long labours, he obtained permission from Pius VI. to resign his see, and he retired into the bosom of his congregation at Nocera de' Pagani, where he lived in prayer and recollection. There he composed his writings, which have been so highly esteemed that they have procured for him from Pope Pius IX. the title of Doctor of the Church, and died at an advanced age. Even those who opposed his teaching—and his "Moral Theology" was calculated to excite indignation and disgust in certain minds—could not refuse to render homage to his virtues. Some men are indulgent to themselves and severe towards others. It was not so with Liguori. He practised the greatest austerities himself, but was excessively indulgent in the confessional to sinners. Indeed, he thought confessors were not as a rule easy enough with their penitents; in his old age he boasted that he had never once in his long life sent away a penitent unabsolved. He never imposed heavy penances, wisely saying, "If the sinner is really contrite, he will punish himself; but if you impose on him a penance, he will neglect the penance and cleave to the sin." His gentleness, patience, and loveableness are said to have won multitudes of souls to a good self-denying life. He was

very particular in instructing the members of his Congregation in the right mode of preaching. "Let the style be simple," said he, "but let the sermon be artistically constructed. If art be absent, the discourse is unconnected and insipid; if it be bombastic, the poor cannot understand it. I have never preached a sermon which the poorest old woman in the congregation could not understand."

He was sorely tempted both before and after he was a bishop with doubts in the faith, which caused him intense distress. He would walk about all night, stamping on the floor, and crying out "Jesu! Mary!" in his distress.

He was a man of small mental power, of a narrow, scrupulous mind, unable to take broad views of any subject; but single in purpose, and following his conscience wherever it led him. He died on 1st August, 1787, and was buried the following day. His commemoration takes place on the day of his interment, on account of August 1st being Lammas Day.

His body reposes in a shrine in the Redemptorist church of S. Michael degli Pagani, at Nocera, with the exception of three of the fingers, which were cut off and sent to Rome at the request of the Pope, and some ribs, contributed to various Redemptorist churches.

August 3.

- S. LYDIA, at *Philippi*, in *Macedonia*, 1st cent.
 S. ASPRENIUS, B.C. at *Naples*, 1st cent.
 S. DALMATIUS, Ab. at *Constantinople*, circ. A.D. 440.
 SS. MARANA and CYRA at *Beræa*, in *Syria*, middle of 5th cent.
 S. PETER, B. of *Anagni*, in *Italy*, A.D. 1105.
 S. WALTHER, Ab. in *Scotland*, A.D. 1160.

S. LYDIA.

(1ST CENT.)

[Modern Roman Martyrology. Not in any ancient Latin or Greek kalendars. Authority :—The Acts of the Apostles, xvi.]



YDIA, the first European convert of S. Paul, and afterwards his hostess during his first stay at Philippi, was a Jewish proselyte at the time of the Apostle's coming; and it was at the Jewish Sabbath worship in an oratory by the river side that the preaching of the Gospel reached her heart. Her native place was Thyatira, in the province of Asia. Thyatira was famous for its dyeing works; and Lydia was connected with this trade, either as a seller of dyes or of dyed goods. We may infer that she was a woman of considerable wealth.

S. ASPREN, B.C.

(1ST CENT.)

[Roman Martyrology. Authority :—The apocryphal Acts read as lessons in the Church of Naples.]

S. ASPREN is said to have been baptized by S. Peter when on his way to Rome. "Having founded the Church of Antioch, and going to Rome, he passed the walls of Naples, and being tired with his long journey, he sat down awhile,

and seeing a little old woman passing, he stopped her, and asked of her the condition of the city, the customs of its inhabitants, their moral character, what were their customs, laws, and devotion to the Deity."

Highly gratified with the old woman's account of Naples, the Prince of the Apostles, without continuing his walk to Rome from Antioch, paused at Naples, and healed Aspren, the kinsman of the old woman, who had given him such a glowing picture of the virtues of the Neapolitans. Aspren was forthwith baptized and consecrated bishop; and then S. Peter continued his journey.

It is unnecessary to point out that this story is mere idle legend.



S. DALMATIUS, AB.

(ABOUT A.D. 440.)

[By the Greeks on this day; also in the Syriac and Armenian kalendars. The Menology of the Emperor Basil commemorates the hegumen Isaac along with Dalmatius and Faustus. All three on this day in the Russian kalendar. Authorities:—An ancient Greek life, the letters of S. Cyril, and writers on the Council of Ephesus.]

DALMATIUS had borne arms under Theodosius the Great, and had served in the second company of the guards. But S. Isaac, hegumen or abbot of a monastery in Constantinople, bade him enter the religious life. Dalmatius, amazed answered him, "My father, I have a household and children."

"My son," said Isaac, "the Lord has shown me that he has destined thee to be with me through the rest of my life."

Then Dalmatius went home, and bade farewell to his wife and daughter, and taking his son Faustus with him, they were shorn together in the house of Isaac. He speedily became a model of a monk, fasting long, and

falling into ecstasies. On the death of Isaac, he was elected hegumen in his room.

In 427, on the death of the patriarch Sisinnius, the Syrian Nestorius was elevated to the bishopric of Constantinople. He was a man of great ability; fluent, eloquent, with a clear, pealing voice, like a silver bell. He had been a priest at Antioch, where his sermons attracted great numbers. Constantinople thought that in Nestorius she had acquired a second Chrysostom. But he was a man of another sort from the great John. Immediately on his appointment, he manifested a hot intemperate zeal against heretics. In one of his first sermons he exclaimed, turning to the Emperor Theodosius, "Give me, O Emperor! the land purged of heretics, and I will give thee heaven in return. Assist me in destroying heretics, and I will assist thee to combat the Persians."¹

Not long after—he had not been bishop a week—he endeavoured to deprive the Arians of an oratory in Constantinople which they possessed, and in which they worshipped privately. In the tumult that ensued, the oratory was set on fire, and the flames communicating with the neighbouring houses, reduced several to ashes. He next assailed the Novatians, the Quartodecimans, and the Macedonians, and persuaded the Emperor to pass severe laws against these heretics.

This intolerance displeased Dalmatius and other sound minded men, and they felt instinctively that the heart of the persecutor was not right with God. It was not long before Nestorius himself began to fall under suspicion of heresy. He denied to the Blessed Virgin the title of Mother of God. She was the mother of the manhood, but in no way could she be regarded as mother of the Godhead. He went further; he asserted that "God the Word was not

¹ Socrat. Hist. Eccl., vii. 29.

born of Mary, but that he took up his dwelling in the man born of Mary." The orthodox took the alarm. The patriarch appealed to the Emperor to suppress them. A council was summoned at Ephesus. The Nestorians surrounded the place, stopped all communications with Constantinople. At length a beggar conveyed a letter from the bishops assembled at Ephesus to the monks of Constantinople, narrating their distress. The letter caused a rising of all the monks. With Dalmatius at their head, who for forty-eight years had not set foot outside his monastery, they poured in a long train to the palace. The Emperor admitted the archimandrites; and they read to him the letter they had received from Ephesus.

"Well," said the Emperor, "if matters are thus, why do not some of the bishops in the council come here to complain?"

"Sire!" replied Dalmatius, "they are prevented from leaving."

"No one prevents them."

"Yes, sire, they are prevented. Those who think with Nestorius have full liberty given them to come or go, but no one is suffered to approach your Piety on behalf of the holy Synod, or inform you of what is being done." And he added, "Will you hear six hundred bishops, or listen to one impious man?"

The Emperor granted that messengers from the council should come to Constantinople. Then the archimandrites left, and conducting their train of monks, and the crowds that followed, into the church of S. Mocius, Dalmatius ascended the pulpit and related what had passed. When he ceased, all, with a great shout, exclaimed, "Anathema to Nestorius!"

The bishops at Ephesus sent a letter to Dalmatius thanking him for his interference on their behalf.

The history of the council has been given fully elsewhere, and need not be repeated here. Immediately after this one conspicuous act of intervention in behalf of the orthodox bishops, Dalmatius returned to his monastery, and did not leave it again till his death.

SS. MARANA AND CYRA, RR.

(5TH CENT.)

[Modern Roman Martyrology. In the Greek Menology of Basil and the Menæa on Feb. 28. Authority :—Mention by Theodoret of Cyrus, in his history written about A.D. 440. He had seen the women himself.]

MARANA and CYRA, two women of Beræa, of noble birth, left their homes, found a little roofless hovel near the city, walled up the door with stones, plastered it over with clay, and left only a narrow slit for a window, through which they might receive food. They only spoke to those who came to see them once a year, at Pentecost. Not content with the squalor and solitude of their hut, they loaded themselves with masses of iron which bent them double.

Theodoret, who narrates this, was wont to look through the chink at the revolting sight of the ghastly women walled in, a mass of filth, crushed double with great rings and chains of iron. Thus they spent forty-two years, and then a yearning came on them to come forth and visit Jerusalem. The little door was accordingly broken open, and they crawled forth, visited the holy city, and crawled back again. Then they went off to visit the church of S. Thecla in Isauria. When they died is not known. They were, probably, alive still when Theodoret wrote. Baronius has introduced them into the Modern Roman Martyrology.

S. WALTHEOF, AB.

(A.D. 1160.)

[Dempster, in his *Scottish Menology*, on May 22, July 12, August 3 and 4. August 4 was the day of his death, the other days were kept in commemoration of translations. But on August 3 he is set down in *Whytford's* and *Wyon's Anglican Kalendars*, and has been inserted in the *Cistercian Menology of Chalefont*, and has been given by the *Bollandists*. Authority:—His life by *Jordan* or *Jocelin*, monk of *Furness*, between A.D. 1207 and 1214.]

WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR married his niece Judith to Waltheof, son of Siward, Earl of Northumberland. Waltheof and Judith had a daughter named Maude. Whilst William was in Normandy in 1073, subjugating Maine, Waltheof, Earl Ralph of East Anglia, and Earl Roger were feasting at Norwich, and filled with drink they began to scoff at William and say that it was unseemly that England should be governed by a bastard. The words were repeated to William on his return, and he seized the earls and executed them. Maude, the daughter of Earl Waltheof, was given in marriage to Simon of Senlis, Earl of Huntingdon, and they had two sons, one whom they called Waltheof, the subject of this memoir, and Simon, the elder.

The children soon showed the difference of the bent of their natures. Simon built castles of tree-boughs, or astride on a bulrush rode about with another rush brandished in his hand. But Waltheof built churches of pebbles, and imitated the gestures and song of a priest saying mass.

Simon of Senlis having incurred the anger of Henry I., was banished the country, and went a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, and died abroad. Maude was sent to Scotland, on the death of Simon, to become the Queen of King David, at the same time that Henry took to wife Mathilda, the sister of David.

Waltheof accompanied his mother to Scotland, and was shown the utmost kindness and the affection of a father by

King David. There the stripling grew up, with the desire of becoming a monk and a priest ever before his imagination. Once only did his resolution waver. There was a fair young girl in the court, and he fell in love with her, confessed his passion, and they exchanged rings. But in the evening, as he sat musing over the fire, he thought of earthly love, and weighed it in the balance with the love of God; the fair young face flickered before him in the red flames, and it seemed to him that his lot would be in the unquenchable fire if he deserted his true vocation, for a lower course of life. Then he plucked the betrothal ring from his finger and threw it into the fire.

If he remained in Scotland and took holy orders he was certain immediately to be given numerous and rich benefices. It was better for him to go elsewhere. He therefore rode south, and coming to Nostel Priory, in Yorkshire, took the habit of a regular canon in the church dedicated to S. Oswald. There he served as sacristan, till he was elected Prior of Kirkham. It was at Kirkham one day, as he was saying mass, that the truth of the doctrine of the Real Presence was miraculously revealed. For as he was elevating the host, suddenly he was as in a trance, and saw in his hands the radiant form of the infant Jesus, with a crown of starry jewels on his head. He thought the Holy Child put forth his hands and stroked his hair. Jordan of Furness heard this from Everard the confessor, who had heard the particulars from the lips of Waltheof.

One day a priest at Kirkham was saying mass, when a great spider dropped into the chalice. What was to be done? By coughs and scrapings of the feet,¹ he signalled to the prior to come to his assistance. Waltheof, "after having deliberated in himself, and having poured forth his prayer and given his benediction, burning with the flame of

¹ "Tussi ac sonitu, quo potuit, priorem acquisivit."

faith, bade the priest swallow the spider with the contents of the chalice." Spiders in those days were supposed to be deadly poison. Wonderful to relate, the priest survived. That afternoon, as he was sitting in the cloister scratching a gathering he had on his hand, he saw a great black spider run over his fingers, and rushed to the conclusion it was the creature he had swallowed in the morning which had escaped out of the festered place.

S. Malachi, the Irish bishop, came to Kirkham on his way through England to Rome. The prior found he was in want of a horse, so he gave him his own horse, a sound, rough, grey cob, and said he was sorry he could not give him a better animal, but it was the only one he possessed. S. Malachi gladly accepted it. "Dear to me shall be the gift of a kind heart." This horse eventually became quite white. It was a question agitated between Irish and English monks whether the horse was bleached through the merits of S. Malachi who sat on him, or of S. Waltheof who gave him.

On the vacancy of the archbishopric of York, his kinsman, the Earl of Albemarle, said to him, "I will use my influence with King Stephen to obtain the archbishopric for you, if you will make over to me the lands of Shirbourne¹ for my life." The saintly prior answered with indignation that he would be no party to such simoniacal transactions. But there was no chance of the king sanctioning his promotion, which was talked of, for he would favour no one who adhered to the party of Maude.

Occasionally the Prior of Kirkham rode to Rievaulx to visit S. Ælred. These visits caused a change in his life. We know the road he took. After leaving the broad vale of York, his horse's head was turned to the Hambleton hills, up steep Wath bank. Then over the brown heather,

¹ Near York.

rousing grouse from their cover, the eye stretching over the hills to Cleveland, on the north, and far away over the rich plain to the west to Pendle Hill, and the setting sun glittering on Morecambe Bay. Then a sudden fall in the track, into a deep, richly-wooded network of valleys, traversed by the clearest of streams, and a broad belt of the brightest emerald meadow, in the midst of which, pointing north and south, the grey limestone church of Rievaulx. The situation, charming to the tourist at the present day, must have exerted greater fascination then, when the bells rang from the tower and white-habited Cistercians sang in the choir.

Waltheof felt on each visit to this green, happy valley, shut in by brown bare moors, that he could not rest till he was a monk. At the advice of S. Ælred, he assumed the Cistercian habit in the monastery of Warden, in Lincolnshire. But when the news reached his brother Simon and his other relations, they were so angry that they threatened to burn Warden if he did not leave it. He was therefore obliged to escape from it, and take refuge in his dearly-loved Rievaulx.

In 1147, on the deposition of the Abbot Richard of Melrose, Waltheof was elected in his room, and ruled with gentleness and wisdom.

He maintained the strictest guard over himself. If his mind wandered for a moment to any frivolous matter, if he uttered a word which was not edifying, or spent a minute in idleness, he rushed at once to his confessors. "And as this took place ten or more times a day, he overwhelmed his confessors with immense weariness through such constant repetitions, as they have told me themselves. Master Everard, first Abbot of Holm Cultram, told me, that one day as he was travelling with this man of God, a horsefly sat on Waltheof's neck or hand, and he kept on flapping it away with his sleeves, but the fly incessantly returned. At last,

giving a more violent slap, he killed it. Then clambering down from his horse, Waltheof flung himself prostrate by the dead fly before the abbot and confessed his sin in having killed a creature of God, which he was unable to restore to life again. The abbot smiled, and gave him a very light penance. But he lamented more for the murder of the gad-fly than many do for effusion of human blood."

After the lapse of some years, Waltheof revisited Rievaulx. He arrived at noon one summer's day. All was hushed within. The brethren were asleep, taking the brief slumber accorded at that hour by their rule. The Abbot of Melrose would not jangle the bell, and disturb their repose, but sitting down without, fell asleep, whilst waiting. And in dream he saw his old friend William, who had been Abbot of Rievaulx, approach in shining clothes, with a crown of Paradise on his head, who said to him, "As long as the monks keep the rule and live soberly, thrice a year will I revisit my monastery, and see that all within is well." Saying which he vanished.

Waltheof died, after a sickness of excruciating pain, on August the 4th, 1160.

In the Chronicon de Mailros, at the year 1171, is the record of the opening of his tomb, and the discovery of his body uncorrupt, by Ingelram, Bishop of Glasgow, and four abbots.



August 4.

- S. ARISTARCHUS, *disciple of S. Paul; 1st cent.*
 S. ELEUTHERIUS, *M. at Tarsica, in Bithynia; circ. A.D. 308.*
 S. EUDOCIA, *M. in Persia; circ. A.D. 360.*
 SS. IA AND COMP., *MM. in Persia; circ. A.D. 360.*
 S. MOLUA, *Ab. of Clonsfert, in Ireland; A.D. 606.*
 S. REGNIER, *Abp., M. of Spalato, in Dalmatia; A.D. 1180.*
 S. DOMINIC, *C., Founder of the Order of Preachers, at Bologna; A.D. 1221.*

S. ARISTARCHUS.

(1ST CENT.)

[Roman Martyrology. Usuardus, and the Martyrologium Parvum. By the Greeks, along with Pudens and Trophimus on April 14, and on September 27 with S. Mark and S. Zenas. Authority:—The Acts of the Apostles.]



RISTARCHUS, a Thessalonian, accompanied S. Paul on his third missionary journey. He was with the apostle on his return to Asia; and again on his voyage to Rome. We trace him afterwards as S. Paul's fellow-prisoner in Col. iv. 10, and Philem. 24. Greek traditions make him Bishop of Apamea in Syria, "a man of great sanctity, another John, feeding on locusts and wild honey."

S. ELEUTHERIUS, M.

(ABOUT A.D. 308.)

[Greek Menæa; modern Roman Martyrology. Authority:—A late life in Greek, probably a panegyric preached on the festival of the saint in the church dedicated to him at Tarsia.]

ELEUTHERIUS was chamberlain of the Emperor Maximian. He had long inclined to Christianity, and had been instructed in the faith, but was not baptized.

But at length he resolved to receive the washing of regeneration, and for that purpose asked leave to visit his estate in the country for change of air. He was then baptized, and he contrived secretly the construction of a subterranean church to which access was only obtained by descending a well.

On his return to court, Maximian asked him why his absence had been so prolonged? He replied that the air of his villa was salubrious, and it was a relief to be away "from the smoke and dust of a city." Maximian laughingly said, he would much like also to make long holidays in the country, but he had duties to attend to which prevented him. One of the servants of Eleutherius, hoping to ingratiate himself with the Emperor, privately told Maximian that his master had become a worshipper of the Crucified. Maximian then professed a wish to visit the villa of his chamberlain, and was invited thither.

Whilst there, his eyes spied every corner, and he soon detected the well, the mouth of which was covered.

"What is that, Eleutherius?"

"An old dry well, Sire."

"Some one get a rope and go down it." Maximian knew of the catacombs of Rome used as churches. A man descended, found a passage, and came on a chapel with a rich altar and numerous burning lamps. The Emperor immediately ordered the head of Eleutherius to be smitten off.

As soon as Constantine had conquered Licinius, the Christians built a church on the spot over the body of the martyr.

SS. IA AND OTHERS, MM.

(ABOUT A.D. 360.)

[Roman Martyrology and Greek Menæa. Authority:—The authentic Greek Acts.]

IN the terrible persecution of the Christians that raged in Persia under King Sapor, there was a holy Greek woman, a captive, who exerted herself to gain converts to Christ. The Persian women listened to her words, and the flame of faith was kindled in their dark hearts. The efforts and success of Ia attracted the attention of some of the magi, and she was denounced to the king, who ordered her execution. She was stripped, four men took hold of her hands and feet, and dragged them apart, whilst another beat her back till it was raw. But she, in her anguish, prayed and sang to God, "Lord Jesus Christ, Son of the living God, strengthen thy handmaiden in the conflict in which she is engaged, and save me from the wolves who rend my flesh."

When she could no longer speak, she was cast into prison, and left there for two months, till she was restored to health. She was then brought out again, and, as she refused to renounce Christ, she was ordered to fresh torments. She was pulled forth as before, and beaten with forty apple rods full of knots, so that her flesh was mangled, and the blood streamed on the ground. She was then taken back to prison, and left there for six months. When cured she was brought forth again, but still the invincible woman remained firm. Sharp slips of reed were then stuck into her flesh all over her body, and she was wound round with cord, driving them into the flesh. After that, each was leisurely plucked out, followed by a spout of blood. By this time, however, she was completely unconscious, and lay on the ground like a corpse.

With inhuman cruelty she was given respite for ten days, and then brought out again, hung up, and beaten with wire

thongs till all the flesh was lashed off her bones, when, being dead, her head was cut off, and the heap of flesh and bones was swept ignominiously away.

Shortly before the martyrdom of S. Ia, the aged bishop Heliodorus died in prison, but not till he had consecrated the priest Dosa to be bishop in his room. Dosa was taken and executed with the sword. Many others suffered at the same time. A church was built to S. Ia at Constantinople, probably as soon as the news of her martyrdom reached the imperial city. In the reign of Justinian it was in ruins from age, and he rebuilt it.

S. MOLUA OF CLONFERT, AB.

(A.D. 606.)

[Irish Martyrologies. Authority :—A late life.]

LUAID, or Molua, whose name has been Latinized into Ligidus, belonged to the distinguished family of Hy-Figinte, a district of Munster. His father was Cathar, surnamed Coche, and his mother Sochla, a native of Ossory. In his childhood he was a disciple of S. Finnian at Clonard. Afterwards he passed under the direction of S. Comgall at Bangor (circ. A.D. 559). Under this great master he remained for, probably, a considerable time, and, having embraced the monastic life, became so distinguished by his virtue and abilities, that Comgall, finding him duly qualified for governing others, directed him to form an establishment for himself, and to nourish the servants of Christ. Accordingly Luaid returned to Munster, and repaired with some disciples to Mount Luachra, in the county of Limerick. Wishing to establish himself in that district, he was advised to remain there by the king, who was a worthy, God-fearing man, named Foelan. He then removed from that country.

and went to Slievebloom, near where his maternal relatives resided, and erected a monastery at a place since called Clonfert Molua, now Clonfert Mulloe, to which a vast number of monks resorted from various parts, who were all received with kindness by Luaid. Afterwards he returned to Hy-Figinte, where he founded several cells and monasteries. He is said to have established many other religious houses, but some of them were probably founded by his disciples. Molua or Luaid drew up a Rule for his monks, which, we are told, was read and approved by Pope Gregory the Great. One of his regulations was the perpetual exclusion of women from the monastery of Clonfert Molua.

The church of Killaloe, in Irish Kill-do-Lua, or cell of Lua, is supposed to have got its name from the saint, either from his having lived there for some time, or from its having been dedicated in his name. This is not improbable, though far from certain. It has been said by some writers, that Molua was afflicted with leprosy, or some cutaneous disorder, for the last twenty years of his life; but there is reason to think that Molua, surnamed the Leper, was a different person, and the real Molua of Killaloe.

A short time before his death he is said to have called upon Dagan, Bishop of Achad-Dagan, for the purpose of consulting him as to the appointment of a successor for his monastery. Dagan told him that he would be succeeded by Lactan, a choice with which he was highly pleased. S. Molua departed this life not long after the beginning of the seventh century, according to the annals of the Four Masters in A.D. 605 (606).

Two anecdotes of the saint deserve repetition. He had under his rule a monk who lived in a cell by himself, and would not allow another to live with him. S. Molua went to him one day, and found him seated by the fire. "Come," said the monk, "sit you down by me and warm your toes,

it is mighty cold." The abbot did so. Then the monk went out on some business, and bade Molua remain by the fire till his return. When he came back, he found the abbot running round the fire, and toasting himself now here, now there. "And what is it you are after, father?" asked the monk. "Sure it's a pity that one should not get all the good out of such a beautiful fire that one can," answered the abbot; "so I'm making the most of both sides of the blaze; it is a pity to waste good heat." Then the monk understood that the abbot was hinting to him that a fire that would warm one man would warm two very well. So he agreed to let another share his house.

There joined his community a bard named Conan. He could make poetry, but not work with his hands. He did not know how to set about it. "Will you come with me and take a lesson?" said Abbot Molua. "With the greatest satisfaction," answered Conan. So Molua got a sickle, and away he went with the bard, till they came to a meadow full of thistles. "It's a great pity there is such a forest of these weeds here," said the abbot. "Let us set to work and cut them down. There," said he, putting the sickle into Conan's hand, "you just take the instrument thus, and up with it so, and in a moment the thistle is gone. That is the way to do it!" he exclaimed, as Conan smote the thistle, and it fell prostrate.

"It is a noble stroke of work," said the abbot. "Give me the sickle and we will go home."

"Shall we not cut down more?"

"No, we have done our day's work."

So next day they went to the meadow, and Conan cut down two thistles, and next day three, and at last he could cut down as many thistles in a day as he could make bad verses, and that is saying a great deal.

His biographer tells us that when Molua was a boy he made sloe wine in a bottle, and every one who tasted it got

tipsy off it, which was certainly a miracle. His father one day was very drunk for seven hours, and when he came round, assured his wife he had not tasted a drop of anything, but had only inhaled the breath of his sleeping babe as he stooped over him to kiss him. His wife believed it, so did his biographer, who relates the circumstance as miraculous, that a man should get drunk for seven hours off a baby's breath. But the miracle seems to be that any one believed the word of Molua's father.

S. DOMINIC, C.

(A.D. 1221.)

[Roman Martyrology. Canonized by Gregory IX. in 1233, and his festival appointed for August 5. Paul III., however, threw it back to August 4, so as not to interfere with the feast of Our Lady of the Snows. Authorities:—1. Jordan of Saxony wrote the first life of S. Dominic before his canonization, 1233; 2. an encyclical letter on the translation of the blessed Dominic, also by Jordan of Saxony, written about 1234; 3. the Acts of Bologna, containing the evidence of nine of his disciples concerning his miracles and virtues, dated August 30, 1233; 4. the Acts of Toulouse, containing the testimony of twenty-six persons to his acts during the twelve years he was in Languedoc; 5. the Life of the Blessed Dominic, by Constantine de' Medicis, B. of Orvieto, written between 1242 and 1247; 6. a Life written by the Blessed Humbert, general of the order, written before 1254; 7. the Chronicle of the Friars Preachers, by the same Humbert, June, 1202—1254; 8. a Life by Bartholomew of Trent, written between 1234—1251; 9. Lives of the Friars of the Order of Preachers, by Gerard de Frachet, drawn up by order of the general chapter at Paris, in 1256; 10. the Narrative of Sister Cecilia, one of the nuns under the direction of S. Dominic. Cecilia related all the particulars of the saint that she could remember to Sister Angelica, who wrote them down under her eye; 11. the Vatican Chronicle from the beginning of the order to 1263; 12. "The Seven Gifts of the Spirit," by Stephen de Bourbon, who died A.D. 1261, contains many anecdotes of S. Dominic; 13. the Life of S. Dominic, by Rodriguez de Cerrati, written about A.D. 1266; 14. a Life by Thierry d'Apolda in 1288. It is unnecessary to mention later lives. A list of all available sources of information will be found at the end of the Père Lacordaire's Life of S. Dominic.]

In a dream one night Innocent III., it is reported, saw the great edifice of the Church tottering to its fall. Then

suddenly there emerged from obscurity two men, one in grey, rope-girdled, the other in white with black cloak, and held up the falling building. He recognised afterwards in the faces of S. Francis of Assisi, and S. Dominic, the stays of the Church. And, to all appearances, the Church was crumbling down when they arose, springing up from different quarters, without concert, to avert the threatening ruin.

The Church was rich ; ecclesiastics were well fed ; their flocks starved for the bread of life. Preaching was the prerogative of the bishops ; it was not entrusted to priests. And the bishops lived only in cities, in the midst of splendour, mixed up with political concerns, too careless or too busy to teach. The sacraments of the Church may have been, and probably were, ministered with regularity in the parish churches, but there was no instruction to make men value them, no heart-stirring appeals to their conscience to make them repent of sin and turn to God. The crying scandal and want of the times were—the scandal of the wealth, luxury, indolence of the clergy, and the want of instruction. Francis of Assisi founded an order of Mendicants, of men full of zeal for poverty, hating riches, shunning idleness ; Dominic of Caraloga instituted a Society of Preachers.

The scandal and the want indicated had caused deep disaffection in Languedoc and Northern Italy. The cruel persecution of the Manichees by the Eastern emperors had sent successive waves of these heretics into Western Europe. They penetrated it in two streams, one by way of Bohemia, where the Bulgarians, Beghards, formed obscure, yet dangerous sects, the centres of activity whence sprang the great revolt of the Hussites in later days ; the others came by way of the sea, and inundated Lombardy and Languedoc ; in Lombardy they were known as the Patarines, in Languedoc as the Albigenses. Their zeal, pure morals,

earnest preaching, and the simplicity of their system drew multitudes to them, and the Church in the south of France trembled to find itself outnumbered by sectaries, who, if they taught strange doctrine, lived good lives; if they were not Christians—as they certainly were not—yet put to shame those who were.

How was this devastating heresy to be met? Man had his scheme; God had one very different. The Pope summoned a crusade, and the pleasant fields of Toulouse and Provence became a slaughter-house, from which the smoke of blood went up to Heaven; but He who promised to be ever with His Church, who warned His disciples not to gather up the tares out of the field lest they should pluck up the wheat with them, He met the evil otherwise. “The Spirit of God breatheth where He wills, and thou canst not tell whence He cometh or whither He goeth.” From Italy and Spain God called up two men to the work, very different in character, but one in earnestness of purpose and grasp of the situation.

Dominic was born in 1170, at Caraloga, half-way between Aranda and Osma, in Old Castile. His parents were of noble name, that of Guzman, if not of noble race. His mother—so runs the legend—dreamed before his birth that she bore a dog with a torch in his mouth, which set the world on fire. But this was an after fable, originating in the fact that the Dominicans, by a pleasant pun, were styled, or styled themselves, Domini-canes, the Lord’s dogs. And when the Inquisitorial power, with its terrors and tragedies, was lodged in their hands, the torch which kindled so many pyres and consumed so many heretics, became an intelligible adjunct to their symbolical animal.

His votaries borrowed also the old classical fable; the bees settled on his lips, foreshowing his exquisite eloquence. Even in his infancy, his severe nature, among other wonders

began to betray itself. He crept from his soft couch to lie on the hard ground.

The first part of his education Dominic received from his uncle, a churchman, at Gamiel d'Izan. At fifteen he was sent to the university of Palencia, where he studied, chiefly theology, for ten years. Two stories are recorded of this period, which show the dawn of religious strength in his character. During a famine he sold his clothes, more precious still, his books covered with his annotations, to feed the poor. When remonstrated with, "How can I peruse dead parchment when breathing men are perishing?" was his noble answer.

He met a woman weeping because her brother was a slave among the Moors: his enthusiastic charity would have made him sell himself to purchase his redemption, had not his friends interfered. Simple and pure of heart, he found pleasure in the bright prattle of young girls, rather than in the querulous gossip of old women, but the sweet flower of his childlike modesty was never injured, as it never need be, by such association.¹

This is all we know of the youth of Dominic. A few precious fruit, which the late gleaner finds on the trees, after the harvest is passed—according to the graceful thought of Lacordaire.

The Bishop of Osma had changed his chapter into regular canons, those who lived in common, and under a rule approaching to a monastic institute. Chrodegang of Metz had first thus transformed his chapter, and the example spread through the West. Without rule, the clergy attached to a cathedral were under no discipline, and took advantage of their liberty to neglect their duties. The bishop

¹ "Ubi semetipsum asserit in integritate carnis divinâ gratiâ conservatum, nondum illam imperfectionem evadere potuisset, quia magis afficiebatur juvenicularum colloquiis quam affatibus vetularum." This passage was carefully erased from the life of the saint by the chapter of his order. See *Acta Sanct.* Aug. 4, Vit. S. Dominic, c. 1.

appointed as his prior Diego de Azevedo, and conferred a canonry on Dominic, when twenty-five years old. "Then," says Jordan of Saxony, "he began to shine among the canons, his brethren, as a torch that burns, the first in sanctity, the last by his humility, shedding around him the odour of a life-giving life, a fragrance like the incense tree in the summer weather. . . . He spent night and day in the church, watching, without rest, with prayer, scarcely showing himself outside the cloister, lest he should lose leisure for his contemplations. God had given to him grace to pray for sinners, the unfortunate and the afflicted; he carried their sorrows into the inner sanctuary of his compassion, and this sad love, oppressing his heart, broke forth in tears. It was his habit, rarely interrupted, to pass the night in prayer and communion with God, his door closed. Sometimes his voice was heard in low moanings coming from his troubled heart. His incessant prayer was for a true charity, a love which would be ready to sacrifice everything for the good of other men, for he was well persuaded that he could not be a true member of Christ unless he devoted himself with all his powers to win souls."

Dominic remained at Osma nine years, devoid of incident. Diego de Azevedo had succeeded to the Bishopric of Osma (A.D. 1201). He was a prelate of great ability, and of strong religious enthusiasm. He was sent to Denmark to negotiate the marriage of Alfonso VIII. of Castile with a princess of that kingdom. He chose the congenial Dominic as his companion. No sooner had they crossed the Pyrenees, than they found themselves in the midst of the Albigensian heresy; they could not close their eyes to the contempt into which the clergy had fallen, or to the prosperity of the sectaries; their very host at Toulouse was an Albigensian. Dominic sat up all night with him, controverting his doctrines, enlightening him on the great truths of the Christian religion;

and he did not leave till the man had submitted to acknowledge his errors and re-enter the fold of the Church.

The mission of the bishop in Denmark was frustrated by the unexpected death of the princess.

Before he returned to Spain Azevedo, with his companion, resolved upon a pilgrimage to Rome. The character of the Bishop of Osma appears from his proposal to Pope Innocent. He wished to abandon his bishopric, and devote himself to the perilous life of a missionary in Hungary. That Dominic would have been his companion in this adventurous spiritual enterprise none can doubt. Innocent commanded the bishop to return to his diocese. On their way, the bishop and Dominic stopped at Montpellier. There they encountered, in all their pomp, the three Legates of the Pope, Abbot Arnold of Citeaux, the Brother Raoul, and Peter of Castelnau. They had been invested by the Pope with extraordinary powers to suppress heresy and punish the excesses of the clergy. They deposed the Bishop of Verviers, and suspended the Bishop of Beziers for refusing to excommunicate at their command the magistrates of his city. They ordered the Count of Toulouse to expel all heretics out of the land. The Papal Legates travelled through the country in the utmost splendour and luxury, with a vast cavalcade of horses and sumpter mules, and a retinue in rich attire. Their exhortations and their sermons were met with derision. At Toulouse, on their return from the circuit, they were met by Diego de Azevedo and Dominic, and to them lamented their want of success. They could neither convince the sectaries, nor induce their sovereign to expel or exterminate them. "How expect success with this secular pomp?" replied the Spaniards. "Sow the good seed as the heretics sow tares. Cast off these gorgeous robes, renounce these richly caparisoned palfreys; go barefoot, without purse or scrip, like the Apostles; out-labour,

out-fast, out-discipline these false teachers." The Spaniards were not content with these stern admonitions; the Bishop of Osma and his faithful Dominic sent back their own horses, stripped themselves to the modest monastic gaber-dine, and led the way on the spiritual campaign. The Legates were constrained to follow. Arnold of Citeaux, the abbot of abbots, was a man whose heart was sheathed with the triple iron of pride, cruelty, and bigotry. Of his sayings one has been preserved by a brother Cistercian. When the crusaders, under his direction, were massacring with every conceivable atrocity Catholics as well as Albigensians, in the memorable infamous taking of Beziers a messenger came running to record this indiscriminate butchery, and ask for orders. "Kill all," answered the abbot, "God will know his own."¹ Brother Raoul was an obsequious follower. Peter of Castelnau was perhaps made of better stuff. At least, he died courageously enough for his faith, and dying forgave his murderers. After his mission among the heretics had failed, the Abbot of Citeaux departed for Burgundy, making the excuse that he had a chapter of his order to attend; but the two other legates, Don Diego and Dominic, set forth on foot for Narbonne and Toulouse. They tarried in the towns and villages, preaching in the churches till they had made some impression, holding public conferences with the heretics in the market-places.

But the party suffered a further diminution. Peter of Castelnau found this new system of conducting a mission irksome; and under the excuse that it was dangerous for him to expose his life among exasperated heretics, he also withdrew.

The story is told that, in one of the conferences, each party appeared with their arguments written out in full on parchment. Neither party would plead conviction by the reasoning

¹ *Cæsarius Heisterb. Dial. Mirac. Dist. v. c. 21.*

of the other, and it was decided to throw both documents into a fire. It is said that the arguments of the heretics were consumed in the flame, but those of Dominic exhibited miraculous incombustibility. But on the whole the mission was a failure. Great results were not to be expected all at once; scandals were too recent, neglect of their duties too common, among the clergy to be forgotten immediately. Churchmen became impatient. The pomp of the Papal Legates had not dazzled, the enthusiasm of Diego and Dominic had not convinced, the Albigenes. Raymond of Rabesten was Bishop of Toulouse; his tolerant and easy disposition rendered him an unfit person to occupy such a distinguished position when sharp measures of unusual severity were meditated. Upon the charge of simony he was deposed by a decree of the Pope, and Foulques of Marseilles was elevated in his room. This man had been a gay troubadour—his amorous poems in Provençal have been preserved. He was a married man, but formed an ardent attachment for Azalais, the wife of Barral de Baux, Seigneur of Marseilles. The lady, finding that the gallant Foulques showed ardour in the pursuit of another lady, Laura de Saint-Jorlan, the sister of her husband, dismissed him. In a fit of despondency, Foulques took monastic vows in the Cistercian Monastery of Toronet, and was elected abbot in 1200, when he was about thirty-five years old. Five years after, he was fixed upon as a suitable person to succeed Raymond de Rabesten¹. His licentious fires blazed forth in a fury of religious intolerance. There is no act of

¹ Hist. Littéraire de la France, xviii. p. 586, &c. "Après avoir donné la moitié de sa vie à la galanterie, il livra sans retenue l'autre moitié à la cause de tyrannie, du meurtre, et de spoliation, et malheureusement il en profita." "Your holiness is greatly deceived in the Bishop of Toulouse," said the Count de Foix to Pope Innocent; "under show of good faith and amity he is always concerting treachery: his actions are devilish: through his malignity the city of Toulouse has suffered ruin, waste, and robbery: more than ten thousand men have perished through him." Documents inédits sur l'Hist. de France; Fauriel, la Chronique des Albigeois, p. 249.

treachery or cruelty throughout the war in which the Bishop of Toulouse was not the most forward, sanguinary, unscrupulous.

The murder of Peter of Castelnau occasioned the summons of Pope Innocent III. to all Christian princes in the West to unite in crusade against the luckless Albigenses. Into the history and horrors of that, the most atrocious war which has stained the page of Christian history, we are fortunately not called to enter. There is absolutely no evidence that S. Dominic had any part in counselling or encouraging the massacres. His presence in that infamous drama is not noted by a single contemporary writer. It was not till a century after his death that his sterner followers boasted of his presence, if not his activity, in exciting the brutal crusaders in the day of battle, leading them, cross in hand, to victory and butchery.

So, too, the presence of S. Dominic on the tribunals where the unhappy heretics were tried for their lives, and given over to be burned by hundreds, rests on late and untrustworthy testimony, on that of Dominicans, when they were inquisitors, and sought to establish as their sanction the example of their founder. All that can be proved is that, on one occasion, Dominic was employed in addressing, pleading with, and endeavouring to convince some Albigenses, who, if obstinate in their heresy, were destined for the fire. That he may have endeavoured on many other occasions to convert a heretic, and rescue him from his dreadful fate, is more than probable. On one occasion we know that he delivered an Albigensian from his chains on his way to execution.

Dominic established a convent at Prouille (A.D. 1206), thinking, and wisely thinking, that devoted, religious women were as necessary in the midst of the heretics as were self-

denying and holy men. Many miracles are recorded of this period of Dominic's life.¹

Thierry d'Apolda relates an incident. A bishop, probably Foulques of Toulouse, was about to visit a part of his diocese in all the threatening panoply of war, and the splendours of wealth. "It is not thus," said the humble servant of God, "that the adversaries of the Faith are to be subjugated. Arm yourself, not with the sword, but with prayer; wear not the magnificence of the world, but be clothed with humility."

Near Toulouse lived some noble ladies whom the austerity of the lives of the heretical teachers, contrasting gloriously with the luxury and laxness of the Catholic priests and prelates, had alienated from the Faith. Instead of compassing their ruin by denouncing them to the inexorable bishop, Dominic, at the beginning of Lent, asked of them hospitality. It was accorded him. He entered into no controversy with them, but all Lent he ate but bread and water. The first night they made comfortable beds for Dominic and his companion; he declined them, and asked for two hard boards, and on these the apostles lay till Easter. The silent example of these loving, meek souls touched the hearts of their hostesses, and they were restored to the true fold. One day, in conversing with an Albigensian, the poor man told him that it was only his dire poverty which held him from reconciliation with the Church. Dominic bade the man sell him as a slave, and live on the proceeds in comfort and orthodoxy. But the sacrifice was not accomplished, money was placed at his disposal without having recourse to this extremity.

¹ Nine noble ladies entreated him to show them whether their Manichean doctrines were really evil. He prayed, and lo! the spirit of Manicheism appeared as a great black cat, and ran up the bell rope. A lady of extreme beauty wished to leave her monastery, and resisted all the preacher's arguments. She blew her nose, and it came off in her handkerchief. Horror-stricken, she implored the prayers of Dominic. He put her nose on again; and the lady consented to remain in the convent.

The Albigenian war, by its duration, seemed to place an invincible obstacle in the way of Dominic, whose constant design was to found a religious Order consecrated to the ministry of preaching. Peace was the incessant object of his prayers, when the sickening atrocities of the crusade might be at an end, and he might labour for the truth with a better weapon than the sword. In the meantime he is thought to have established the devotion of the Rosary. The object was twofold. By dividing the circle of the Rosary into fifteen sections, each commemorating an incident in the life of our Lord or of the Blessed Virgin, he hoped to impress the Gospel history deeply on the hearts of those who used this devotion, and thereby to make the Incarnation a reality to their souls. The Albigenians disbelieved in the Incarnation. Their doctrine was that of a perpetual conflict between spirit and body, and their ethical system consisted in an exaltation of the spirit to complete emancipation from the flesh, whose every appetite and function was gross and sinful. The dignity of man's body, the value of the sacraments, the future destiny of the flesh, risen through Christ, was denied by the Albigenians, who allowed that Christ was indeed a teacher of morality, but disdained to believe in his Resurrection and Ascension.

But the institution of the Rosary had another object. Dominic designed that it should serve not only to deepen faith, but also to build up a habit of devotion. The poor and ignorant could not use manuals of prayer, could not join in the liturgy of the Church conducted in a language unintelligible to them. Their rude efforts at prayer were liable through ignorance to become incoherent, purposeless, and even profane. No elaborate forms of prayer would suit these simple souls. Dominic gave them only two, the Lord's Prayer and the Hail Mary, to be used in commemoration of the great mysteries of the Christian faith

and to be directed to such objects as at the time engrossed the mind or distressed the heart of the worshipper. The Rosary was at once the most elastic and the simplest system of prayer ever devised. Of the incalculable advantage it has been to myriads of souls it is impossible to speak too highly. That it is liable to degenerate into formalism is true of it as of every other religious exercise. But to the ignorant it has proved an admirable manual of faith and devotion, as testified by the experience of seven centuries.

In 1215 Dominic visited Rome to obtain from Innocent III. his approbation of the Order of Preachers he had founded, or was in process of founding. Innocent hesitated about committing to other tongues than those of consecrated bishops, the liberty to preach to the people. It was a revolution in the practice of the Church he was asked to sanction, and before permitting it he reasonably sought delay in which he might consider its advisability. He could not but see that the bishops, mixed up as they were with political controversies, absent from their dioceses for months, years, on legations, or at the head of their troops in the camps of emperors, kings, or crusaders, could not dispense to the people the bread of the word of life with regularity. Nor were they often men of sufficient theological training, or devotional bent of mind, to be able to instruct the poor and convert the sinner. The ministry of apostleship seemed to be dying out of the Church when Dominic appeared and boldly asked that the Holy Father would permit an Order to undertake the great work in which the bishops had failed. A timely vision, so it is said, his own common sense, certainly, warranted Innocent in giving his sanction to the work of Dominic.

What Innocent approved, Honorius III. ratified, and Gregory IX. canonized. The Society of Preachers went forth with full authority to preach the word in season and

out of season, and everywhere. In a few years it had spread throughout the West. Spain, France, Germany, Poland, and England were invaded by the noble company of Preachers. "How beautiful on the mountains are the feet of them that bring good tidings, that publish peace, that bring good tidings of good, that publish salvation."¹

It is worthy of observation that the Order, founded for the suppression of heresy by preaching in Languedoc, was hardly organized before it left the chosen scene of its labours. Instead of fixing on Toulouse, or any of the cities of Provence as the centre of his operations, Dominic—four years after the battle of Muret, which finally prostrated the Albigenses—for ever abandoned Languedoc. Such conduct is the best evidence on the feelings with which Dominic regarded the crusade. On plains, reeking with the odours of carnage, he could glean no harvest. If the heretics were subdued, those who survived were too deeply wounded by wrongs, treachery, robbery, murder, debauchery wrought under the banners of the cross of Christ and the keys of S. Peter, to be amenable to the influence of holy example and gentle words. Generations must pass, the great crimes of that iniquitous war must be forgotten, before the dove of peace could revisit that land, and hearts would open to the gentle influences of the loving Spirit.

At Rome, on the visit made by Dominic to receive the confirmation of his Order, he met S. Francis, that other pillar holding up the tottering Church. One night, so runs the legend, being in prayer, he saw in vision the mother of God presenting two men before her son. In one he recognised himself, he saw the other next day in beggar's garb in a church. He ran to him, clasped him in his arms, and said, "My companion, we will walk together, let us hold together, and none can overcome us."

¹ Isaiah lii. 7.

The kiss of S. Dominic and S. Francis has been transmitted from generation to generation. Every year, on the feast of S. Dominic, carriages leave Santa Maria sopra Minerva, at Rome, the head quarters of the Dominicans, and go to the convent of the Ara Coeli, for the General of the Franciscans, and a number of his brethren. The brown Capuchins are met in the church by the White Friars; in parallel lines they advance from the porch to the choir, and the sons of S. Francis sing the office of the friend of their founder in the church of the sons of S. Dominic. After the conclusion of the office they adjourn to the refectory, break bread together, and separate with an embrace.

After abandoning the field in Languedoc, Dominic came to Rome (A.D. 1217), where he was appointed by Honorius III. to be Master of the Sacred Palace—an office since perpetuated among his spiritual descendants. He was held in the highest honour by the aged Cardinal Ugolino, the future Pope Gregory IX. In the year 1220, three years after he had left Languedoc, he stood, as the General of his Order, at the head of an assembly at Bologna. Italy, Spain, Provence, France, Germany, Poland, had now their Dominican convents; the voices of Dominican preachers had penetrated into every land.

In 1218 a yearning had come over the heart of Dominic to revisit Spain, his dear native Castile. He left Rome in the autumn. Brother Albert, who accompanied him, afterwards told odd stories of the journey; how, when Dominic had his serge habit torn by a dog, he sealed up the rents with little dabs of clay; how, when a voluble and abusive hostess stormed at them for refusing to eat the meat she had cooked for the travellers' dinner, Dominic imposed silence on her by a word, and the woman's tongue did not wag again for eight months; till Dominic, on his way back, at

her mute appeal, to the despair of her husband, restored its glibness to the paralysed member.

Dominic tarried at Segovia, where he founded a convent. Every night he spent in the church. The indelicate curiosity of some of his friars prompted them to pry into his privacy, and watch the secret communions of his soul with God. In the church alone, as he thought, he could pour out his heart without restraint. The spies saw him in ecstasy of devotion before each altar, the words of David pouring from his lips : "My soul cleaveth to the dust, quicken me, O Lord, according to thy word !" "Lord, I have cried unto thee, turn not far from me, keep not still silence, refrain not thyself, O God !" "Lord, hear me, when I cry unto thee, whilst I lift up my hands in thy holy place !" "I stretch forth my hands unto thee ; my soul gaspeth unto thee as a thirsty land. Hear me, O Lord, and that soon, for my spirit waxeth faint ; hide not thy face from me, lest I be like unto them that go down into the pit." And anon, through the dark aisles would sound the convulsed sobbing of Dominic, as he numbered his failures, his shortcomings in that lofty walk, the close treading in the footsteps of his Saviour. Sometimes a passing moonbeam, or the light of the sanctuary lamp exhibited the white form of Dominic prostrate before an altar, or kneeling up with arms widespread in prayer, or standing on tiptoe in tremulous rapture and self-unconsciousness, like a seraph poised ready for flight. But we may be thought to partake of the vulgar inquisitiveness of those who intruded on these sacred scenes, if we attempt to describe them. There are moments in every life which it is sacrilege to intrude on and unveil.

From Segovia he went to Madrid, where he founded a convent for women, and then started for Paris. He was deserted on his road by all the brethren he had chosen to accompany him, except three. As they travelled they fell

in with bands of pilgrims, who fed them, and in return were edified by the pious exhortations of Dominic. When the rain fell Dominic sang aloud the "Ave Maris Stella," or the "Veni Creator." The Gospel of S. Matthew and the Epistles of S. Paul he carried ever with him, and on reaching an inn, or resting under the trees, would open them and read. His companions were often surprised and touched to see the play of emotion in his face as he read the sacred page; and sometimes the fixedness of his eyes, and air of abstraction, showed that his soul had passed from study to meditation, or by the movement of his lips, they judged, to prayer. When he had done reading, he reverently kissed the book, as though to thank it for the blessed lessons it had given him. On his road, whenever he had an opportunity to address the peasants, he preached with fervour. "What books do you study?" asked a young man, after one of these sermons, which had touched and melted many rough hearts. "Above all, the book of charity," answered Dominic. "Look at those roofs," he would say sometimes to his companions, as they saw far off the red tiles of some little village. "What sorrows and cares, what sins and difficulties they cover. Oh! to lighten and remit some of them as we pass by." In the summer of 1219 Dominic descended for the last time the flanks of the white Alps, and saw basking in the sunlight, and extending blue to the horizon, the plains of Italy. He returned to Rome by Bologna and Florence. He had not forgotten the good sisters of S. Sixtus, a convent he had founded at Rome, during his long absence. He brought them from Spain a number of ebony spoons, which he had carried about with him in his long round by way of Paris, on his shoulders.

In 1220 the first chapter of the Order was held at Bologna, as has been already related. On his way to attend it Dominic visited S. Francis of Assisi at Cremona. Whilst

the two patriarchs were conversing together, some Franciscans approached and said : "Our convent is without good water, we pray you, servants of God, to intercede with the Lord, that He may bless our muddy well and make it limpid." It had been newly sunk. The two patriarchs looked at one another, each inviting the other to reply. Then Dominic said to the friars, "Draw some of the water, and bring it us." A bowl was produced full of the turbid fluid. A spring had been tapped, but it had not as yet purified itself.

Dominic said to Francis, "Father, bless this water in the name of the Lord." Francis replied, "Father, you must bless it, for you are greater than I am." Dominic took the bowl, made the sign of the cross over the water, and bade it be poured back into the well, whose waters were healed immediately.

One night, on his way, probably at Columba, near Parma, Dominic and his companions arrived at a monastery gate after all the monks had gone to bed. One of his attendants would have knocked. "Do not wake them," said Dominic ; "we can sleep on the step." At what time Dominic instituted his Third Order is not exactly known. He, as well as S. Francis, saw the necessity of widening the influence of their Order, and of uniting seculars in a common bond, by some new organization. Both patriarchs accordingly instituted Tertiaries, a third order in connexion respectively with the Society of S. Dominic or of S. Francis. The members lived in the world, in the midst of their secular Avocations, their families, bound by no monastic vows but deeply imbued with the corporate spirit. They were organized, each under his own prior, and were taught to cultivate personal holiness, and to labour, each in his station, to advance the faith and combat heresy and immorality. The Third Order, whether of S. Dominic or S. Fran-


cis, spread, not merely by its own perpetual influence and unwearied activity, it had everywhere a vast host of votaries wedded to its interests, full of enthusiasm, ready to advance the cause both of Christ and of S. Dominic or S. Francis. These lay coadjutors, these Tertiaries, as they were called in the Society of S. Francis, Soldiers of Jesus Christ, as they were designated in the Society of S. Dominic, took the place which had been occupied by the heretics. The heretics had been often men and women affecting a more pious, exclusively holy life than the generality of their neighbours, bound together by some common rule, and falling into heresy only because neglected by the Church. Now the Church extended, through Dominic or Francis, her hands to this class of people, took them to her, and enrolled them in her army. One great attraction presented by the heretical communities was wrested from them, and the orthodox Societies approved by the Holy See enlisted in the cause of the Church.

S. Dominic fell sick of fever and dysentery at Venice, in July, 1221; he would not go to bed, but sat up in his white serge habit, silent and patient. He felt he was dying, and sent for his friars, to give them his last exhortations. At the advice of the doctors he was moved to S. Maria degli Monte, near Bologna. He began to sink rapidly. He heard a rumour that the religious of S. Maria had resolved on retaining his body, after his death, for their church. "God forbid that I should rest anywhere but among my friars," said he; "carry me into my own vineyard, that I may die therein." He was transported to Bologna, in the arms of his friars, who feared he would die at each step. There was no spare cell in the convent there. Brother Moneta gave up his own. His habit must be changed. Moneta pulled off his own tunic, and gave it to the dying patriarch. Brother Rudolf held Dominic's head on his

bosom, and gently wiped the sweat away with a handkerchief. A ring of brothers stood round weeping.

"Do not weep," said Dominic ; "I may be more useful to you where I am going than I could be here." Some one asked him where he would like to be buried. "Under the feet of my friars," he answered. "Now make ready." They prepared to administer to him the last sacrament. "Begin." They recited the recommendation of a departing soul. His lips moved till they came to the words, "Come to his aid, saints of God ! come, angels of the Lord, and bear his soul into the presence of the Most High !" when his lips ceased to move. His hands rose towards heaven. He was gone. It was noon, August 6, 1221.

His body reposes in the church of his Order at Bologna. In art he is represented with a star on his brow, because in legend it is said that his nurse once saw one shining over his head as he slept.



August 5.

S. MEMMIUS, *B. of Chalons sur Marne*; 3rd cent.

S. EMYGDIUS, *B.M. at Ascoli, in Italy*; A.D. 303.

S. AFRA, *M. at Augsburg, in Bavaria*; A.D. 304.

S. CASSIAN, *B. of Autun*; 4th cent.

Dedication of S. MARY OF THE SNOWS, at Rome, A.D. 366.

S. NONNA, *Matr., Mother of S. Gregory Nazianzen*; circ. A.D. 374.

S. OSWALD, *K.M. in Northumbria*; A.D. 642.

S. ABEL, *B.C. at Lobbes in Hainault*; circ. A.D. 760.

S. AFRA, M.

(A.D. 303).

[At Augsburg on Aug. 7; as also at Mainz, Würzburg, Spire, Osnabrück, &c. But in the so-called Martyrology of S. Jerome, and in the Roman Martyrology, on Aug. 5, as also Usuardus, Ado, and Hrabanus Maurus. Authority:—The Acts of S. Afra, consisting of two parts, the "Conversio" and the "Passio," which existed in the 9th cent., but when written it is impossible to decide. But it is certain that they are by no means contemporary. The "Conversio" is certainly much later than the "Passio," is founded on tradition, and is probably apocryphal. But the "Passio" may be based on the ancient and authentic Acts. In style it resembles genuine Acts of the Martyrs; this cannot be said for the "Conversio."]



ACCORDING to tradition, not very trustworthy, Afra was a harlot living in Augsburg in the beginning of the fourth century. S. Narcissus, Bishop of Gerona (March 18), being driven from his see in the persecution of Diocletian, came to Augsburg, and lodged in the house of Afra. She and her mother Hilaria were converted and baptized by the bishop.

When the persecution of the Christians broke out in Rhætia, Gaius, the judge, having learned that Afra was a Christian, ordered her to be brought before him. The fol-

¹ The fact that before the 6th cent. the Martyrologies give S. Afra as a virgin and martyr proves that the "Conversio" was not then in existence.

lowing account of the examination and martyrdom of S. Afra is probably in the main genuine.

The judge said, "Sacrifice to the gods, for it is better for thee to live than to perish by torture."

Afra answered, "My sins suffice, which I have committed in ignorance, without my adding this also, which thou commandest me to do."

Gaius said, "Go to the capitol and sacrifice."

Afra said, "Christ is my capitol, whom I hold ever before my eyes, and to whom I daily confess my misdeeds, and offer myself as a willing sacrifice."

The judge Gaius said, "As I hear, thou art a courtesan. Sacrifice, then, for thou hast no part with the God of the Christians."

Afra replied, "My Lord Jesus Christ said that he came down from heaven for sinners."

The judge said, "Sacrifice, and thou wilt regain the love of thy lovers, and they will pour their money into thy lap."

Afra answered, "I will never receive their hateful money; what money I had I have cast away as dross."

The judge Gaius said, "Thou canst be no Christian, thou who art a harlot."

Afra replied, "My only claim to the title of Christian is through the mercy of God."

Gaius said, "How knowest thou that Christ accepts thee?"

Afra said, "In that he suffers me to confess him before thy judgment seat."

Gaius said, "These are fables, mere fables; sacrifice!"

Afra answered, "Christ is my salvation: who, hanging on the cross, promised paradise to the confessing thief."

The judge said, "Do not keep me so long arguing with you, sacrifice; and have done with this folly, or I will have thee tortured and burned alive."

Afra said, "Let the body that has sinned suffer."

Thereupon the judge gave forth his sentence ; and she was instantly seized by the executioners and dragged to an island in the river Lech, where they stripped her, and bound her to a stake.

Then she, lifting up her eyes to heaven, prayed weeping, "Lord Jesus Christ, Almighty God, who camest to call the sinners, not the righteous, to repentance ; receive in this hour the penitence of my passion, and by this temporal fire, prepared to consume my body, save me from the eternal fire which consumes body and soul together !"

Then the flames rose, and enveloped her, and out of the fire her voice was still heard raised in supplication, "I give thee thanks, Lord Jesus Christ ! who hast deemed me worthy to suffer for Thy name, who didst offer Thy body on the cross as a victim for all the world, the just for the unjust, the good for the evil, the blessed for the cursed, the sweet for the bitter, the clean from sin for those stained with evil. To Thee I offer my sacrifice, who livest and reignest with the Father and the Holy Ghost, God through ages of ages, Amen."

And so saying she was silent, and died in the midst of the fire.¹

Now when the pyre was dead and cold, Digna, Eumenia, and Euprepia, servants of Afra, took her body and buried it in a sepulchral chapel erected at the second milestone from the city. Now when Gaius heard this, he sent soldiers, and they stacked wood round the chapel, and burned therein the servants, and Hilaria, mother of the martyred Afra.

The name Afra points to the martyr having come from Africa, probably from Egypt. She, there can be little doubt, followed the soldiers of the Theban legion, of which one manipulus was perhaps quartered at Augusta Vindelicorum.

It by no means follows that she was a courtesan. The

¹ So far is trustworthy ; what follows is a later addition apparently,

martyrologists before the 6th century call her a virgin, so that at that time the complete legend of her conversion from a life of sin was not made up, and the earlier "Passion" was accommodated to agree with this version of the story. The Roman soldiers were often suffered to take with them their wives and daughters, and Afra may have accompanied her father from Egypt to Germany. But after the 6th century the martyrologists were unable to explain how a young woman could have followed the soldiers from the East into the West, unless she were a camp-follower of bad repute. They therefore omitted the title of virgin, and the fable of her being a harlot arose.

That African troops were quartered in Germany is proved by Roman seals of a "Cohors Mauretanorum" having been found at Xanten, the sepulchral inscription of a Mauritanian prefect of a cohort having been discovered at Bedburg near Cleves, and a negro skull, together with Roman pottery and coins at Cologne.¹

The relics of S. Afra are supposed to have been discovered in A.D. 955, by S. Ulric. They now repose in the beautiful church of SS. Ulric and Afra, at the south extremity of Augsburg.

S. MARY OF THE SNOWS.

(A.D. 366).

[Roman Martyrology. Authority :—Tradition.]

UNDER the pontificate of Pope Liberius there lived at Rome a patrician named John, married to a lady of high birth. They had no children, and they resolved to make the Blessed Virgin their heir. They took a vow to devote

¹ For further particulars, see S. Gereon, Oct. 10; and "Zur Geschichte der Thebaischen Legion," von Prof. Dr. Braun: Bonn, 1855.

their wealth to her, and only sought how to expend it. The Esquiline hill belonged to them, and they resolved to erect thereon a church dedicated to the immaculate Mother of God. They informed the Pope of their desire, which he highly approved. The plan of the church was to be traced out on the hill-top on the 5th August. During the night, a light snow fell over the Esquiline, softly draping it in white, and when the Pope, the attendant clergy, and the pious benefactor ascended the hill to trace out the foundation of the church, they found it covered with snow, on which light pure substance the lines of the foundations might be drawn.

The church erected thereon was at first called the Basilica of Liberius, afterwards S. Maria ad Præsepe, and finally S. Maria Maggiore.

S. OSWALD, K.M.

(A.D. 642).

[*Sarum and York Kalendars, Anglican Martyrologies, Scottish Kalendars, Roman Martyrology, in the Belgian Kalendars, June 20, F. of Translation to Winnochberg,—German Breviaries and Missals of the 15th and 16th cent. Authority :—Bede's Anglo-Saxon Hist. The following life is for the most part condensed from that by Montalembert, in his "Monks of the West."*]

THE conversion of Ethelbert of Kent, by Augustine, produced little or no effect on the North of England. Northumbria remained heathen; Paulinus, who had borne the cross into Yorkshire, had preached at Dewsbury, and baptized at Catterick, had deserted the scene of his labours, and invasion and havoc had swept over it, obliterating his traces. It was not to S. Augustine and Ethelbert, but to SS. Aidan and Oswald that Northumbria was to look as its apostles. The father of the Christianity of the vast region

now included in the counties of Yorkshire, Durham, and Northumberland, was not S. Gregory, but S. Columba, its metropolis was not Canterbury, but Iona.

Forty-eight years after Augustine and his Roman monks had landed on the shores of pagan England, an Anglo-Saxon prince invoked the aid of the monks of Iona, the children of Columba, for the conversion for the Saxons of the North. Augustine had bitterly upbraided the Celtic Church of Britain with doing nothing to convert the Saxons to Christ. That Church was now about nobly to repel that charge, by working a transformation in the North equal to that wrought in the South by the missionaries of Rome.

That Anglo-Saxon prince was Oswald, son of Ethelfrid the Ravager, and of the sister of the martyred King Edwin. After the defeat and death of his father, the son of the great enemy and conqueror of the Scots had, while yet a child, sought a refuge, along with his brother and a numerous train of young nobles, among the Scots.

In exile he spent the seventeen years of the reign of his uncle Edwin, as Edwin himself had lived in exile during the reign of his brother-in-law and persecutor Ethelfrid. But between these two representatives of the two dynasties which divided Northumberland, and succeeded each other in the sovereignty, there was this difference, that the young Edwin had sought and found an asylum among his pagan fellow-countrymen ; while the banishment of Oswald led him into intercourse with people of a race and religion differing from his own.

Since the apostolate of Columba, the Scots and Picts had become entirely Christian, and among them Oswald and his companions in misfortune learned the truths of Christianity, and were all baptized, according to the rite of the Celtic Church, which differed from the Roman.

After the overthrow of Edwin, and the Deirian dynasty,

the princes of the Bernician family returned to Northumbria, from which they had been banished for seventeen years.¹

The elder, Eanfrid, fell by the sword of the Briton Cadwallon, after having renounced the Christian faith. But his younger brother Oswald was a man of very different stamp. At the head of a small but resolute band, of whom a dozen at most were Christians, like himself, he undertook to reconquer his country, and did not hesitate to carry on the struggle against the immense forces of the formidable Briton, nor even to attack him in pitched battle.

The two armies, so unequal in numbers, met near that great wall which the Emperor Severus had erected from sea to sea to keep back the Picts, and which divided Northumbria into two nearly equal parts. This rampart, which had neither restrained the Picts in their invasions of the South, nor the Saxons in their conquests to the North, was then, though not intact, still standing; as indeed even now its vast remains may be traced on the steep hill-tops and uplands, covered with heath or strewn with basalt rocks, which give to that district of England an aspect so different from that of her ordinary landscapes. Flanked by a fragment of the Roman wall, the Anglo-Saxon prince occupied a height where his feeble forces could defy the attack of the numerous battalions of Cadwallon. On that height, which was afterwards called *Heaven's Field*, and which still bears the name of S. Oswald, on the eve of the day of decisive battle, the young and ardent warrior held erect with his own

¹ Ida, the Man of Fire, K. of Bernicia.
(547—559)

Ethelric. Theodric. Occa.

Ethelfrid, the Ravager.—Acha, d. of Efla of Deira.
(592—617)

Eanfrid.
(633—634)

S. Oswald.
(635—642)

Oswy.
(642—670)

S. Ebba, abss. of Coldingham.
d. 684.

hands a large wooden cross, which had been hastily made by his orders, while his companions heaped the earth round it, to keep it firm in its position ; then, prostrating himself before it, he said to his brothers in arms, " Let us all fall on our knees, and together implore the living and true and Almighty God in His mercy to defend us against the pride and fierceness of our enemy ; for that God knows our cause is just, and that we fight for the salvation of our nation. Yes, it is for our salvation and our freedom that we might fight to-day against those Britons, whom our fathers gloried in challenging, but who now prophesy the extirpation of our race."

The Britons themselves might seem to have an equal right to offer this prayer, for they had long been Christians, and after all had only retaken their native soil from the grasp of foreign invaders. But a century of possession had given the latter a conviction of their right ; and the bloody cruelties of Cadwallon had dishonoured his patriotism. Oswald, moreover, represented the cause of advancing Christianity ; for the Britons did nothing to convert their enemies, and the cross which he planted was the first which had been as yet seen in Bernicia.

On the evening of the same day, and during the night which preceded the contest which was to fix his destiny, Oswald, asleep in his tent, saw in a dream the holy S. Columba, the apostle and patron of the country of his exile, and of the church in which he had received his baptism. The warlike Abbot of Iona, who had been dead for thirty-six years, appeared to him shining with angelic beauty ; erect, and with that lofty stature that distinguished him in life, he stood and stretched his resplendent robe over the whole of the small army of exiles as if to protect it ; then, addressing the prince, he said, as God said to Joshua before the passage of the Jordan, " Be of good courage, and play

the man. At the break of day march to the battle : I have obtained for thee from God the victory over thine enemies and the death of tyrants : thou shalt conquer and reign." The prince, on awaking, told his vision to the Saxons who had joined him, and all promised to receive baptism, like himself and the twelve companions of his exile, if he should return a conqueror. Early on the morrow the battle began, and Oswald gained a victory as complete as it was unlikely. Cadwallon, the last hero of the British race—victor, according to the Welsh tradition, in forty battles and in sixty single combats—perished in this defeat. The Britons evacuated Northumbria, never to return, and withdrew behind the Severn. Those who remained to the north of the Dee, in the territory which has since been divided into the counties of Chester, Lancaster, and Westmoreland, submitted to the Northumbrian sway, which henceforth extended from the Irish Channel to the North Sea, tracing the line of the east coast as far as Edinburgh. There still remained, however, out of Wales, and to the south of the wa'l of Severus, in the region adjoining Caledonia, a district bathed by the waters of the Solway, full of lakes and hills like Caledonia itself, and then, as now, known by the name of Cumbria or Cumberland, where the Britons continued independent, relying on the support of the Scots, and in alliance with the people of their own race who dwelt on the banks of the Clyde. But they fell, and, though subdued, agreed in bestowing upon the son of the Ravager—the grandson of the Burner—the Saxon who had nobly vanquished them, the name of *Lamn-Garm* ; which means, according to some, "the Shining Sword," according to others, "the Liberal Hand."

Nothing is known of the course of events which, after the defeat and death of the great British chief, confirmed Oswald in the undisputed sovereignty of the whole of Northumbria and the temporal supremacy of the entire

Saxon Heptarchy; but we find him entitled Emperor of all Britain, by a writer almost contemporary with himself. Not only, says Bede, had he learned to possess in hope the heavenly kingdom which his forefathers knew not; but in this world God gave him a kingdom vaster than that possessed by any of his ancestors. He reigned over the four races who shared Britain among them—the Britons, the Scots, the Picts, and the Angles. No doubt this supremacy was but partially acknowledged, especially beyond the limits of the Anglo-Saxon territory; but Northumbria, when united under one king, could not fail to become at once the chief power of the Confederation. Oswald, who was the great-grandson of Ina on his father's side, and grandson of Ella on his mother's, had a natural right to unite the two realms of Deira and Bernicia, while at the same time delivering them from the humiliating and bloody yoke of the Britons and Mercians. He seems to have had a special affection for Bernicia, his father's country, in which he lived, and whose ancient boundaries on the Caledonian side he extended or re-established. But he succeeded, we are told by the Northumbrian Bede, in reconciling and binding into one State the two tribes which, although of the same race, had lived in continual conflict. He made of the two a real nation.

Oswald was the sixth of the great chiefs or suzerains of the confederation who bore the title of *Bretwalda*, before whom was carried the *tufa*, or tuft of feathers, which was the emblem of supreme authority, and which, after this, was used by none save by the Northumbrian kings. It is supposed that this dignity was conferred or ratified by the suffrage, not only of all the kings of the Heptarchy, but also of the principal chiefs or barons of each tribe. It was at first exclusively military; but it became under Oswald and his successors, as it had already been with Ethelbert of

Kent, a means of exercising great influence in religious matters. For Oswald was not only a true king and a gallant soldier, but also a good Christian, destined to become a saint ; and in the power with which he found himself invested he saw chiefly the means of defending and propagating the faith which he had received with his baptism from the hands of the sons of Columba.

As soon as Oswald was established on his father's throne, his first and dearest thought was to bring back and to procure the triumph in his own country of that religion which had been the consolation of his exile. For this end missionaries, ministers of the Word of God, were necessary above all things. It did not occur to him to seek them in the church of Canterbury, the monastic centre which already existed on English soil, and whence ten years before had come Paulinus, the first Apostle of Northumbria. He does not seem to have even thought of the noble and worthy Roman deacon, James, whom Paulinus, on abandoning his metropolitan see of York, had left alone behind him ; and who, remaining gallantly at his post during the storm of invasion and havoc, had continued to baptize and preach, and to snatch his prey from the old enemy. This deacon, however, was the lieutenant of a bishop to some extent identified with the Deirian dynasty, and with the family of King Edwin, which had exiled, robbed, and supplanted the family of Oswald, and which he had just supplanted in his turn. Was it for this reason, as has been supposed, that Oswald sought no aid from the Roman missionaries ? Is it not more natural to conclude that he was chiefly influenced by his remembrance of the generous hospitality which he had found among the Scots, and of the instructions of those from whom in early manhood he received baptism and the other Sacraments of the Church ? Be this as it may, it was to the Scottish Church that he addressed himself—that is to say, to

the heads of monasteries ruled by the traditions and institutions of Columba, that great Abbot of Iona who appeared to him in his dream the night before the decisive battle, to promise him victory and a crown.

Under the influence of that Celtic patriotism which inflamed the Britons against the conquering strangers, and which was no less unwilling to concede to them a share in eternal salvation than in the British soil, the Scottish or Irish Church seems, up to this time, to have refrained from all effort to spread the Gospel among the Saxons. But the time had come to adopt a different course. As though it had only awaited the signal given by Oswald, the Celtic Church, aided by the brave missionaries who sprang from that monastic reformation of which Iona was the centre, immediately began to light up with its radiance the whole northern region of Saxon Britain, from whence it went on into the territory where it had been preceded by the Roman missionaries, and where the two apostolic agencies finally met. The appeal of Oswald to Iona was responded to with apostolic warmth and eagerness for the work of winning souls to Christ. The gentle Aidan, whose memory should be dear to all Northumbrians, was sent from the monastic metropolis of Iona to found the Church on the land north of the Humber.

The story of his labours will be told elsewhere.¹ The king and the bishop rivalled each other in virtue, in piety, in ardent charity, and desire for the conversion of souls. Thanks to their mutual and unwearied efforts, every day saw the Christian religion spreading further and taking deeper root ; every day joyous crowds hastened to feed on the bread of the Divine Word, and to plunge into the waters of baptism ; every day numerous churches, flanked by monasteries and schools, rose from the soil. Every day new gifts

¹ Aug. 31.

of land, due to the generosity of Oswald and the Northumbrian nobles, came to swell the patrimony of the monks and the poor. Every day also new missionaries, full of zeal and fervour, arrived from Ireland or Scotland to help on the work of Aidan and Oswald, preaching and baptizing converts. And, at the same time, James the Deacon, sole survivor of the former Roman mission, redoubled his efforts to help forward the regeneration of the country in which he had already seen the Faith flourish and decay.

Oswald did not content himself with giving his friend Aidan the obedience of a son, and the support of a king, in all that could aid in the extension and consolidation of Christianity. He himself gave a perfect example of all the Christian virtues, and often passed whole nights in prayer, still more occupied with the concerns of the heavenly kingdom than with those of the earthly realm which he had so ably won, and for which he was so soon to die. He was not only lavish in alms, giving of his riches with humble and tender charity, to the humble and the poor, to the sick, to travellers, and to needy strangers who came to the bishop to be nourished with the word of life. In addition he constituted himself Aidan's interpreter, "and it was," says Bede, "a touching spectacle to see the king, who had, during his long exile, thoroughly learned the Celtic tongue, translating to the great chiefs and the principal officials of his court, the lords and thanes, the sermons of the bishop, who, as yet, spoke but imperfectly the language of the Anglo-Saxons.

The tender friendship and apostolic brotherhood which thus united the king and the bishop of the Northumbrians has, perhaps, more than anything else, contributed to exalt and hallow their memory in the annals of Catholic England.

Oswald was too active, too popular, too energetic, and too powerful not to make his actions and influence felt beyond the bounds of his own kingdom. Oswald contributed largely

to the conversion of the most powerful kingdom of the Heptarchy, next to Northumbria—that of the Saxons of the west,—Wessex, a kingdom which was destined to absorb and supplant all the others. The kings of this nation also professed to be of the blood of Odin; they were descended from a chief called Cerdic perhaps, the bravest of all the invaders of the British soil, and who had consolidated his conquest by forty years of craft and war. It was among this warlike race that Oswald sought a wife; but contrary to ordinary precedent, it was, in this new union, the husband and not the wife, who took the initiative in conversion. When he went for his bride, Kineburga, into the country of the West Saxons, the King of Northumbria met there an Italian bishop, who had undertaken their conversion, finding them entirely pagan. He did his best to second the laborious efforts of the foreign missionary, and the king, whose daughter he was about to wed, having consented to be baptized, Oswald stood sponsor for him, and thus became the spiritual father of him whose son-in-law he was about to become. He took back to Northumbria with him the young convert who soon bore him a son, little worthy of his sire, but yet destined at least to be the founder of a monastery which acted a part of some importance in the history of the people.

All this prosperity was soon to end, as all that is good and beautiful ends here below. The terrible Penda was still alive, and under the iron hand of that redoubtable warrior, Mercia remained the stronghold of paganism, even as Northumbria had become under Edwin and Oswald the centre of Christian life in Great Britain. He had left unrevenged the death of his ally, the Briton, Cadwallon; he had done nothing to hinder the accession and establishment of a new Christian king in Northumbria. But when that king essayed to cross the river which formed the boundary

of the two kingdoms, and to unite to his domain a province which had always belonged to the Mercians, Penda, notwithstanding his age, resumed his old inveteracy towards those whom he saw—again like Edwin—deserting the worship of their common ancestor Odin, and claiming an insupportable supremacy over all the Saxons, Pagan or Christian. He accordingly renewed with the Britons the alliance which had already been so disastrous to the Northumbrians, and, placing himself at the head of the two combined armies, waged for two years a sanguinary war against Oswald, which ended in a decisive battle at Maserfeld, on the western border of Mercia and Northumbria. The struggle was fierce; the brother of Penda perished in the fight, but Oswald, the great and beloved Oswald, shared the same fate. He died on the field, in the flower of his years, at the age of thirty-eight. There he fell—the historian of the English Church says, with emphasis—fighting for his country. But his last word, his last thought, was for heaven, and for the eternal welfare of his people. “My God,” said he, on seeing himself encircled with enemies, overwhelmed by numbers, and already pierced by a forest of arrows and lances—“My God! save their souls.” The last cry of this saintly spirit, this young hero, remained long graven on the memory of the Saxon people, and passed into a proverb to denote those who prayed without ceasing in life and in death.

The ferocity of Penda was not even satisfied by the death of his young rival. When the dead body of the King of Northumbria was brought from the battle-field into his presence, the old savage caused the head and hands of the hero to be cut off, and set up on stakes, to intimidate both conquerors and conquered. The noble remains were thus exposed for a whole year, till his brother and avenger, Oswy, carried them away. The hero's head was then taken to Lindisfarne,

to the great monastery which he had so richly endowed, and where his holy friend Aidan awaited it ; but his hands were deposited in a chapel in the royal fortress of Bamborough, the cradle of that Northumbrian dominion which the arms of his ancestors had founded, and which his own had so valiantly restored.

Thus perished, at the age of thirty-eight, Oswald, ranked by the Church among her martyrs, and by the Anglo-Saxon people among its saints and heroes of most enduring fame. Through the obscurity of that thankless and confused age, the eye rests gratefully on this young prince, reared in exile among the hereditary enemies of his race, who was consoled for the loss of a throne by his conversion to Christianity, who regained the kingdom of his fathers at the point of the sword, and planted the first cross on his native soil at the moment when he freed it from the usurper, crowned by the love and devotion of the people on whom he bestowed the blessings of peace and of supreme truth, spending his very life for its sake ; united for a few short years to a wife whom, in marrying, he had made a Christian ; gentle and strong, serious and sincere, pious and intelligent, humble and bold, active and gracious, a soldier and a missionary, a king and a martyr, slain in the flower of his age on the field of battle, fighting for his country, and praying for his subjects. Where shall we find in all history a hero more nearly approaching the ideal, more richly gifted, more worthy of eternal remembrance, and, it must be added, more completely forgotten ?

August 6.

THE TRANSFIGURATION OF OUR LORD, *on Mount Tabor.*

S. SIXTUS II., *Pope, M. at Rome*; A.D. 258.

SS. JUSTUS AND PASTOR, *MM. at Alcalá de Henares in Spain*;
A.D. 304.

S. HORMISDAS, *Pope of Rome*; A.D. 523.

S. ACCA, *B. of Hexham*; *circ.* A.D. 740.

B. SCHETZELO, *C. at Luxemburg*; *circ.* A.D. 1138.

THE TRANSFIGURATION OF OUR LORD.

[Roman Martyrology; that attributed to S. Jerome. In a Kalendar of the Church of Cologne of the 9th cent., on July 27. In the Greek Church it is called the Feast of Tabor. Also the Coptic Kalendar. Anglican reformed Kalendar.]

THIS festival is kept by the Eastern and Western Churches in commemoration of the Transfiguration of our Lord on Mount Tabor, before His passion, as recorded in Matt. xvii. 1—9; Mark ix. 2—9; Luke ix. 28—36. The festival was observed in Spain in the time of S. Ildephonsus, for he says that on it mass is said thrice, as on the great festivals, and that all the faithful communicate on that day. It was an ancient custom on this day for the deacon to press three drops of juice from a ripe grape-bunch into the chalice for mass.

S. SIXTUS II., POPE M.

(A.D. 258.)

[Roman, Carthaginian, and all Latin Martyrologies. By the Greeks on Aug. 10. Authorities:—The letters of Dionysius of Alexandria, Eusebius, Prudentius, and the Acts of his Martyrdom, which are not, however, genuine; they represent Valerian as in Rome when he was engaged in the Persian war, and Decius as being emperor, whereas he died six years before.]

SIXTUS, or, more properly, Xystus, an Athenian, succeeded Pope Stephen on the throne of S. Peter, in the midst of the controversy on heretical baptisms.

The first part of the pontificate of Sixtus seems to have been tranquil; and Pontius, the biographer of S. Cyprian, speaks of him as a good and pacific prelate; expressions which were perhaps used in allusion to the unconciliating conduct of his predecessor Stephen, who had excommunicated S. Cyprian for affirming that the baptisms of heretics were invalid.

Dionysius of Alexandria wrote letters to S. Sixtus on the disputed subject, marked by a tone of moderation, and a desire for peace and the truth. With respect to his own practice, he mentioned that he did not baptize persons who returned to the Church, after having once belonged to it, and having fallen into heresy; and he stated that he had received this custom from his predecessor Heracles. He also wrote to Sixtus, asking for his advice in the case of a man who had been a member of the Alexandrian Church for above twenty years, but who was now suffering great scruples because he had not been baptized according to the forms of the Catholic Church. He was very desirous to be baptized over again, but Dionysius declined doing it, in consideration of his having held the true faith for so many years, and having so often partaken of the Eucharist. It will be observed that neither of these cases bears directly upon the question at issue between the Churches of Rome and Carthage. That question was whether a man, who was known to have been baptized by heretics, and who wished to come over to the Church, was to be baptized before his admission; but in the first of the two cases mentioned by Dionysius, baptism had once been really and validly administered in the Church; and in the second case, a man had for many years held communion with the Church without it having been known that he had been baptized by heretics. The answers of S. Sixtus to these letters have, unfortunately, not been preserved.

Persecution broke out in Rome in the summer of 258, on the receipt of an order from Valerian, then marching against the Persians. The terms of this order were, that the bishops, priests, and deacons should be punished with death; but that senators, and men of rank, and knights should be degraded and lose their property, and if they still persisted in being Christians they were to suffer capitally. Women were to lose their property, and be sent into banishment. If any persons connected with the imperial household had confessed before, or should confess now, that they were Christians, they were to have their property confiscated, and to be sent abroad as prisoners.¹ Such was the purport of this sanguinary edict, and the magistrates of Rome showed no reluctance to execute it. Confiscations and death were very frequent; and Sixtus, with two of his deacons, Felicissimus and Agapitus, were arrested. As the aged pontiff was being led to the Mamertine prison, his archdeacon, Laurence, cried to him, "O my father! whither goest thou without thy son? Why, O holy priest, goest thou, without thy deacon?" Sixtus turned to him and said "Weep not, my son! after three days shalt thou follow me."

According to the Acts, Sixtus and his two deacons were decapitated, and Sixtus buried in the cemetery of S. Calixtus; but according to a hymn of Prudentius, he was crucified. The Acts are most probably right, though we have not got them in anything like their original condition, and they are not altogether trustworthy. Felicissimus and Agapitus were laid in the cemetery of Prætextatus.

¹ Epist. S. Cypriani, 27.



S. HORMISDAS, POPE.

(A.D. 523.)

[Roman Modern Martyrology, inserted by Baronius by mistake. His name occurs in no single ancient Martyrology. Baronius appeals as his authority to Bede, but the Bede's Martyrology he saw was that published in 1564 by Plautinus, and was really that of Ado, with large interpolations, and of no value or authority. Authorities :—The Epistles of Hormisdas ap. Labbe.]

POPE HORMISDAS succeeded Symmachus (July 19) in the apostolic chair. He was a Campanian, a native of Frusinum. He pursued the same course of conduct as that adopted by Symmachus in reference to Eastern affairs, insisting that the name of Acacius, Patriarch of Constantinople, who had dared to equal his throne to that of Rome, and who was involved in Eutychianism, should be struck out of the diptychs. He sent four ambassadors, the bishops Eunodius and Fortunatus, the priest Venantius, and Vitalis, a deacon, to Constantinople to demand of the Emperor Anastasius his unequivocal assent to the Council of Chalcedon and the Tome of S. Leo ; that he should issue imperial letters compelling a general union of the Eastern Church with the Church of Rome ; and that Acacius, formerly Bishop of Constantinople, should be anathematized publicly, with a string of other heretics. Anastasius readily accepted the Council of Chalcedon, but refused to allow Acacius to be branded as a heretic. The memory of the gentle, holy Acacius was still dear to the people of Constantinople ; to publicly anathematize him would be to incite a riot.

The embassy returned to Rome. A second was sent to the Eastern Emperor, conveying to him a letter from Hormisdas, a vehement, uncompromising invective against the memory of Acacius. That bishop's communion with the followers of Dioscorus and Eutyches infected him with their

guilt. His crime was darker than that of the heresiarchs. The condemnation of Acacius, the unpardonable Acacius, who had claimed equality with the Pope, was now the only obstacle to the peace between Eastern and Western Christendom. Anastasius replied firmly, "We may submit to be insulted, but we will not be commanded. Hormisdas must await the accession of a new emperor, before the Churches of Rome and Byzantium are re-united by the sacrifice of him who, besides his communion with Eutychians, had dared to equal himself with the successor of S. Peter."

Anastasius died in 518, and Justin, a rude unlettered Dacian peasant, seized the throne of the East. Though ignorant, he was uncompromisingly orthodox. Only six days after his proclamation, the Emperor and his wife Lupicina, who had been his slave and concubine, and who took the more decorous name of Euphemia, entered the great church. The people mingled outcries for the proclamation of the authority of the Council of Chalcedon with their acclamations of greeting to the new Emperor, and with cries for the unearthing and public burning of the bones of the late Emperor and those whom he had favoured.

John of Cappadocia, Patriarch of Constantinople, had been Eutychian under Anastasius; he became zealously Catholic on the day of Justin's exaltation. He ascended the pulpit, and declared his adhesion to the decrees of Chalcedon. The people roared out their demands that he should pronounce his anathemas against those of the opposing party; the obsequious prelate did as was required. John of Cappadocia hastily assembled a council of forty bishops, which passed canons confirming Chalcedon; all the orthodox bishops who had been banished were recalled. Justin disqualified by Edict all heretics from holding civil or military office. The whole East followed the example of the capital. Hormisdas had the satisfaction of seeing the true faith again

triumphant in the East, and heresy confounded; he had also the gratification of seeing the obnoxious name of Acacius expunged from the diptychs. He died in 523.

S. ACCA, B. OF HEXHAM.

(ABOUT A.D. 740.)

[Dempster in his *Scottish Menology*, and *Camerarius*. In the former on Aug. 6, in the latter on Jan. 18. In the *Anglican Martyrologies* on Feb. 19. Authorities :—Bede, Simeon of Durham, and Richard of Hexham.]

ACCA, the disciple of Bosa, Bishop of York, and afterwards a faithful follower of S. Wilfrid, succeeded him in the Bishopric of Hapelstad or Hexham, in 710. "He was," says Bede, "a most active man, and great in the sight of God and man; he much adorned and added to the structure of his church, dedicated to S. Andrew. For he made it his business, and does so still, to procure relics of the blessed apostles and martyrs of Christ from all parts, to place them on altars, dividing the same by arches in the walls of the church. Besides which, he diligently gathered the histories of their sufferings, together with other ecclesiastical writings, and erected there a very large and noble library. He likewise provided industriously holy vessels, lights, and such things as pertain to the adornment of the house of God. He also invited to him a famous singer, named Maban, who had been taught to sing by the successors of the disciples of the Blessed Gregory in Kent, for him to instruct himself and his clergy; and kept him twelve years, to teach such ecclesiastical songs as were not known, and to restore those which were corrupted through neglect or want of use.

"For Bishop Acca was a most expert singer himself, and most learned in holy Scriptures, and most pure in the confession of the Catholic faith, and most observant of the

rules of ecclesiastical institutions ; nor did he ever cease to be so till he received the reward of his pious devotion.”

In 733 Acca was driven from his bishopric,² and he probably then went to Witherne, or Candida Casa, in Scotland, of which place the Scottish martyrologists regard him as bishop. But he was there for only a short time, apparently two years, after which he returned to Hexham, where he died.

B. SCHETZELO, H.

(A.D. 1138.)

[Belgian Martyrologies. Venerated in Luxemburg. Cistercian Martyrologies. Authorities:—A life by Heribert, a contemporary, who knew him, and had spoken with him.]

THE Blessed Schetzelo was a hermit living in the woods near Luxemburg, feeding on roots and acorns. His clothing was so scanty as to be scarcely decent, wherefore S. Bernard, who greatly respected him, sent him a shirt and a pair of drawers by some of his monks. Schetzelo at once put them on him, and then pulled them off again, saying that he found he could do without them, and that it was his ambition to live without superfluities. The monks asked him if he had suffered many temptations. “Yes,” he answered, “the life of man is one long series of temptations.” And then he told them how he had once given way ; an occasion of bitter self-reproach ever after. One winter he was lying out in the snow, and the drift covered all his body, except the face, where his breath had melted a hole. A poor half-frozen rabbit, seeking shelter, jumped into the hole and crouched down on the hermit’s breast. He was moved first to laughter, and then to pleasure, for the little creature, numbed with cold, suffered him to stroke its fur ; and so, when Schetzelo ought to have been praying and meditating, he was playing with the rabbit under the snow.

¹ Hist. Eccl., lib. v. c. 80.

² A. S. Chron. sub. ann.

August 7.**THE NAME OF JESUS.**

S. CLAUDIA, *Matr. at Sabinum in Umbria*; circ. A.D. 110.

S. DONATUS, *B.M. at Arezzo in Tuscany*; A.D. 362.

S. DOMETIUS, *Mk. M. at Nisibis in Mesopotamia*; A.D. 363.

S. VICTRICIUS, *B.C. of Rouen*; circ. A.D. 407.

S. ALBERT, *C. at Messina in Sicily*; A.D. 1306.

S. CAJETAN, *C. at Naples*; A.D. 1547.

THE NAME OF JESUS.

[Salisbury and York Kalendars, as red-letter days. Aberdeen Breviary a minor double. Anglican reformed Kalendar.]



SPECIAL office, on January 14th, in honour of the Holy Name, was granted by Pope Clement VII., to the Franciscan Order, in 1530. It was extended to the Carthusians in 1643, and afterwards to Spain, on the second Sunday after Epiphany; and was finally promulgated to the Latin Church by Innocent XIII., in 1721, at the request of Charles VI. Emperor of Germany, to be observed on the second Sunday after the Epiphany.

But in the English Church, August 7th was observed as the festival of the Holy Name long before the Reformation.

S. CLAUDIA, MATR.

(ABOUT A.D. 110.)

[Wilson in his Anglican Martyrology. Authority:—The Acts of S. Pudens, S. Praxedes, and S. Pudentiana.]

NINETY-SEVEN years after the second invasion of Britain by Julius Cæsar, the Emperor Claudius, at the instigation of a British exile named Beric, determined upon invading the island; and he directed the senator Aulus Plautius to bring

it under the Imperial dominion. The Britons, under Caradog (Caractacus), one of the sons of Cunobelin, made a vigorous resistance to the invaders ; but Plautius, by the aid of light-armed German auxiliaries, drove the natives over the Thames ; and the Emperor, who himself paid a short visit to Britain, gained a victory, and received the submission of the Cantii, Atrebrates, Regni, and Trinobantes, the tribes inhabiting the south-east corner of the island. Claudius then hastened back to Rome to enjoy a pompous triumph, and the title of Britannicus, while he left the work of conquest to be pursued by his lieutenants, Plautius and Flavius Vespasian. The work, indeed, was scarcely begun. Vespasian had to fight no less than thirty battles before he subdued the Belgæ and the Durotriges, two nations which occupied the limited territory now forming the counties of Hampshire and Dorset with the Isle of Wight. In one of these battles he nearly lost his life, and was saved only by the devoted courage of his son Titus, the future conqueror of Jerusalem.

In the meantime, Caractacus; and the Britons to the north of the Thames, opposed to the invaders a resistance equally obstinate ; and, at the end of five years, the able Plautius, although constantly victorious in the field, was compelled to leave to his successor, Ostorius Scapula, the task of bringing the Silures under subjection. At last, however, after Caractacus had maintained the unequal contest for three years longer, he was defeated by Ostorius in a great battle at the place now called *Caer-Caradoc*, in Shropshire. The wife and daughter of the British prince were captured ; his brothers surrendered themselves ; and, finally, he himself was betrayed by his stepmother, Queen Cartismandua,¹ into the hands of the victor, who sent his illustrious prisoners in chains to Rome.

¹ Her British name was *Aregwedd Foeddog*.

Great was the interest felt in Italy, and in the metropolis of the world, in gazing upon the man who had for nine years held at bay the arms and the ablest generals of the empire. Caractacus, in his adversity, bore himself with a dignity and composure which no way abated even in the presence of the Emperor. Claudius, on his part, touched with compassion, ordered the fallen prince and his family to be set at liberty; and even, as some conceive, restored one of the royal brothers to a certain degree of authority in the conquered portion of his native country. It is added, that Caractacus, on traversing the imperial city after his release, and viewing its splendour and extent, could not forbear exclaiming,—“Why, when possessed of such magnificence as this, do ye covet my humble cottage in Britain?”

Caractacus and his family were captured in A.D. 51. According to Welsh accounts, along with Caractacus was taken Bran ab Llyr, his father, who was detained in Rome for seven years as hostage for his son. There he embraced Christianity, and he is regarded as the first to introduce the Christian faith into Britain, to which he returned in A.D. 58, bringing with him three or four teachers, Ilid, Cyndaf, Arwystli Hen,¹ and Mawan; and through their instrumentality the gospel was first preached in this country. But the classic historians say nothing of the father of Caractacus being brought to Rome; Dion Cassius says that Caractacus was the son of Cunobelin, who died before the war commenced, and Tacitus, who mentions the capture, or surrender, of the several members of the family of Caractacus, describes their appearance before Claudius, and says nothing of Bran.

¹ On March 15th I said that no Western traditions confirmed the Greek statement that Aristobulus, disciple of S. Paul, preached the Gospel in Britain. In the Welsh Triads Ilid and Cyndaf are said to have been “Men of Israel,” or Christian Jews, but Arwystli to have been “a man of Italy,” or a Roman. It is not impossible that he may have been Aristobulus. He is said to have died at Glastonbury, A.D. 99.

Nevertheless the Welsh statements may not be incorrect. Cunobelin may have been the grandfather of Caractacus, and Bran may have been taken and sent to Rome after Caractacus, and there retained as hostage.

According to tradition, one of the daughters of Caractacus, named after her baptism Claudia, no doubt in honour of the Emperor, who had treated the family with so great generosity, was retained in Rome as hostage along with Bran, and married the noble Senator Aulus Pudens. She is mentioned in 2 Tim. iv. 21, as a Christian woman, sending her salutations to Timothy from Rome. Some think she was the daughter of the British prince, Cogidubnus, an ally of Rome, who took the name of his imperial patron, Tiberius Claudius, but the balance of probability is that she was the daughter of Caractacus. The family of Bran "the blessed" was regarded by the ancient Welsh as one of the three great holy families of Britain. Eigen, a daughter of Caradog, is recorded as the first female saint among the Britons.¹ Cyllin, a son of Caradog, is also called a saint. Claudia is not mentioned in the Welsh records, but that is not surprising, as she was very young when taken to Rome, and did not return to Britain, but remained at Rome. Cyllin, the son of Caradog, was the grandfather of Lleurwg, the Lucius of later tradition, who obtained Christian teachers from Rome.

That Claudius should retain some of the family of Caractacus as hostages in Rome is most probable, for the Silures, undismayed by the loss of their heroic king, maintained the contest for freedom with unabated determination, and Ostorius, worn out with labour and disappointment, died before he was able to effect the subjugation of that nation. Under his two next successors, the Romans did little more than hold their ground in the island, which, it is even said,

¹ She married Sarllog, lord of Caer Sarllog, or Old Sarum.

that the Emperor Nero had, at one time, serious thoughts of abandoning altogether, as a conquest not worth the expense of his retention.

In the Second Epistle to S. Timothy, Pudens is mentioned in the same verse as Claudia, and at that time they were certainly married. She and Pudens received S. Peter into their house, and were either baptized by him or by S. Paul, probably by the latter. The intimate relations with the family into which he was brought may have been the occasion of his sending Aristobulus and other missionaries with Bran to Britain. This must have been about A.D. 63 ; whereas Bran's return to Britain, supposing him to have been taken at the same time as Caractacus, would have been in 58. But it is probable that Bran became hostage after the release of Caractacus, in which case the seven years of his residence in Rome may have closed in 63. It is hardly likely that Christianity had made sufficient way among the Gentiles in Rome so early as 51-58 as to reach the British hostages. Claudia and Pudens were the parents of Novatus, Timotheus, Praxedes and Pudentiana, all of whom are numbered with the saints.

After a long life, spent in the exercise of Christian virtues, she died at her husband's villa at Sabinum in Umbria, at the beginning of the 2nd cent. Her body was translated to Rome by her sons, and laid in the tomb of Pudens, beside her husband.

S. CAJETAN, C.

(A.D. 1547.)

[Roman Martyrology. Beatified by Urban VIII., canonized by Clement X. Authorities :—A life by Antonio Caraccioli, Priest of his Order, published in 1612; another by F. Gius. Silos, Rome, 1671; another by Del Tuffa, B. of Acerra, Paris, 1698; another, in Italian, by Stefano Pepe, 1657; another, also in Italian, by Gio. Batt. Castaldo, Vicenza, 1627, &c.]

S. CAJETAN, or Gaetan, was born at Vicenza in 1480, and was the son of Gaspar de Thienna and Maria Porta. His parents were of noble family. Their eldest son was John Baptist, but the second was called Gaetan, after a great-uncle, Gaetan de Thienna, Canon of Padua, a writer on Aristotle's natural philosophy.

From an early age he was destined for the ecclesiastical state, and his youthful piety promised to make the arrangement one not of family convenience only, but of deliberate choice on his part. He went to Rome, where, on account of his rank, he was appointed protonotary at the Papal court, by Julius II., in 1508, when he was twenty-eight years old. There existed at this time at Rome a Congregation of the Love of God, established in the church of SS. Sylvester and Dorothea, the objects of which were the keeping alive the divine love in the hearts of its members, and mutual support against temptations. Cajetan joined this community, and inspired it with his burning enthusiasm for what is good. At that time Christians, even the most devout, communicated rarely,—some three or four times in the year. Cajetan urged that this was an abuse, that the soul needed more frequent nourishment, and at his exhortation, and led by his example, many became monthly, and even weekly communicants.

He received the subdiaconate, the diaconate, and the priesthood on three successive festivals. His fervour and enthusiasm in approaching the altar threw him into trans-

ports, and he believed on one occasion that he saw the Blessed Virgin, who placed in his arms her Divine Son. He relates this vision in a letter to his sister Laura, religious of Santa Croce, at Brescia. The death of his mother necessitated his return to Vicenza, where he at once, in opposition to the wishes of his family, joined a confraternity of poor labourers, whose object was much the same as that of the Society of the Love of God, of which he had been a zealous member in Rome. His earnest, loving exhortations stimulated the zeal of their humble souls, and many were seen communicating at the altar thrice in the week.

The Congregation grew under his direction, and undertook the charge of a hospital of incurables. All his charitable works prospered. He was the life, the soul, of the Society at Vicenza, indefatigable in the hospital, the support and refuge of the poor. In the midst of this active work, suddenly, without giving his reasons, his director, Father Giovanni-Baptisto Creno, ordered him to leave Vicenza and go to Venice. The wise confessor saw that the enthusiasm and abilities of Cajetan demanded a wider sphere than the little town of Vicenza.

Without hesitation or delay, Cajetan went forth, like a second Abraham, from his native place. His fame had reached Venice, and he was at once given work in the hospital. Rapidly he became in Venice what he had been in Vicenza, the centre of all the spiritual and charitable agencies at work in that great city.

His director left him there awhile, till he was satisfied with his unflagging devotion, and then he abruptly ordered him to Rome.

Cajetan at once, without disputing his orders, resigned his work at Venice into other hands, and journeyed to Rome. There he rejoined the Society of Divine Love. It was composed of sixty members, all members of illustrious

families, or famous for their position in the Church or in the world of letters.

The state of the Church excited in Cajetan the deepest distress. Throughout his after life, the corruption of morals, the ambition, the irreligion of the clergy, weighed on the soul of the holy priest, filling him if not with despair, yet certainly with unrelieved despondency.

Alexander VI., with the horrible scandal of his reign, was passed away, but his successor Julius II., if not of equally profligate morals, yet by his insatiable ambition, which scorned all considerations of gratitude, of decency, or of justice, when they obstructed the execution of his schemes of temporal aggrandizement, has left a name which is a stain on the Papal annals. Many of the prelates, secular as well as regular, were appointed solely because of their family influence. They were younger sons of noble families, who had assumed the ecclesiastical character for no other reason than to find in the Church stations of great dignity and affluence. They neglected the duties of their office without compunction, and abandoned themselves without reserve to all the vices to which great wealth and idleness naturally gave birth. "For some years before the Lutheran and Calvinist heresies broke forth," says Bellarmine, "there was no justice in ecclesiastical courts, no discipline in morals, no knowledge of sacred literature, no reverence for sacred things; there was almost no religion remaining."¹ The Roman Curia, of which Cajetan had become a member, was involved in extortion of money over the Catholic world. If benefices were not sold, heavy fees were exacted for every appointment. As the idea of a composition for crimes was then familiar, every ecclesiastic who had been guilty of breach of the moral law was required to pay a fine before he could receive pardon and be rein-

¹ Concio, xxvii.

stated. The Curia had the effrontery to publish a book containing a tariff of their fees. A deacon guilty of murder was absolved for twenty crowns. A bishop, or abbot, might assassinate for three hundred livres. Any ecclesiastic might violate his vows of chastity, even with the most aggravating circumstances, for the third part of that sum.¹

The condition of the Church at this period was such, that a zealous Catholic writer applies to it the words of the prophet, "The whole head is sick, and the whole heart faint. From the sole of the foot even to the head there is no soundness in it; but wounds, and bruises, and putrefying sores."²

The object of the Congregation of the Love of God was to labour for the remedy of these miserable evils, at least in the city of Rome. But as, with all their efforts, they made but little way, four of the principal of this Congregation were inspired to institute an Order of Regular Clerks, who, living a high and holy life themselves, might work continually to restore the clergy to their apostolic condition. The first of these was John Peter Caraffa, then Bishop of Theate, and Archbishop of Brindisi, afterwards Pope under the name of Paul IV. The second was our saint, Cajetan of Thienna. The third was Paul Consigliari, of the noble family of Ghisleri, and the fourth was Boniface de Colle, a gentleman of Milan.

These four founders assembled on the feast of the Invention of the Cross, A.D. 1524, and supplicated the Pope to sanction their foundation. His Holiness hesitated about accepting the surrender of his bishopric by the Bishop of Theate, but yielded finally to his prayers. The College of Cardinals was consulted on the project of this new establishment; it objected to the rule laid down by its founders that they were not only to be without property,

¹ *Texas Cancelar. Romanæ. edit. Francof. 1651.*

² *Isai. i. 5, 6.*

but also were not to beg. Such a condition was impossible, the cardinals supposed. But the persistency of the four founders overcame their objection, and on the feast of the Exaltation of the Cross, Sept. 14, in the same year, 1524, the four having renounced all their benefices and property, made their profession in the church of S. Peter in the Vatican. The bull of approbation had been issued on the preceding June 24th; the Pope gave them the title of Regular Clerks. They proceeded to elect the Bishop of Theate as their superior, to whom the Holy Father had continued the title of Bishop; and thence they obtained the familiar name of Theatines. The objects of the institute were, 1, to set an example of a holy life to the clergy; 2, to observe perfect poverty; 3, to restore to their proper dignity the services of the Church, which were in too many cases performed with slovenliness, and irreverence; 4, to animate the faithful to receive the sacraments more frequently than was then usual; 5, to preach pure and wholesome doctrine to the people, instead of the ridiculous insipid matter which was then heard from the pulpit; 6, to minister to the sick; 7, and to criminals awaiting death; and, 8, to oppose the heresies then spreading through Christendom.

When these four founders had made their profession, they retired into a house which belonged to Boniface de Colle in the Campus Martius. Several persons of merit joined them, and the number rose to twelve; they lived together with one heart, one spirit, one will, serving the sick in the hospitals, preaching to the people, and consoling the unfortunate.

In the fatal battle of Pavia, Francis I. of France had been taken prisoner by the Emperor Charles V. On the 14th January, 1526, Francis signed a treaty at Madrid, whereby he obtained his liberty, promising on his part to

resign all his pretensions in Italy. The humiliation of the great opponent of Charles V. did not comport with the political schemes of the Pope ; as it left Italy at the mercy of the German Emperor. Clement hastened to contract a league with Francis, the Venetians and the Duke of Milan, against Charles V., and then the Pope solemnly released the French king from his oaths taken in the treaty of Madrid. To his surprise and indignation, the Emperor found a powerful combination rise up against him, and all the advantages of the battle of Pavia escape his grasp. He bitterly accused Clement of ingratitude and ambition, and threatened an appeal to a general council against the Pope.

The Constable of Bourbon, at the head of troops in the Emperor's pay, marched upon Rome. His soldiers had received no money since the battle of Pavia, and were on the verge of mutiny. On the 5th May, 1527, they were within sight of the churches and palaces of Rome. The Constable showed his needy mercenaries the walls of that city into which, as the capital of the Christian commonwealth, the riches of all Europe had flowed during many centuries without having been violated by a hostile hand ; and, commanding them to refresh themselves that night, as a preparation for the assault next day, promised them, in reward of their toils and valour, the possession of the treasures it contained.

Early in the morning the assault was made. Three distinct bodies, one of Germans, another of Spaniards, and the last of Italians, the three nations of which the army was composed, rushed upon the walls from opposite quarters. The Constable was killed in the assault, but the veterans who defended the walls were unable to resist the numbers which poured over them ; the untrained city recruits gave way at once.

During the combat, Clement was employed at the high

altar of S. Peter's, offering unavailing prayers for victory. No sooner was he informed that his troops began to give way, than he fled with precipitation to the castle of S. Angelo, with thirteen of his cardinals. On escaping from the Vatican, he had to thread his way amongst his troops flying before an enemy who pursued without giving quarter; he heard the lamentations of the Roman citizens, and beheld the beginning of those calamities which his want of judgment had provoked.

It is impossible to describe, or even to imagine, the misery and horror of the scene that followed. Whatever a city taken by storm can dread from military rage, unrestrained by discipline; whatever excesses the need of the Germans, the avarice of the Spaniards, or the licentiousness of the Italians could commit, the wretched inhabitants were obliged to suffer; churches, palaces, and the houses of private persons were plundered without distinction. No age, or character, or sex, was exempt from injury. Cardinals, nobles, priests, matrons, virgins, were all the prey of soldiers, and at the mercy of men deaf to the voice of humanity. Nor did these outrages cease, as is usual in towns which are carried by assault, when the first fury of the storm was over; the imperialists, without a master, now that the Constable of Bourbon was dead, kept possession of Rome several months; and during all that time the insolence and brutality of the soldiers hardly abated. Rome, though taken several different times by the northern nations, who overran the empire in the 5th and 6th centuries, was never treated with so much cruelty by the barbarous and heathen Huns, the Arian Vandals or Goths, as now by the soldiers of a Catholic monarch, the bulwark of the Church against Protestantism in Germany.¹

¹ An exception may perhaps be made for the devastation of Rome by the Norman and Saracen allies of Gregory VII. in 1083.

In that dreadful period of horror and outrage, Cajetan and the Theatines did not escape. Not permitted to beg, and without money, they would have perished of starvation but for the solicitude of a poor man, who collected for them such scraps of food as had been rejected by the soldiers. An Italian mercenary, who had once been a servant of Cajetan at Vicenza, recognised him; and knowing that his master in former days had been wealthy, concluded he was so still. With other soldiers, he broke into the house of the Theatines, and ransacked it from attic to cellar in search of spoils, but in vain. Thinking that Cajetan must have hidden his money and valuables, the soldiers subjected him to cruel tortures, crushing his fingers, suspending him by his thumbs, and beating him. Cajetan bore all without a murmur; but on the soldiers retiring, he and his companions fled Rome, and descended the Tiber in a boat to Ostia. They then took refuge in Venice, where they were given a house and a church. The three years of superiority of the Bishop of Theate having expired, Cajetan was elected Superior; and at the termination of his three years of government, spent peaceably at Venice, the Bishop of Theate was re-elected.

Soon after, Cajetan was sent to Naples to found there a house of his Order. On his way he passed through Rome, and presented himself before the Pope with red, sunburnt face. "How, my son, have you travelled in this summer heat?"

"It is better, Holy Father," answered Cajetan, "to despise one's life, than fail in obedience."

At Naples he took possession of a house outside the town, given him by the Count of Oppido. The Count was dissatisfied with the rule which forbade the clerks owning possessions, and he wished to endow the house with lands.

Cajetan steadily refused.

"But, my father, what security have you got that you will be able to obtain daily sustenance?"

"What security have you, my lord?"

"Oh! as for me," said the Count, "I trust that my farmers will pay their rents."

"But if the crops fail they will not be able to do so."

"We must trust God to give the seasons."

"So, so!" said Cajetan, smiling; "it comes to trust in God as the root of all security."

"But," urged the Count, "your mode of living is all well enough at Venice, a large and opulent city, but Naples is small and poor."

"The God of Venice is the God also of Naples," answered Cajetan.

Pope Paul III., who succeeded Clement VII., having given the cardinal's hat to the Bishop of Theate, Superior of the Regular Clerks, our Saint was obliged to make a journey to Rome. As the three years of his superiorship at Naples were over, another member of the Society was chosen. He was a man of modest and timid nature, and he shrunk from the duty of ruling others. Cajetan said to him, "My father, it is easy to govern others, if you make them love you in the Lord."

His fervour for souls was so remarkable, that in Naples he obtained the name of the soul-hunter, *venator animarum*.

But the disorders in the Church, the scandals caused by the worldliness and ambition of the prelates, and the ignorance and relaxed morals of the lower clergy, were to Cajetan a continual sorrow. One day, as he was meditating thereon, he thought he saw the Saviour bowed beneath his cross, his face stained with tears and blood. Christ signed to him to approach, and He laid the edge of the arm of the cross on His servant's shoulder. The weight, the pain, bruised him to the heart. It was the evil in the Church which the Saviour bore, and

which bowed Him down. On Cajetan's lips was ever the prayer of Dániel, "O Lord, according to all thy righteousness, I beseech thee, let thine anger and thy fury be turned away from thy city Jerusalem, thy holy mountain ; because for our sins, and for the iniquities of our fathers, Jerusalem and thy people are become a reproach to all that are about us. Now, therefore, O our God, hear the prayer of thy servant, and his supplication, and cause thy face to shine upon thy sanctuary that is desolate, for the Lord's sake. O my God, incline thine ear, and hear ; open thine eyes, and behold our desolations, and the city that is called by thy name ; for we do not present our supplications before thee for our righteousness, but for thy great mercies. O Lord, hear ; O Lord, forgive ; O Lord, hearken and do ; defer not, for thine own sake, O my God ; for thy city and thy people are called by thy name."¹

And the condition of affairs was indeed enough to sadden his soul to death. The Emperor Charles V. had fought the Protestant princes in Germany, his object was to completely break their strength by force of arms, and at the same time, by means of the Council of Trent to effect some necessary reforms in the Church, which might render submission possible on the part of the Protestants. The success of his warlike operations exceeded all anticipation, and the autumn of 1546 saw North Germany entirely at his mercy. Cities and princes emulously proffered submission ; the moment seemed to have come when the Protestant party in Germany being entirely subjugated, the whole North of Europe might have again become Catholic.

This most blessed consummation was frustrated, astounding as it seems, by the action of the Pope. Paul III. had the political interests of Italy at heart rather than the welfare of the Church and the true Faith. He recalled his troops from

¹ Dan. ix. 16—19.

the imperial army, and transferred the council which he had disliked, and regarded with a jealous eye, from Trent to Bologna, where, on his own territory, it would be completely under his dictation. He was angry at the success of the emperor. He had hoped, as he himself admitted, that the emperor would have fallen into difficulties in the prosecution of his attempt against the Protestant princes. He did not disguise his satisfaction when the Lutheran Elector, John Francis of Saxony, made head against the Imperialists. Once more it seemed probable to the Pope that Charles would fail before the union of the Protestants. He wrote to Francis I. of France, urging him to assist them against the emperor, "to succour those who were still holding out against the emperor, before they were overborne." But his hopes were again disappointed. Charles was victorious at Mühlberg, and carried off the two Protestant leaders prisoners. In vain did the emperor urge on the Pope the necessity for the Council to meet at Trent and continue its work of reformation. Paul III., by dividing the Council, broke its significance, and plucked out of the emperor's power the engine he had designed for the reduction of Protestantism in Germany to submission to the Catholic faith.

Cajetan had hoped great things from the Council. Its transfer and prorogation filled him with such sadness, that he sickened and died of disappointment. He died murmuring the prayer of Daniel ; his last words were "Placare Domine, attende, et fac."

His body was laid in the church of S. Paul, at Naples, where it remains to this day.

August 8.

- S. MYRO, *B.C. in Crete*; *circ. A.D. 301.*
 SS. CYRIACUS, LARGUS, SMARAGDUS, *MM. at Rome*; *A.D. 303.*
 S. HORMISDAS, *M. in Persia*; *4th cent.*
 S. MARINUS, *M. at Anazarbus in Cilicia*; *circ. A.D. 304.*
 S. SEVERUS, *P.C. at Vienne in Gaul*; *5th cent.*
 B. ALTMANN, *B. of Passau in Austria*; *A.D. 1091.*

SS. CYRIACUS, LARGUS, AND SMARAGDUS, MM.

(A.D. 303.)

[The ancient Roman Kalendar, published by Leo Allatius, commemorates on this day Cyriacus alone; another ancient Roman Kalendar of the 8th cent. on July 15 and August 8; and on March 16, Cyriacus, Largus, and Smaragdus. S. Gregory I. in his Sacramentary commemorates Cyriacus on Aug. 8. A Roman Kalendar of the 4th cent. (A.D. 354), published by Bucherius, gives on the same day Cyriacus, Largus, Crescentianus, Memmia, Juliana, and Smaragdus. Also the Martyrology attributed to S. Jerome. All later Latin Martyrologies, modern Roman, Sarum, York, &c. Authorities:—Mention in the Martyrologies. The Acts are purely fabulous, and undeserving of attention; they are contained in the apocryphal Acts of Pope Marcellinus, April 26.]



CYRIACUS, a deacon of Rome, Smaragdus, and Largus were martyred under Diocletian by the sword. A worthless tradition asserts that Cyriacus converted and baptized Artemia, daughter of Diocletian, that he was sent by Diocletian to King Sapor, of Persia, to heal his daughter Jobia, possessed with a devil, this he did, and also baptized Jobia, Sapor, and four hundred and thirty of the Persian court. The execution of these martyrs took place on the Salarian Way, at the Thermæ of Sallust. Their bodies were taken up, and buried in the cemetery of Lucina on the Ostian Way. The relics are shown in the church of S. Maria, in Viâ Latâ, at Rome. The veneration for these martyrs is very ancient. Honorius I. (625-638) erected a church in their honour.

S. HORMISDAS, M.

(4TH CENT.)

[Not in any ancient Martyrology. Modern Roman Martyrology Authority :—Theodoret, lib. v. c. 39.]

ABDAS, a fiery bishop in Persia, "led by his unrestrained zeal," destroyed a fire temple in the city of which he was bishop. Isdegerdes, the Persian King, hearing of this, sent for Abdas, and, in a kind manner, reproved him, and promised to pardon the act of violence, if he would, at his own cost, re-erect the temple. But to this Abdas would not consent; to re-build the temple was as bad as offering sacrifice to fire. He acknowledged his indiscretion, but not graciously. "The destruction was mistimed, that I admit. When Paul the Apostle came to Athens he did not set to work pulling down the temples. He instructed the people to despise their idols, and then the temples were deserted, and tumbled down of their own accord."

The king then ordered the destruction of all Christian churches, and a persecution broke out which raged for thirty years. On the death of Isdegerdes it did not cease, but was carried on with redoubled fury by his son Gororanes.

"It is not easy," says Theodoret, "to describe the various tortures to which the faithful were subjected through the ingenuity of their persecutors. Some had the skin torn off the face, from the forehead to the chin. Others had reeds, which had been split, fastened round their bodies, and bound tightly from head to foot; then each of the reeds was plucked out with great force, tearing away with it the adjacent skin, causing excruciating agony. The persecutors also dug pits, and filled them with rats; they then threw the pious defenders of the faith into these pits, so bound that they

could not drive off the animals. The rats, pressed by hunger, devoured their flesh, thus occasioning them exquisite torture." Hormisdas, a noble, of the illustrious race of the Achæmenides, was the son of a satrap. When the king heard that he was a Christian, he sent for him, and desired him to deny his Lord and Master. "Sire!" answered Hormisdas, "to deny thee, my earthly king, would be a crime worthy of death; how much rather to deny the King of Kings, the Creator of all things?"

The king deprived him of his rank and fortune, and ordered him to be camel-driver in the army.

One day, as the king was looking from his window, he saw Hormisdas, naked, burnt by the sun, and covered with dust, goading on his camels. Remembering his illustrious parentage, and pitying him, he sent for him, and gave him a linen tunic. Then he urged him with kindness to change his purpose, and abandon the religion which entailed such discomforts, "Abandon the carpenter's son!" Hormisdas plucked off the white tunic, and returned it to the king. "Not for the sake of this linen dress," answered Hormisdas. "Take back your gift, Sire!" The king, perceiving his fortitude, banished him from the kingdom.

Among several bishops in Persia who suffered in this persecution, Sozomen (ii. 13) enumerates Hormisdas. Whether this was the same Hormisdas as the confessor mentioned by Theodoret, does not appear. According to the latter, Hormisdas does not seem to have died for the faith. Bishop Hormisdas suffered martyrdom.

S. MARINUS, M.

(ABOUT A.D. 304.)


[Greek Menæa and modern Roman Martyrology. Authority :—The ancient Greek Acts, which are trustworthy.]

MARINUS, a very old man, was brought before Lysias, the governor of Cilicia, at Anazarbus, and ordered to sacrifice. Marinus steadfastly refused. "I respect your white hairs," said Lysias; "but I must enforce obedience to the immortal gods." "I am a Christian," answered Marinus.

The old man was divested of his cloak, was laid on the ground and beaten, and then, laden with heavy chains, was taken way to prison.

Next day he was brought again before the governor, who found him as inflexible as before. He ordered him to be hung up by the feet, and his body to be cut with swords. And as the executioners were suspending him, Marinus prayed. "See, O Lord! and help, and give patience to Thy athlete, that, free from blame, I may finish my race."

After his flesh had been cruelly hacked, and his white hair was dragged with blood, Lysias ordered him away to execution. He was drawn almost unconscious out of the town, and his head was struck off.



B. ALTMANN, B. OF PASSAU.

(A.D. 1091.)

[Venerated at Passau and Gottwich, his festival indulgenced by Boniface VIII. and Alexander VI. Inserted in modern German Martyrology and the *Acta Sanctorum*. Authorities :—A life by an anonymous monk of Gottwich, written about A.D. 1140. Another life by an anonymous writer of uncertain date, mention by Lambert of Aschaffenburg, Hermann the Contracted, and other historians of the reign of Henry IV.]

ALTMANN, a native of Paderborn in Westphalia, was made canon of Aix-la-Chapelle, and chaplain to Henry III. In 1064 he made a pilgrimage to Jerusalem under Gunther, Bishop of Bamberg, the archbishops of Mainz and Cologne, the bishops of Spire and Utrecht. The caravan was composed of seven thousand Christians.¹ It set out from the banks of the Rhine, crossed Germany, Hungary, Bulgaria, and Thrace, and was welcomed at Constantinople by the Emperor Constantine Ducas. After having visited the churches of Byzantium, and the numerous relics which were objects of veneration to the Greeks, the pilgrims of the West traversed Asia Minor and Syria without danger; but when they approached Jerusalem, the sight of their riches aroused the cupidity of the Bedouin Arabs, undisciplined hordes, who had neither country nor settled abode, and who had rendered themselves formidable in the civil wars of the East. The Arabs attacked the pilgrims, and compelled them to sustain a siege in an abandoned village on a Good Friday. On such a sacred day, the pilgrims even who had arms employed them with hesitation and scruple. Enclosed within the ruins of an old castle, they

¹ The account of their pilgrimage is from Ingulf, a Norman monk, who accompanied it. See also the Chronicle of Marianus Scotus. The biographers of Altmann give a very scanty account, with next to no details. The first only records the fate of an abbot who would accompany the pilgrims in spite of the dissuasion of her friends.

resisted for a time, but on the third day famine compelled them to capitulate. When they came to the arrangement of the conditions of peace, there arose a violent quarrel, which was near leading to the massacre of the Christians by the Arabs. The Emir of Ramala, informed by some fugitives, came happily to the rescue, delivered them from the death with which they were threatened, and permitted them to continue their journey.

As the report of their combats and perils had preceded them, their arrival created a great sensation in Jerusalem. They were received in triumph by the Patriarch, and conducted, to the sound of timbrels, and by the light of torches, to the church of the Holy Sepulchre. During their abode at Jerusalem, the misery into which they had fallen excited the pity of the Christians. They could not visit the banks of the Jordan, nor the places most renowned in Judea, as they were infested by the Arabs. After having lost more than three thousand of their companions, they returned to Europe, to relate their tragical adventures and the danger of a pilgrimage to the Holy Land.

In 1065 died Egilbert, Bishop of Passau, and Agnes the queen-mother and regent, with the advice of some of the electors and nobles, nominated Altmann to the vacant see. He was consecrated by Gebhardt, Archbishop of Salzburg. The great contest against the marriage of the clergy which occupied Hildebrand, and convulsed Germany and all Europe during his reign, was now beginning. Altmann threw himself enthusiastically into the party opposed to clerical marriage. He found nearly all the clergy of his diocese openly, unblushingly, living with their wives. It was the same throughout Germany.¹

¹ "Pataviensis ecclesia, immo totum regnum Teutonicum, sacerdotum vita commaculabatur, qua pene omnes publicis conjugiiis, ut populares, ubicunque, infames tenebantur." Vit. i.

Bishop Altmann, on the reception of the letters of Gregory VII. forbidding clerical marriage, assembled the clergy and people on S. Stephen's Day, 1074, in the cathedral at Passau, and read aloud the decree of the Pope.¹ The result was a riot, with one consent (*unanimiter*) priests and people rose in indignation, and the bishop would have been torn in pieces by them, had he not been able by the aid of his servants to escape to a place of security. The clergy of Passau appealed to the emperor against their bishop, and Henry advanced at the head of his troops to expel Altmann from the diocese.

The only clerks who adhered to Altmann were the Augustinian canons of S. Nicolas, whom Altmann had introduced into Passau. As soon as the emperor was gone these zealous brethren provided themselves with holy water and brooms,² and began to scour out all the places he had "polluted" with his presence. Thereupon the canons were taken by the magistrates, publicly beaten, and turned out of their establishment.


Altmann took refuge with Pope Gregory, and attended him for some years. The Council of Worms assembled in 1076, and deposed Pope Gregory; Hermann, Duke of Carinthia, was appointed bishop in the room of Altmann, and on his death in 1087, Thiemo, Dean of Wurzburg, was advanced to the bishopric, and governed the western portion of the diocese. Altmann, however, maintained himself in the eastern portion, fixing his residence in the fortress of Gottwich. "Before the days of Altmann," says his earliest biographer, "almost all the churches in his diocese were of wood; and, for the matter of that, so were the priests—if I may so say—for they were devoted to their wives and worldly

¹ "Publice recitavit Apostolicæ epistolæ tenorem, gravi interminationis autoritate interdicens canonicis et presbyteris conjugia." *Ibid.*

² "Fratres de S. Nicolao loca polluta, scopis et aquâ benedictâ emundaverunt." Vit. i.

goods." But now Altmann succeeded in rearing churches of stone, and providing them with priests—not of wood—who had no wives, and were supposed to be indifferent to this world's goods.

Altmann died on August 8th, 1091, and was buried at Gottwich, where his tomb is still shown.



August 9.

SS. SECUNDIANUS, MARCELLIANUS, AND VERIANUS, *MM. in Tuscany*; *circ. A.D. 261.*

S. ROMANUS, *M. at Rome*; *A.D. 258.*

S. NUMIDICUS, *M. in Africa*; *3rd cent.*

SS. FIRMUS AND RUSTICUS, *MM. at Verona*; *circ. A.D. 304.*

S. FEDLIMID, *B. at Kilmore in Ireland*; *circ. A.D. 550.*

S. NATHV, *P. at Achonry in Ireland*; *circ. A.D. 605.*

SS. GREGORY, JULIAN, MARY, AND OTHERS, *MM. at Constantinople*; *A.D. 730.*

S. ROMANUS, M.

(A.D. 258.)

[Roman Martyrology, ancient and modern. Ado, Usuardus, Hrabanus, Notker, &c. Authority:—The Acts of S. Laurence.]

ROMANUS was a soldier who was converted by observing the constancy of S. Laurence. He sought him in prison, was instructed and baptized by him, and then, confessing what he had done, was arraigned and beheaded, the day before the martyrdom of S. Laurence. His relics are shown at Lucca,

S. FEDLIMID, B.

(ABOUT A.D. 550.)

[Irish Martyrologies.]

FEDLIMID was a bishop living at Kilmore in the 6th century. He is said to have been the brother of S. Dermot, Abbot of Eniscloghran. Kilmore was not erected into a bishopric till much later.

S. NATHY, P.

(ABOUT A.D. 605.)

[Irish Martyrologies.]

NATHY the Priest (Cruimthir) was placed at Achonry by S. Finnian of Clonard, probably just before that saint's death, which took place in 552. Nathy's school became highly distinguished, especially in that it was there that S. Fechin of Fore obtained his ecclesiastical and literary education. He died at an advanced age, probably in 605.

**SS. GREGORY, JULIAN, MARY, AND
OTHERS, MM.**

(A.D. 730.)

[Greek Menæa and Roman Martyrology. Authority :—The Greek Acts written after 870, and incorrect as to several historical particulars, though in the main trustworthy. With them agree various notices, as the contemporary epistle of Gregory II. to Leo the Isaurian, in which the facts without the names are narrated briefly.]

LEO the Isaurian, Emperor of the East, as has been related in another place, was resolved to put down the use of pictures and images in churches and elsewhere. There was a statue of Christ above one of the gates of Constantinople, and he ordered its destruction. When the ladder was placed against the gate for the purpose, some of the most zealous Christians of Constantinople rushed to the spot. Mary, a woman of the imperial family, Gregory, head of the body-guard,¹ and others, shook the ladder, precipitated the image-breaker to the ground, and tore the unfortunate man to pieces, limb from limb.

The emperor could not overlook this barbarous murder, worthy of savages, and not to be justified even by the orthodoxy of their zeal ; and all implicated in it were arrested,

¹ " Protospatharius."

ten men, two youths, and Mary who had led them on. In the disturbance, Theodosia, a nun, was cruelly, but perhaps accidentally, injured.¹

Several of those guilty of the barbarous act were put to death the same day, but Mary, on account of her rank, was ordered to prison. She broke out in a furious invective against the emperor. "Dost thou call me an idolator because I venerate the image of Christ? Thy image is impressed in wax on thy decrees and briefs, and the seal is honoured. Do those who respect the seal, for a moment regard it as their emperor? Thou art more stolid than any image, and more inanimate than dull clay—miserable wretch, full of the machinations of the devil, precursor of Antichrist, foe to all justice!"

Leo, enraged, ordered her and the rest to be beaten and thrown into prison. After eight months they were brought before him again.

"Why," said he, "will ye persist in your idolatry, and in your worship of old bones?"

"Accursed and detestable one," answered the voluble Mary, whose tongue had not lost its sharpness in prison, "do you still blaspheme, and labour at the devil's work?"

He ordered them to be again beaten, and then that their heads should be struck off.

We are informed that miracles were wrought by their relics. All those who suffered for the atrocious murder of the image-breaker are commemorated together this day as saints and martyrs in the East and West. It is to be regretted that Baronius should have introduced them into the Roman Martyrology.

¹ S. Theodosia, May 29.

* It is most probable that the speeches of the martyrs are rhetorical inventions of the author of the Acts, who wrote more than a century later.

August 10.

- S. LAURENCE, *D.M. at Rome*; A.D. 258.
 S. ASTERIA, *V.M. at Bergamo in Italy*; circ. A.D. 304.
 S. PHILOMENA, *V.M. at Rome*.
 S. AUCTOR, *B. of Metz*; 6th cent.
 S. BLANE, *B. of Bute*; end of 6th cent.
 S. ARIGIUS, *Abp. of Lyons*; circ. A.D. 615.
 S. MALCHUS, *B. of Lismore in Ireland*; circ. A.D. 1130.
 S. HUGH, *B. of Auxerre*; A.D. 1141.

S. LAURENCE, D.M.

(A.D. 258.)

[All the ancient Latin and Roman Martyrologies. By the Greeks also. Russian Kalendar, Anglican Reformed Kalendar, &c. Authorities:—A hymn of Prudentius, mention by S. Augustine, Tract 27 in Ioannem: S. Maximus of Turin, S. Ambrose, S. Peter Chrysologus, S. Leo. The Acts probably did not exist in the 5th cent., as the Fathers who speak of the martyrdom of S. Laurence make no reference to them, but rather imply that they relied on oral tradition.]



IN the persecution of Valerian, S. Sixtus or Xystus, Pope of Rome, was arrested. Laurence, his archdeacon, as the aged pontiff was being led to martyrdom, cried after him, "Why dost thou leave me, O holy father? Should the priest go to the sacrifice without his attendant deacon?" Sixtus turned to him and said, "My son, after three days thou shalt follow me."

It was ascertained that Laurence was the keeper of the treasure of the Church, and he was arrested, and ordered to produce it. He asked a day in which to collect it. All night he hurried about Rome, in and out of its poorest streets and courts. On the morrow he appeared before the

court, followed by a crowd of the poor, the halt, and the blind. "These," said he, "are the treasures of the Church."

He was ordered to death by cruel torture. He was to be broiled on a gridiron over a slow fire.

The fire was made ready, he was stripped, and laid on the iron bars. And all who looked on him saw his face, as it were the face of an angel. Not a murmur escaped his lips, but his eyes were fixed on the deep blue sky, and a light blush suffused his cheeks. The sun shone on his countenance, and glorified it. He seemed insensible to the torture. "Turn me," said he, with a playful smile to his tormentors; "I am roasted on one side."

And thus he died, without a cry of pain, or a moan, or an expression of anguish on his serene brow.

"Who is ignorant of the merits of this martyr?" asked S. Augustine. "Who has prayed thus"—at the tomb of the martyr—"and has not had his petition answered? To how many sick have not his merits given those temporal benefits which he himself despised?"

The body of S. Laurence was laid by a Christian named Hippolytus, and the priest Justin, in a sand-pit on the Tiburtine Way, in the farm of a widow named Cyriaca.

On the innumerable relics shown as those of S. Laurence at Rome¹ it is unnecessary to dilate. In the Escorial is a pot full of his melted fat given by Pope Gregory XIII. S. Laurence is always represented as a young man, in the vestments of a deacon. His emblems are a clasped book and a gridiron.

¹ The gridiron in the church of S. Lorenzo in Lucina, a shoulder-blade in the chapel of S. Laurence in the Lateran, an arm at S. Marco, a jaw at S. Marcella, two ribs in S. Croce in Hierusalem, some of his *melted fat* at S. Maria in Campitelli, a rib in the church of the Apostles, another in S. Praxede, part of the gridiron at S. Maria in Cosmedin, of his dalmatic at S. Barbara, some more of his fat, a backbone joint and a tooth in S. Maria Maggiore, a bone at S. Cæcilia, a finger at S. Susanna, &c. &c.

S. PHILOMENA, V.M.

(DATE UNKNOWN.)

[Authority :—The account in the "Vies des Saints" of the Pères Guerin et Giry.]

ON the 25th of May, 1802, in the Catacomb of S. Priscilla on the Salarian Way, during the excavations, was found a sepulchral slab, let into the wall, bearing an inscription, of which the first and last few letters had been effaced, probably by the tools of the masons who inserted it. The inscription was as follows, with the conjectural restorations in brackets :—

[*Fi*] *lumena pax Tecum fi* [*at*].

"Philomena, peace be with thee! So be it." On the removal of the stone, in the cavity behind, were found the remains of an interment, and a glass vessel, partly broken, encrusted within with blood. On the stone slab, in addition to the inscription, were the symbols of an anchor, an arrow, a palm, a scourge, and again two arrows and a lily. These symbols pointed unmistakably to the occupant of the tomb having been a virgin martyr, who suffered scourging, and received the palm of martyrdom by means of an arrow.

Some excitable and imaginative persons have deemed themselves favoured with visions of Philomena, who has narrated to them her story. In one of these visions she informed a canoness that her name, Philomena, was derived from the Latin, and signified "daughter of light" (*Filia luminis*), a statement which gives the measure to the rest of the revelations.¹

¹ Philomena is Greek, and signifies "beloved."

S. BLANE, B. OF BUTE.

(END OF 6TH CENT.)

[Scottish and Irish Martyrologies. Authority:—The Lessons in the Aberdeen Breviary.]

S. BLAAN, or Blane, of Bute, was the son of Ertha, sister of S. Cathan. He was, during seven years in Ireland, instructed by S. Comgall and S. Kenneth. He returned with his mother, in a boat without oars, to the island of his nativity, where he was heartily received by S. Cathan, and devoted to the service of God. His light having gone out one night, he is said to have struck fire out of his finger-ends, as when flint is struck with steel. He was raised to the episcopate, and then went to Rome, and after receiving the Pope's blessing, returned on foot through Anglia. In a northern city he performed an extraordinary miracle on a wicked boy, blind of one eye, who was just dead. He raised him to life, then restored sight to his blind eye, and finally cleansed him of his sins.

S. MALCHUS, B. OF LISMORE.

(ABOUT A.D. 1130.)

[Irish Martyrologies. Authority:—The Life of S. Malachy by S. Bernard.]

S. MALCHUS, an Irishman, was a monk of Winchester, whence he was taken to be raised to the see of Lismore. He was, probably, the immediate successor of Macmic-Aeducan, who died in 1113. S. Malachy became his disciple, in or about 1123, and spent some years with him. S. Malchus died about A.D. 1130.

August 11.

SS. TIBURTIUS, M., AND CHROMATIUS, C. at Rome and in Campania; A.D. 286.

S. SUSANNA, V.M. at Rome; circ. A.D. 295.

S. TAURINUS, B. of Evreux in Normandy; circ. 5th cent.

S. RUSTICULA, V. Abs. at Arles; A.D. 632.

S. GAUGERIC, B. of Cambrai; circ. A.D. 619.

SS. TIBURTIUS, M., AND CHROMATIUS, C.

(A.D. 286.)

[Ancient Roman and almost all Latin Martyrologies. S. Tiburtius by the Greeks on Dec. 18. Authority:—The Acts of S. Sebastian, in the main trustworthy, though not in their original form.]



GRESTIUS CHROMATIUS was either præfect of Rome¹ or vice-præfect. S. Tranquillinus, when brought before him, assured him that, having been troubled with the gout, he had recovered his health on being baptized. This is by no means improbable, for the profession of Christianity probably induced Tranquillinus to lead a temperate and frugal life, and the gout, brought on by immoderate use of the bottle in his old pagan, jovial days, disappeared when he adopted the austere habits of a Christian. Chromatius, who was also tormented with the gout, caught at the suggestion. "If thou desirest to be delivered from the anguish of gout," said Tranquillinus, "believe in Christ, the Son of God, and thou shalt be freed from it this day, as I am." Chromatius sought the priest, Polycarp, to be instructed in the faith.

¹ He is called præfect in the Acts, but his name does not occur in the catalogue of præfects.

"Sir," said the vice-præfect, "I have seen Tranquillinus relieved from gout in his hands and feet, which before were swelled and painful; and when I asked him what medicine he had used to cure him, he exhorted me to baptism."

After three days' preparation, Chromatius and his son Tiburtius were baptized. The vice-præfect then went to his villa, and broke all his idols. Under the new regimen imposed by his faith, the twinges of gout ceased to make themselves felt. His baptism had been preceded by severe fasting.

Torquatus, an apostate, betrayed Tiburtius. The præfect Fabian sentenced him to death, and he was executed on the Via Lavicana, at the third milestone from Rome.

Chromatius lived quietly in his villa in Campania in the practice of Christian virtues till his death.¹

The body of S. Tiburtius is shown in the basilica of S. Peter at Rome. Another body at Autun, given in 862 by Pope Nicolas I.; perhaps this may be the body of another martyr of the same name.

S. SUSANNA, V.M.

(ABOUT A.D. 295.)

[Ancient and Modern Roman Martyrologies. Ado, Usuardus, &c. Authorities:—Mention in the Martyrologies. The Acts are altogether apocryphal.]

S. SUSANNA is said to have been niece to Pope S. Caius. She obtained the palm of martyrdom in the persecution of Diocletian. Her head was struck off with a sword.

¹ A lifelike picture of the times, and portraiture of Chromatius, Tiburtius, and the renegade Torquatus is to be found in Cardinal Wiseman's *Fabiola*.

August 12.

SS. HILARIA AND THREE SERVANTS, *MM. at Augsburg*; A.D. 304 (*see S. Afra, Aug. 5*).

SS. ANICETUS AND PHOTIUS, *MM. at Nicomedia*; *circ. A.D. 305*.

S. EUPLIUS, *D.M. at Catania, in Sicily*; A.D. 304.

SS. GRATILAN, *M. AND FELICISSIMA, VM. at Faleri in Tuscany*.

S. MUREDACH, *B. of Killala in Ireland*; *circ. A.D. 580*.

SS. PORCARIUS, *Ab. and FIVE HUNDRED MONKS, MM. at Lerins*; A.D. 736.

S. CLARA, *V. at Assisi, in Umbria*; A.D. 1253.

SS. ANICETUS AND PHOTIUS, M.M.

(ABOUT A.D. 305.)

[Greek Menæa and Menology, Arabic and Russian Kalendars. Modern Roman Martyrology. In introducing the names into the latter a slight inaccuracy crept in: Photius was called Photinus. Authority:—The Greek Acts, amplified or rewritten.]



HOTIUS and Anicetus were two Christians of Nicomedia; Photius was the nephew of Anicetus. In 303, when Diocletian was at Nicomedia, he issued his proclamations against the Christians. In a loud voice Anicetus declared that he despised the threats of the emperor, and that nothing would make him abandon Christ.

Anicetus was at once arrested, and ordered to be thrown to a lion in the amphitheatre. But the savage beast, instead of devouring him, crept up to him, and licked his face. At this moment the young Photius, leaping over the barriers, ran across the arena, and kissed his uncle. The emperor ordered both to prison, and they remained incarcerated for

three years, forgotten. In 305 Diocletian abdicated the purple, and retired into Dalmatia. Either just before he left Nicomedia, or after, under a governor especially bigoted against the Christians, Anicetus and Photius were drawn out of prison, and thrown into the furnace heating the public baths of Nicomedia.

S. EUPLIUS, D.M.

(A.D. 304.)

[Roman Martyrology. By the Greeks on Aug. 11. The Acts exist in their original form, and are thoroughly trustworthy.]

IN Sicily, in the year 304, under the ninth consulate of Diocletian and the eighth of Maximian, on the 12th of August, in the city of Catana, Euplius, a deacon, was brought to the governor's audience-chamber, and attending on the outside of the curtain, cried out, "I am a Christian, and shall rejoice to die for the name of Jesus Christ." The governor, Calvisianus, who was of consular dignity, heard him, and ordered that he who had made that outcry should be brought in and presented before him. Euplius went in with the book of the Gospel in his hand. One of Calvisianus's friends, named Maximus, said, "You ought not to keep such writings, contrary to the edicts of the emperors." Calvisianus said to Euplius, "Where had you those writings? did you bring them from your own house?" Euplius replied, "That he had no house, but that he was seized with the book about him." The judge bid him read something in it. The martyr opened it, and read the following verses, "Blessed are they that are persecuted for righteousness' sake; for theirs is the kingdom of Heaven."¹

¹ Matt. v. 10.

And again, "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow me."¹

The judge asked what that meant. The martyr answered, "It is the law of my Lord, which hath been delivered to me." Calvisianus said, "By whom?" Euplius answered, "By Jesus Christ, the Son of the living God." Calvisianus then pronounced, "Since his confession makes his disobedience manifest, let him be delivered up to the executioners, and examined on the rack." This was immediately done. Whilst they were tormenting him, Calvisianus asked him whether he persisted in his former declaration. Euplius, making the sign of the cross on his forehead with the hand that he had at liberty, said, "What I formerly said I now declare again, that I am a Christian, and read the holy Scriptures." Calvisianus ordered him to be hoisted on the rack, and more cruelly tormented. The martyr said, whilst undergoing torture, "I thank thee, O Lord Jesus Christ, that I suffer for thy sake : save me, I beseech thee." Calvisianus said, "Lay aside thy folly ; adore our gods, and thou shalt be set at liberty." Euplius answered, "I adore Jesus Christ ; I detest the devils. Do what you please ; add new torments ; for I am a Christian. I have long desired to be in the condition in which I now am."

After the executioners had tormented him a long time, Calvisianus bade them desist, and said : "Wretch, adore the gods ; worship Mars, Apollo, and Æsculapius." Euplius replied, "I adore the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. I worship the Holy Trinity, beside whom there is no God." Calvisianus said, "Sacrifice, if you would be delivered." Euplius answered, "I sacrifice myself now to Jesus Christ my God. All your efforts to move me are to no purpose. I am a Christian." Then Calvisianus gave orders for increasing his torments.

¹ Matt. xvi. 24

Whilst the executioners were exerting their utmost in torturing him, Euplius prayed thus: "I thank thee, my God; Jesus Christ, succour me. It is for thy name's sake that I endure these agonies." This he repeated several times. When his strength failed him, his lips were seen still to move, the martyr continuing to pray inaudibly when he could not speak.

Then Calvisianus went behind the curtain and dictated the sentence of death. Coming out with the tablet in his hand, he read, "Euplius, a Christian, despising the edicts of the emperors, blaspheming the gods, and not repenting, is condemned to death by the sword. Lead him away."

Then the Gospel was hung about his neck, and the herald went before him, as he was conducted to execution, crying, "Euplius, a Christian, the foe of the gods and of the emperors."

But Euplius, full of joy, cried incessantly, "Thanks be to Christ, my God." And when he was come to the place he again gave thanks, and submitted his throat to the executioner, and was decapitated. Then the Christians took up his body, and embalmed it with spices, and buried it.

S. MUREDACH, B. OF KILLALA.

(ABOUT A.D. 580.)

[Irish Martyrologies.]

S. MUREDACH, who is usually called the first Bishop of Killala, is erroneously said to have been appointed to that see by S. Patrick. He was contemporary with S. Columba, and is mentioned as one of those who assembled at Bally-

sadare in Sligo, to pay him their respects after the meeting of Drumkeith. He was of the royal race of Leogaire, sixth in descent from that prince.

SS. PORCARIUS AND COMP. MKS. MM.

(A.D. 730.)

[Gallican and Modern Roman Martyrologies. Authority :—An Account of the Martyrdom by an anonymous writer of uncertain date.]

IN the 8th cent. Provence was exposed to numerous incursions of the Saracens. The island of Lerins was the monastic metropolis of the South of France—it was to Provence what Iona was to Scotland, and Lindisfarne to Northumbria. In one of these irruptions of the Saracens, probably in 730, the island of Lerins was invaded by the unbelievers. Porcarius the Abbot was well aware of the danger, he foresaw death when he caught sight of the white sails of the fleet on the dark blue horizon. He called together his monks—they are said to have numbered five hundred, but this is perhaps an exaggeration—and bade them prepare for the worst. The Saracens landed and butchered the whole saintly band. And when, after this, the fishermen of the coast saw the sea-mews fluttering and screaming over the deserted island, they thought it was because the wild birds mourned the loss of the monks, who had lived amongst them without harassing them.

S. CLARA, V.

(A.D. 1253.)

[Canonized by Alexander IV. in 1255. Authority :—Her life, written shortly after her death by order of Alexander IV., and other notices in Wadding's *Annals of the Minorites*, and in the *Acta Sanctorum*.]

THE illustrious Clara, who shines in the constellations of the saints beside S. Francis of Assisi as does S. Scholastica beside S. Benedict, S. Paula beside S. Jerome, and S. Jeanne Chantal beside S. Francis de Sales, was born in 1194 at Assisi, of noble parents, Favorino Sceffi and Hortulana de Fiumi. To this day the crumbling walls of their castle of Sasso-Rosso on the southern slope of Monte Subasio may be seen by the curious traveller bent on exploring the quaint old town and its scarcely less interesting environs. The family of Fiumi still survives in Assisi, and the arms of the Sceffi and the Fiumi may be seen decorating the ancient doorways of houses in Assisi, once noble mansions, now the residence of poor contadini.

Clara had two sisters, Agnes and Beatrice, to whom she was tenderly attached, and who eventually followed her to the convent.

The wonderful influence of the great Francis, his voice, his example, his enthusiasm, thrilled the heart of the young girl, and filled her with that vehemence of love, that passion of devotion, which nothing could quench in after years. She sought an interview with the patriarch of the Mendicants in his little convent of the Portiuncula, poured out into his ear her desires, and received from him a cheering assurance that he would accept the sacrifice of her life.

She was eighteen : modest, retiring, hating the world and the dissipation of society ; delighting in the privacy of her little room and the company of her sisters.

On Palm Sunday, A.D. 1212, she was in the Cathedral Church of Assisi with her parents. After the palms had been blessed, the congregation filed past the altar, where the bishop distributed the palms. The girl Clara shrank from pressing forward with the rest to the sanctuary, and remained in her place. The bishop's eye rested on her; she was without a palm, standing back in bashfulness. Suddenly he stepped down into the nave, the acolytes bearing their tapers before him, wondering at his movements, and uncertain whither they were directed. Bearing a palm branch he advanced to Clara, and placed the bough in her hands. To her it was as a consecration. In the evening she hastened to the Portiuncula. She was in her rich dress, befitting her rank, adorned with necklace and brooches. She entered the convent chapel. Francis and his grey-habited brethren, barefoot, holding lighted tapers, stood in the choir in ranks. She fell on her knees and implored them to receive her. In a paroxysm of devotion she tore off her jewels, divested herself of her silk brocade and velvets, and bowed her head to the shears to have her long dark hair cut off. A coarse grey habit was hastily flung over her, and trembling with joy and surprise, she found herself enrolled in the ranks of the champions of Poverty.

It was impossible for S. Francis to lodge his ardent novice within the walls of the Portiuncula, destined solely for men. He therefore conducted her to the Benedictine nunhery of S. Paolo, where she might remain till the designs of God towards her were made more clear.

When the parents and relations of Clara heard what she had done, they were angry, vexed, some were amused. It was a girlish freak, a momentary ebullition of religious excitement; they sought her in her refuge, and endeavoured to persuade her to return. She steadfastly refused. Her resolution irritated, exasperated, them. They tried to tear her away.

She clasped the altar cloth, it was half dragged off in the struggle. Finding her obstinate, they withdrew, supposing that a few days of fasting and lying on a hard couch would alter her determination. They were greatly mistaken, it served to confirm Clara in her love of a cloistered life.

From S. Paolo she removed, by the advice of S. Francis, to the Benedictine nunnery of S. Angelo de Panfo, outside the town.

The thoughts of her favourite sister and companion Agnes filled her mind. She craved for her society, she trembled for the salvation of little Agnes, left without her protecting care in the world. She therefore prostrated herself before the altar, and besought the Lord to give her Agnes as a companion in the cloister as she had been a companion in her father's house. A fortnight after the reception of Clara, Agnes secretly left home, ran to the convent, and threw herself into her sister's arms, begging to be allowed to remain for ever by her.

The parents of the two girls were exceedingly incensed at the flight of their youngest daughter, who was quite a child, and who was passionately loved by them. They went to the convent to reclaim her. They carried her off, but Agnes by her struggles, and by opposing her dead weight to their efforts, tired them out; Clara rushed to the rescue, caught up the child, when the parents had relaxed their hold on her for a moment, and ran with her back to the convent.

Soon after this the church of S. Damiano was given to the two sisters by S. Francis, who had repaired it for use, and therewith the foundation of an order of religious women in connexion with the society of the Minorites was begun. Many girls and women, moved by the exhortations of the Franciscans, placed themselves under the sheltering walls of S. Damiano. Beatrice soon followed her sisters, and Hortalana, the mother, on the death of her husband, sought a

refuge from the world in the cloister with her daughters. Clara was appointed abbess by S. Francis, and she ruled the community with love and care. She was fully inspired with the same enthusiastic devotion to poverty that animated the great patriarch. She would not allow her daughters to possess anything as their own, she would not allow the Society to have any possession,—the begging friars must feed them with the crusts and crumbs they extorted from the charitable every day.

From Innocent III. she obtained sanction for this privilege of poverty, of living solely on the alms of the beneficent ; and the order has ever since borne the title of the "Poor Clares." Gregory IX. thought the rule unreasonable, and offered to relax it, but Clara protested that it was not irksome, and entreated that it might be maintained in its full rigour.

Gregory IX., perhaps moved by malicious gossip, sent peremptory orders that the friars were not to go in and out of the convent of the Poor Clares, under the excuse that they were ministering to them the Word of God. He would not have them set their foot within, unless with his express and formal sanction. "Very well," said Clara ; "if the holy friars may not feed us with the bread of life, they shall not minister to us the bread that perishes," and she refused the crusts and broken meat they had collected in their rounds. What was to be done ? The whole convent would starve ; in a few days the Poor Clares would be dead. An express was sent to the Pope. Gregory could defy an emperor, and that such an emperor as Barbarossa, but not a woman. He held his ground dauntlessly against Frederick II., but he yielded at once to the opposition of S. Clara.

Clara is said to have practised mortifications to such an extent that the Pope and S. Francis combined to insist on

her moderating her passion for self-torture. The life of the sisters was one long dreary penance ; even their sacred services were unrelieved by music ; they were to be read at Easter, as in the dolorous season of the Passion. Those who could not read were not suffered to learn to read. To acquire death to the world by habits of devotion was to be their sole occupation and delight.

In 1243 Innocent IV. became Pope, and hopes were entertained that some reconciliation might be effected between the Holy See and the German Empire, which might mitigate the miseries of Italy. But such hopes were speedily frustrated, and the war continued as before. In the Council of Lyons, 1245, the Pope deposed and excommunicated the Emperor. "The sentence of God must precede our sentence : we declare Frederick excommunicated of God, and deposed from all the dignity of the empire, and from the kingdom of Naples. We add our sentence to that of God ; we excommunicate Frederick, and depose him from all the dignity of the Empire, and from the kingdom of Naples." The Emperor's subjects in both realms were declared absolved from all their oaths and allegiance, and the princes of Germany were ordered to proceed at once to the election of a new Emperor. The kingdom of Naples was reserved to be disposed of by the Pope and the cardinals. The council sat panic-stricken ; the imperial ambassadors uttered loud groans and beat their breasts in sorrow ; as well they might—the sentence meant general revolt throughout Germany and Italy, bloodshed, and fire, and ruin. Frederick received the report of his dethronement at Turin. "The Pope has deprived me of my crown ! Whence this presumption, this audacity ? Bring hither my treasure chests." He opened them. "Not one of my crowns but is here." He took one out, placed it

on his head, and with a terrible voice, his heart bursting with wrath, exclaimed, "I hold my crown of God; the Pope, the council, the devil himself shall not wrench it from me!"

The dogs of war were unslipped. Italy became a prey to the adverse factions of Guelph and Ghibelline. War swept the peninsula from north to south; sometimes the Papal forces were successful, more often those of the Emperor.

In 1249 the German troops defeated those of the Pope under Cardinal Capoccio in a bloody battle. The standard of the keys had to fly before that of the eagle. The ravages committed in Central Italy were fearful. The men of Foligno and the German soldiery destroyed Nocera, sparing only its lofty castle. The clergy fled, leaving their books and sacred vessels to the pillagers, who quartered themselves and their horses in the cathedral. A convent near Fermo was ransacked, plundered, its mills burnt, its bells, doors, bedding, live stock, even down to the beehives, carried off. Umbria became the prey of the freebooters who followed the imperial captains. Assisi was assailed by the Saracens acting as mercenaries in the army of the Emperor. The nunnery of San Damiano was surrounded. *S. Clara* lay on a bed of sickness; she was roused by the cries of the sisterhood. She caused herself to be borne to the point of danger, preceded by the Host. She flung herself before her Lord. "My God! suffer not these feeble ones to fall a prey to barbarians without pity! I cannot protect them. I place them in thy hands." She thought she heard an answer, "I will preserve them." "Lord!" she entreated further, "have mercy on this city, which has sustained us with its alms." Again the answer was borne in upon her soul, "It shall not suffer. Be of good courage!"

A sudden panic fell on the Saracens. They had already climbed the walls; they jumped down outside, withdrew their ladders, and deserted Assisi, leaving it unhurt.

Not long afterwards Vitale of Aversa, captain of the imperial troops, cut down the trees around Assisi, and swore that he would not stir till he had taken the holy city. But S. Clara placed ashes on the heads of her nuns, and sent them all to their knees. On the next night the besiegers were scattered, and their leader's death soon followed.

After forty-two years of the religious life, S. Clara fell sick, and prepared to die. Innocent IV. was on his way from Lyons to Perugia with his college of cardinals. He heard of the illness of the holy abbess, and hastened to Assisi to give her his apostolic benediction before her departure. As she died, she was heard murmuring that she saw Our Lord surrounded with virgins crowned with flowers, and that one, whose flowing wreath was arched above "like a windowed censer," bowed over her and kissed her.

She died on the 11th August, 1257, but her festival is observed on the 12th, the day of her burial.

Her body was buried in the church of S. George. In 1850 her sepulchre was opened, and her sacred relics translated to a shrine. Some of the ribs of the left side were given to the Pope.

S. Clara is usually represented kneeling in ecstasy before the Host, sometimes standing with a lily in one hand and a book, her testament left to her nuns, in the other.

August 13.

SS. HIPPOLYTUS, CONCORDIA, AND OTHERS, *MM. at Rome*;
A.D. 258.

S. CASSIAN, *M. at Imola in Italy.*

S. CASSIAN, *BM. at Todi, in Umbria*; circ. A.D. 303.

S. RADEGUND, *Q. of France, at Poitiers*; A.D. 587.

SS. MAXIMUS, *Ab.*, AND TWO ANASTASII, *CC. at Constantinople*;
A.D. 662 and 666.

S. IRENE, *Empress, at Constantinople*; A.D. 1124.

S. RADEGUND, *V., at Wellenburg in Swabia*; end of 13 cent.

B. JOHN BERCHMANS, *S. F. at Rome*; A.D. 1621.

SS. HIPPOLYTUS AND CONCORDIA, MM.

(A.D. 258.)

[Almost all the ancient Roman and Latin Martyrologies. By the Greeks on Aug. 10. Authority:—The Acts of S. Laurence and the Martyrologies.]



HERE is great difficulty about S. Hippolytus. Prudentius the Christian poet (born A.D. 338, d. circ. A.D. 405) says that S. Hippolytus was commemorated on this day at Rome, and that he suffered martyrdom at Ostia, and was torn to pieces by being attached to the tails of wild horses. Now on Aug. 22 S. Hippolytus, Bishop of Portus, is commemorated, who suffered martyrdom by being attached to the tails of wild horses. Hippolytus the son of Theseus died a very similar death. Cursed by his father, because Phædra out of unrequited love had hung herself, Neptune sends a wild bull out of the sea, as Hippolytus is ascending his chariot.

“And straightway a dreadful fear falls on the steeds. But their master, conversant with the ways of horses, seized the reins in his hands, and pulled them as a sailor pulls his

oar, leaning backwards. But they, champing with their jaws the forced bits, bare him on forcibly, heeding neither the steering hand, nor the traces, nor the compact chariot; . . . the car was overthrown, the felly of the wheel dashed against the rock, and all was confusion: the naves of the wheels flew up, and the linchpins of the axles. But the unhappy man, himself entangled in the reins, is dragged along, bound in a tight bond, his head dashed against the rocks, his flesh torn, and he, with piteous voice crying, Stay, ye steeds, trained in my stalls, destroy me not! O fatal imprecation of my father! who will come and save me, virtuous? But many of us, wishing to do so, were unable, not being fleet enough; at last he, I know not how, freed from the lacing of the reins, falls, having the breath of life in him, but only for a very short time."¹

The chaste Hippolytus, martyr to his virtue, was a favourite character in story; his death a subject for sculptors. His name may have suggested the story of his death.

It has been thought that the tradition of the death of the son of Theseus, lingering on Roman tongues after the abolition of the old gods and their mythology, may have attached itself to Hippolytus the martyr. The ancient Martyrologies are at one in affirming the existence of such a martyr to the Christian faith. Had the story been that he suffered rather than lose his chastity, we might be sure that the story of the Hippolytus of the Martyrologies was a transformation of that of the son of Theseus and Phædra. But such is not the case. The only features in common are the name Hippolytus, the mode of death, and perhaps the introduction of the nurse—in the Martyrology called Concordia, in the play of Euripides unnamed.

S. Hippolytus is said by the Acts and Martyrologies to have been a soldier converted by S. Laurence. No great

¹ Euripides, *Phædra*.

reliance can be placed on the Acts. That there was a martyr in the persecution in which S. Sixtus and S. Laurence suffered, named Hippolytus, may be admitted. That he suffered by being torn to pieces by wild horses is very questionable. There is, however, this to be said in favour of the martyrdom, that it may have presented itself to the mind of the magistrate to inflict on him a death suggested by the fate of the son of Theseus, his namesake. Baronius thinks that three Hippolyti have been run into one. Hippolytus, a soldier converted and baptized by S. Laurence; Hippolytus of Antioch, and Hippolytus Bishop of Portus. But there was probably a fourth Hippolytus, priest of Ostia. Prudentius, who lived a century later, made grievous confusion. He confounded him with S. Hippolytus, Bishop of Portus, an ecclesiastical writer of the 3rd cent. The greatest difficulty exists in unravelling the perplexing histories of the saints of the same name. It is not even certain that the Hippolytus, author of the Paschal Canon, and regarded as a doctor of the Church, was Bishop of Portus. An Hippolytus, priest of Ostia, and a martyr, may have existed, and Prudentius may be correct. At any rate, he is more to be relied on than the Acts of S. Laurence.

The story in the Acts is that Hippolytus was a soldier in charge of Laurence when he was in prison. He buried the body of S. Laurence, and was brought before Decius for so doing, when he boldly professed his faith. The emperor ordered him to be arrayed in his military dress, and then asked him if he was not ashamed to dishonour his soldier's name and livery by disobedience. Hippolytus answered that he had passed to a higher service. Among the servants of Hippolytus was an old nurse, Concordia, a Christian. She was beaten with leaded whips, and died under the lash. Hippolytus was tied to the tails of horses, and dashed over stones and through thickets of brambles, till he died.

The relics of S. Hippolytus at are Soissons, in the church of S. Ursula at Cologne, and in other places too numerous to mention.

S. CASSIAN, M.

(DATE UNCERTAIN.)

[Almost all Roman and Latin Martyrologies. Authority :—A hymn of Prudentius ; S. Gregory, of Tours ; De Gloria Martyrum, c. 43.]

CASSIAN was a schoolmaster at Forum Syllæ, the modern Imola. On the breaking out of persecution—which one is not stated—he refused to venerate idols. He was therefore given over to be murdered by his scholars. The ferocious young tigers set on him with their iron pens, tore his flesh with the points, and cut his head with their slates, till the old man sank down weltering in his blood, and died between their feet.

S. RADEGUND, Q.

(A.D. 587.)

[Gallican and Roman Martyrologies. Authorities :—A life by S. Venantius Fortunatus, a contemporary and friend of S. Radegund ; S. Gregory of Tours, in his History of the Franks ; another life, by the nun Baudonivia, the disciple of the Saint.]

THE gentle and holy queen who won for herself the love of her contemporaries in France, and the veneration of posterity, was a Thuringian princess, the daughter of Berthar, who divided with his brothers, Baderic and Hermannfried, rule over the Thuringian Germans. Hermannfried, greedy of a larger dominion, attacked Berthar, overthrew and killed him. Radegund and her brother were taken by their victorious uncle, and brought up in his court. Theodoric, son of Clovis, who claimed sovereignty over

Thuringia, resented the ambition of Hermannfried, or deemed it an excuse for rendering his sovereignty more real and less nominal over the wooded, wild, and distant Thuringia. In or about 529 he sent his son Theodebert, at the head of an army, to chastise Hermannfried. The young prince executed his commission with zeal and spirit. A battle was fought on the Unstrut, which ended in the complete route of the Thuringians, and the flight of Hermannfried. Theodebert, accompanied by his brother Clothair, pursued their advantage, and took Erfurt, the capital. Radegund and her brothers fell into the hands of the captors. They were very young, Radegund quite a child.¹

Clothair left his brother to complete the subjugation of Thuringia, and returned with the captives to Soissons; Radegund was placed in the royal villa Aties on the Somme to be educated. There she spent her childish years, happy in keeping the church tidy and clean, sweeping it herself, and taking away the dust of the altar in her handkerchief.

It is uncertain in what year Clothair sent to have Radegund brought to Vitry to become his wife. The prospect was a sad one for the young girl—for Clothair was rude, voluptuous and cruel. She fled down the river in a boat by night, but was taken and brought to Soissons and married to the king.

It is not possible to distinguish the order of the marriages of Clothair, and we cannot tell whether Radegund was his first wife, or whether she followed others. But it is plain from what is known of the conduct of Clothair, that he must have given the fair-haired German bride every reason for alienation and separation. One of his wives was Ingunda. "My lord," said she, "hath made of his handmaid what seemed to him good; and now, to crown his favours, let my lord deign to hear what his handmaid demandeth. I

¹ "Virguncula," Greg. Turon.

pray you be graciously pleased to find for my sister, Aregund, your slave, a husband rich and powerful, so that I be rather exalted than abased thereby, and be enabled to serve you still more faithfully." At these words Clothair mounted his horse, rode off to the country house where Aregund lived, saw her, admired her, and married her. Then he returned to Indegund, and said to her, "I have laboured to obtain for thee the favour thou didst so sweetly solicit, and, on looking for a man of wealth and capability worthy to be united to thy sister, I could find none better than myself; know, therefore, that I have taken her to wife, and I trow it will not displease thee." "What seemeth good in my master's eyes pleases me," answered Indegund, "only let thy servant abide still in the king's grace."

On the death of his brother Chlodomir, Clothair married his widow, Gunthenga, and took possession of his brother's possessions. He married also Gunesind, who bore him Chram; also Waldetrada the betrothed of Theodebald,¹ and daughter of Waccho, king of the Lombards. He seized along with Waldetrada on the possessions of his nephew; but being rebuked by the clergy, and the princess not suiting his fancy, he cast her off, and she married Garibald, Duke of Bavaria.

Since Gregory of Tours gives us no clue as to the succession of these wives, it is not possible to fix the date of the marriage of Radegund. After six years of union, Clothair had her brother murdered in cold blood, fearing lest he should claim the sovereignty of Thuringia, and assert his independence. Radegund had endured the infidelities of her coarse, voluptuous husband, but this last cruel stroke was more than she could endure. She fled from court to Noyon, where she appealed to S. Medard, the bishop, to release her from the hated union, and consecrate her to God. He refused,

¹ Son of Theodobert, brother of Clothair.

mindful of the Apostolic precept, "Let not her who is married seek to be released." But she burst into the sanctuary, wrapped in a monastic habit and veil, and going to the foot of the altar, charged the bishop, "If thou delayest to consecrate me, thou fearest man rather than God, and He will demand my soul at thy hands." S. Medard was staggered. He believed that her blood would be on his head should she fail of her salvation through his refusal. He extended his hand, laid it on her head, and consecrated her a deaconess.

She retired to Sais, near Loudun, in Poitou, where she led a mortified life. Clothair made a faint effort to recover her. It was reported that he was on his way to Sais, resolved to take her to him by force. She fled to the church of S. Hilary, at Poitiers, and wrote a letter entreating him to allow her liberty to follow her own desires. Clothair, who had found her presence a restraint, had already solaced himself for her absence by forming a new alliance, and he good-humouredly sent her money to spend on building a convent. With this she erected the Abbey of S. Cross, at Poitiers.

She now spent her time in that way most congenial to her tastes, in nursing the sick, serving the poor, and starving herself.

She sent an embassy to Constantinople to the Emperor Justin II., with a request that he would favour her with a portion of the true cross. The emperor readily agreed to her request, and Radegund heard of the approach of her messengers with the precious relic. She hastened in excitement to the Bishop of Poitiers, called Maroveus. He coldly received her, and declined to go forth in full pontificals with all his clergy to meet and solemnly transport the relic to her convent church. He probably doubted its genuineness. The citizens, or at least those of position and authority, agreed to refuse permission to its introduction

within the walls. Radegund appealed in a pathetic letter to Sigebert, the king. He sent orders to S. Euphronius, Archbishop of Tours, who was not troubled with the scruples that embarrassed Maroveus, to place himself at the disposal of the queen. Maroveus mounted his horse and rode to his country house. Before the king's peremptory order the opposition of the citizens melted away. The gates were thrown open, and the revered fragment was transported with the utmost pomp and solemnity to the monastic church. Venantius Fortunatus, the friend of Radegund, wrote for the occasion the famous hymn "*Vexilla regis*," and it was sung for the first time on this joyful occasion.

S. Radegund died on August 13, 587, and was buried by S. Gregory, Bishop of Tours, who has given us so many details of her history in his *History of the Franks*, and *Glory of Confessors*.

The body of S. Radegund was burnt by the Calvinists in 1562, but some fragments were preserved. In 1852 her gold ring was discovered by a labourer, inscribed with her name; it is now in private possession.

S. IRENE, EMPRESS.

(A.D. 1124.)

[Constantinopolitan and some Greek Menæas.]

JOHN COMNENUS, the eldest son of Alexis I., Emperor of the East, and Irene III., was married in his eighteenth year (in 1104) to Pyrisca, daughter of Ladislas, King of Hungary. Pyrisca on her union with the Greek Church assumed the name of Irene, and is reckoned as the fourth of that name.

The empress-mother had no love for John, but was passionately fond of her daughter Anna, who was married to Bryennius. The empress sought to divert the crown from the head of her son to that of her son-in-law. She tormented Alexis on his death-bed to bequeath the empire to Bryennius. He steadfastly refused. She persisted. "I have now to attend to God alone!" sighed he, reproachfully. "Go, die as you have lived—a hypocrite!" exclaimed she, scornfully. Anna Comnena, stimulated by ambition, conspired against her brother's life; but when the design was prevented by the scruples of her husband, she passionately exclaimed that nature had mistaken the two sexes, and had endowed Bryennius with the soul of a woman.

In the meantime John, stooping over his dying father, had drawn the imperial signet unobserved from his finger. Then hastening before the troops and assembled people, he proclaimed the death of the emperor, and his own title to succeed him. Alexis was not yet dead, he lingered on for twelve hours, but by this crafty act John secured the ground for his election before his mother and sister were prepared to contest it.

John I. was surnamed the Beautiful. He possessed all the virtues, none of the faults of his father. His dark olive complexion, bold profile, and noble eyes, gained for him his surname; but his devoted subjects gladly declared that it was attributable rather to the excellency of his character, and of his rule.

His wife, the Empress Irene IV., was gentle, pious, and charitable. She was called "The Hospitable;" wore a grave plain dress, more like a nun than an empress, setting an example of moderation in the midst of a society which carried luxury in dress and food to extravagance; her adorning was not that of wearing of gold and putting on of apparel, but was the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, in

the sight of God of great price. She founded the monastery of the Saviour at Constantinople, and died before her husband.

S. RADEGUND, V.

(END OF 13TH CENT.)

[Venerated in Swabia and in the diocese of Augsburg. Authority :—An account of her in Raderus ; Bavaria Sancta, iii. p. 156 ; and the Acta Sanctorum.]

S. RADEGUND, of Wellenburg, near Augsburg, was a servant girl who occupied what little time she had at her disposal in attending to some poor wretches, who lived near the farm where she served, and who were troubled with elephantiasis, or leprosy. She carried them of her own food, and, it was thought, milk and butter from the farm. Her master, so runs the tale, once caught her carrying off, as he supposed, his butter and milk. He insisted on examining the pail, and what she held in her hand. She had soapsuds in the pail, and she was carrying a comb to clean the heads of the unfortunate and dirty lepers. He gladly let the girl go her way. She might scrub and comb them as much as she liked.

One wild winter's evening, as she was on her way to the lazar house on her errand of mercy, she was attacked by wolves ; the howling of the wind drowned her cries, and in the morning only her gnawed bones and portions of her dress were found.

August 14.

- S. MICHATAH,¹ *Prophet in Samaria*; circ. B.C. 890.
 S. URSICINUS, *M. in Illyricum*; circ. A.D. 303.
 S. EUSEBIUS, *M. in Palestine*; circ. A.D. 304.
 S. MARCELLUS, *B.M. of Apamea, in Syria*; circ. A.D. 389.
 S. EUSEBIUS, *P. at Rome*; 4th cent.
 S. FACHNAN, *B. of Rosscarberry, in Ireland*; circ. A.D. 590.

S. MARCELLUS, B.M.

(A.D. 389.)

[By the Greeks and Copts on Aug. 14. Roman Martyrology. Authorities:—Theodoret, lib. v. c. 21; Sozomen, lib. vii. 15.]



THEODOSIUS the Great used his power as emperor compulsorily to extinguish Paganism. The inspection of entrails of victims, and magic rites, were made capital offences. The destruction of the temples was ordered in 389; in 391 an edict was issued prohibiting sacrifices, and even entering into the temples. In the same year, a rescript was addressed to the prefect of Egypt, fining the governors of provinces who should set foot within a temple fifteen pounds of gold. The same year, all unlawful sacrifices were prohibited by night or by day, within or without the temples. In 392 all immolation was prohibited under the penalty of death, and all acts of idolatry under forfeiture of the house or land in which the offence should have been committed.

The Pagan temples, on which the skill of the architect and sculptor had been expended at a time when art had reached its greatest exaltation, might, one would have supposed, have attracted the respect, the admiration of the Christians

¹ The son of Imlah.

who could not imitate their beauty or dignity. But as art had declined, so had the sense of beauty and appreciation of the works of genius. A wave of coarseness had swept over the empire, and these majestic piles were eyed only as haunts of demons, they commanded no admiration, they excited only the passion to destroy. If the Pagan temples had been left standing in all their stately beauty, but void of gods and worshippers, desolate, over-grown, they would have been the most splendid monument of the triumph of Christianity. If, with the disdain of conscious strength, she had suffered them to remain uninjured but empty, posterity would have admired her magnanimity whilst it contemplated these treasures of art. But such magnanimity was not to be expected of the age. It was one of fierce zeal, of Christians no longer smarting from the wounds of persecution, but triumphing in the knowledge that they now wielded the power used for three centuries against them, and which they could turn against their enemies.

When Theodosius issued his edict against idolatry, Marcellus was bishop of Apamæa. The imperial prefect of the East went to Apamæa, to enforce the orders of the emperor, taking with him a body of soldiers. The prefect undertook to demolish the temple of Jupiter, which was of great size and singular beauty. "But," says Theodoret, "when he perceived the firmness and solidity of the structure, he thought that human strength could not disjoin the stones; for they were of large size, and soldered together with lead and iron. The holy Marcellus observed the failure of the prefect, and sent him to execute the mandate in some other city; whilst he prayed to God to reveal the means of destroying the edifice. Next day, at dawn, a man came to him who was neither a mason nor a stone-cutter, but a simple hodman; and he offered to demolish the temple, asking only the payment awarded to two workmen. The holy bishop

having agreed to pay the stipulated sum, the man proceeded to work in the following manner. The temple was built on elevated ground, and had a portico on each of the four sides. There were also columns which were equal in height to the temple, and of which each was sixteen cubits in circumference. The stone was so hard as scarcely to yield to the tools. The labourer dug deeply around the foundations of the columns; and, after removing the earth, substituted wood of an oleaginous nature, to which he set fire." Did it never strike the bishop that there is a sort of sacrilege in destroying the great works of human genius? For man's genius is a Divine gift. These works may have been misdirected, but surely they might have been baptized and consecrated. One cannot read without disgust and indignation the wanton barbarity of destruction wrought by Marcellus. "The fall of three columns followed, and, in their fall, they dragged with them twelve others. The side of the temple, which was supported by them, fell down at the same time. The crash resounded throughout the city. In the same way did this holy bishop destroy other temples."

Sozomen concludes the story. Retribution came at last. "Having heard that there was a very spacious temple at Aulone, a district of Apamæa, Marcellus repaired thither with a body of soldiers and gladiators. He stationed himself at a distance from the scene of conflict, beyond the reach of the arrows; for he was afflicted with gout, and he was not able either to fight, or run away in case of failure." The hired ruffians employed by the bishop attacked the unfortunate peasants who defended the temple, and blood flowed. Some of the Pagans, observing Marcellus, that he was undefended in the heat of conflict, rushed to the place where he had placed himself, as he hoped, out of harm's way, and seized him and burnt him alive. "The perpetrators of the deed were afterwards found out, and the sons of the bishop

determined to avenge his death on them, but were forbidden by the council of the province, which decreed that it was not just that the friends and relatives of Marcellus should seek to avenge his death, but that they should rather give God thanks, in that He accounted Marcellus worthy to die in such a cause."

S. FACHNAN, B.

(ABOUT A.D. 590.)

[Irish Martyrologies. Authorities :—Mention in the life of S. Pulcherius, &c.]

S. FACHTNA, or Fachnan, of Ross, was a bishop living at Rosscarberry, about 570. He is said to have been a disciple of S. Finlass of Cork, but this is a mistake, for he was prior to him. He was for some time, and to all appearance before he settled at Ross, Abbot of Darinis Moelanfaidh, new Molana, a small island of the river Blackwater in the county of Waterford. His school at Ross was one of the most celebrated and frequented in Ireland, and continued so after his death. He was for some time blind.

August 15.

THE ASSUMPTION OF THE B. VIRGIN.

S. THARSICIUS, *M. at Rome*; A.D. 255.

S. ALYPIUS, *B. of Tagaste, in Africa*; circ. A.D. 430.

S. MACCARTHEN, *B. of Clogher, in Ireland*; A.D. 506.

S. ALTFRIED, *B. of Hildesheim*; A.D. 875.

S. ARNULF, *B. of Soissons*; A.D. 1087.

S. CORMAC II., *B. of Murlach, in Scotland*; A.D. 1122.

THE ASSUMPTION OF THE B. VIRGIN.

[Roman Martyrology. In the Greek Church "the Repose of the Virgin." It was celebrated in the time of Constantine the Great on Jan. 18, but was transferred at the request of the Emperor Maurice, in 582, to Aug. 15 (Niceph. xvii. 28). In the Council of Mainz in 819, it was appointed as one of the great festivals of the year. Pope Leo IV., in 847, provided the festival with a vigil and an octave. In the 7th cent. Pope Sergius appointed litanies for that day.]



T is repugnant to Christian feeling to think that the body of the Blessed Mother of Jesus should have become a prey to worms; that Jesus, who ascended up into heaven in His human body, should suffer the flesh of His Mother to see corruption. The natural instinct of the Christian heart proclaims the Assumption—that on the death of Our Lady, her Divine Son should have assumed her body and soul to His heavenly mansions.

It is unnecessary to give the legend of the death of the B. Virgin, her burial by the apostles, and their discovery, on opening the tomb, that it was filled with lilies and roses, but that the body of Mary was gone, as it is a mere legend. In place of it I give a translation of a popular Flemish carol sung on this day.

SALVE MARIA.

Rejoice, rejoice, with heart and voice to-day,
That gentle Mary's tears are wiped away.
Who will not join the angels' strains,
When Mary pure her throne attains?

Salve Maria !

A path of light is in the summer sky ;
And as the holy Mother passeth by
The clouds are lit with rosy flame,
And angels shout in glad acclaim,

Salve Maria !

Behold the gates of Zion open wide,
For her, the Virgin Mother and the Bride;
And Jesus from his rainbow throne
Descends to lead his Mother home.

Salve Maria !

Shall He forget the Mother dear who pressed
His baby lips upon her loving breast,
And bore for Him the scorn, the sneer,
And wept for Him the anguish tear?

Salve Maria !

Oh joy ! to-day the Son his Mother greets,
The sacred heart of each with rapture beats,
And love that never chilled below,
Throughout eternity shall flow.

Salve Maria !

Forget the anguish of the Dolorous way,
When thou did'st meet him, Mother, and didst stay
Thy Son with tears ; forget the pain
Of watching Him, cross-bearing, strain.

Salve Maria !

Forget the hours of woe on Calvary,
The moment when they laid Him on thy knee,
And then when thou wast left alone
Before the closed and sealed stone—

Salve Maria !

Now thy ascended Son exalteth thee,
That where He is there thou may'st also be.
Thee, magnified, O Queen ! we greet,
Enthroned upon thy heavenly seat.

Salve Maria !

O Mother, crowned the angels' queen to-day,
O Mother, full of smiles, to thee we pay
Our joyous laud and homage sweet,
And thee with jubilation greet.

Salve Maria !¹

S. THARSICIUS, M.

(A.D. 255.)

[Little Roman Martyrology, Ado, Usuardus, &c. Modern Roman Martyrology. Authority :—The Acts of Pope S. Stephen (Aug. 11).]

THARSICIUS, an acolyte, was bearing the body of Jesus Christ in the E. Sacrament to the Christian prisoners during the persecution of Valerian and Gallienus, when he was arrested by the pagan rabble on his way, and asked what he bore so reverently. But he refused to reveal the sacred mystery, whereupon he was assailed by the mob with sticks and stones. He hastily consumed the sacred gift he was bearing, and then sank covered with blood on the pavement. The

¹ Published with music in the "Noels of French Flanders," in "The Sacristy" No. IV., J. Hodges, Bedford Street.

mob rushed on him, tore his arms apart, rent his clothes, and sought, but found nothing. He was taken up by some of the faithful, and buried in the cemetery of S. Calixtus on the Appian Way. A touching picture of this martyrdom has been drawn by Cardinal Wiseman in his story of *Fabiola*. The sepulchre of S. Tharsicius was adorned and inscribed with an epitaph by Pope S. Damasus.

S. ALYPIUS, B. OF TAGASTE.

(ABOUT A.D. 430.)

[Not in any ancient Martyrologies, Greek or Latin. Inserted in the Roman Martyrology in 1584. Authorities:—A letter to S. Alypius by S. Paulinus of Nola; three epistles of S. Augustine; mention in the Confessions of S. Augustine.]

ALYPIUS was a native of Tagaste in Numidia, the city of which S. Augustine was also a native. He was born about A.D. 354, and was rather younger than Augustine. He studied grammar at Tagaste with Augustine, and the two young men became warmly attached to one another. When Augustine moved to Carthage and opened his school for rhetoric, Alypius followed him. In the capital the games of the circus interested, excited, engrossed Alypius, to the vexation of his friend and instructor. A difference arose between the father of Alypius and Augustine, which led to the interruption of the attendance of the former in the school. Their intimacy continued, though a coolness had begun to dash it, when a circumstance occurred which restored it to its former warmth. Alypius one day sauntered into the school, and sat down to listen to the declamation of his friend, who, just then had taken the games of the circus as his topic for vehement condemnation. Augustine was not at the moment

thinking of Alypius, but the latter took the words to heart, and resolved to shake off the powerful attraction exerted on him by the circus. He appealed to his father, and he was again allowed to attend the lectures of Augustine.

Both young men were at this time attracted by the stern virtue of the Manichees to embrace their doctrine, so clear, cutting the knot of difficulties which beset the order of the world. Spirit on one side, matter on the other; here those who live to the spirit, there those who yield themselves servants to the world. The contest is ever going on, the camps are ever in deadly hostility; the world, life, is the battlefield on which the warfare is incessantly waged. Augustine never wholly broke free from Manicheism, which tinged his teaching in afterlife.

From Carthage Alypius betook himself to Rome to learn law, strong in his resolution to keep stern guard over his passions, to live to reason, intelligence, spirit; and not to become the prey of passion and the delights of the flesh.

There came a great show day in the amphitheatre, a fight of men with wild beasts, of gladiators with gladiators. All Rome was crowding to the sight. His comrades drew him with them. "You may draw my body," said he, "but my soul cannot be stirred. I will keep my eyes shut." He took, or was forced to, a seat. He saw the great ring full of heated, excited faces, the yellow sandy arena, on which a few listless attendants stood awaiting the signal. Alypius closed his eyes. The games began; men were fighting each other. The blood began to spout; the contest waxed hot. A quiver ran through the thousands present, a hush, a gasp; then one of the gladiators hewed a great gash in his opponent, who staggered back. The whole concourse burst into a fierce roar. Alypius opened his eyes. At once the enthusiasm, the mad ferocious passion for blood woke within him, his heart bounded or stood still, he waved his hand, his

cheeks burnt, his eyes glared, his voice roared with the mob.

Who of us can tell what was the mad delight of an old gladiatorial combat? Only those who have witnessed a Spanish bull-fight, and they only coldly; for what is the slaughter of a bull or two, to the butchery of men with living souls and nerves strung as keen as ours, with weeping widows and wailing orphans in prospect?

The late Maximilian of Mexico, than whom a gentler, purer, more amiable spirit has scarcely existed in this age, confesses in his "Recollections," the sympathetic delight he felt in a bull-fight. "How the feelings of a man can be changed in so short a space as a quarter of an hour! On entering I felt uneasy and uncomfortable, and now a mania for the bloody spectacle possessed me. I could not turn my eyes away; each moment of the fight enchained me with irresistible force. The excitement produced by the sight of danger carries every mind away along the stream of enthusiasm. I was told of a stranger who expressed himself strongly as to the barbarism of this festival, his tender feeling made him abhor what he had not seen, and that a friend who knew from experience the charm of this national pleasure, induced him, though filled with abhorrence, to visit the Corrida. At the sight of the noble combat he was also seized by the sweet, wild intoxication, and eagerly asked his friend when the next bull-fight would take place. I only regretted that my sojourn in Spain was not long enough for me to enjoy this splendid sight again."

Alypius was overmastered. On every opportunity he was again in the Colosseum; and he resumed his visits to the circus, his passion for horse and chariot races having revived, beside this new rage for gladiatorial fights. But withal he lived well, was chaste and temperate, upright and truthful, was generally respected, and became assessor of justice

in the court of the treasurer of Italy. In this charge he showed the strictest integrity. A powerful senator, whose favour was courted by many, and whose resentment was dreaded by all, had made an unjust usurpation, and when the case was brought before the tribunal, heavy bribes were offered. The judge wavered. But Alypius indignantly rejected the money, and disregarding the threats of the senator, he threatened that if the judge did not give sentence according to justice he would leave the bench.

When S. Augustine came to Rome, Alypius clave to him with all the warmth of old friendship, and in 384 accompanied him to Milan. There the two friends were joined by Nebrius, another African acquaintance. They lived happily together, and were now subject to the influence of S. Ambrose. The conversion of Augustine was followed by that of Alypius, and they were baptized together on Easter Eve by the great Ambrose, at Milan, in 387. Some time after, they returned to Rome, and having spent a year there in retirement, went back to Africa. They lived together at Tagaste, in a small community of devout souls, and in the practice of prayer, fasting, and study.

Thus they spent three years, when S. Augustine was ordained priest at Hippo. The community removed there to be with him. Alypius shortly after paid a visit to Palestine, and saw and made the acquaintance of S. Jerome.

Upon his return to Africa he was consecrated Bishop of Tagaste, about A.D. 393. He assisted S. Augustine with all his might in his labours and difficulties.


S. Augustine speaks of him in a letter written in 429, as old. He probably did not live long after.

S. MACCARTHEN, B. OF CLOGHER.

(A.D. 506.)

[Irish Martyrologies. Tallaght and Donegal Martyrologies, Kalendar of Cashel, &c. Authorities :—The history of the Saint in Colgan ; another version in the Acta Sanctorum ; both late and not very trustworthy.]

S. CARTHEN or Maccarthen was a disciple of S. Patrick, and became Bishop of Clogher, but at what date is uncertain. Little is known of him except some foolish legends and absurd marvels related in his Acts.



August 16.

- S. SERENA, *Matr. at Rome, end of 3rd cent.*
 S. DIOMEDE, *M. at Nicæa, in Bithynia; circ. A.D. 304.*
 S. ARSACIUS, *H. at Nicomedia; A.D. 358.*
 S. THEODORE OR THEODULUS, *B. of Sion, in Switzerland.*
 S. SIMPLICIAN, *B. of Milan; A.D. 400.*
 S. VAMNES, *M. in Persia; A.D. 423.*
 S. BALSEMIUS, *M. at Ramerude, near Troyes in France; 5th cent.*
 S. ARMAGIL, *C. in Brittany; A.D. 552.*
 S. HYACINTH, *C., O. P., at Cracow, in Poland; A.D. 1257.*
 S. ROCH, *C. at Montpellier, in France; 14th cent.*

S. DIOMEDE, M.

(ABOUT A.D. 304.)

[Greek Menæa and Menology of the Emperor Basil. Roman Martyrology. A church was dedicated in his honour at Constantinople by Constantine the Great within thirty-five years of his death, consequently S. Diomede must have been venerated shortly after his death. Authorities:—Several Greek Lives or Acts, not original, but all agreeing in the main facts, which are apparently perfectly trustworthy.]



DIOMEDE, a physician, a native of Tarsus in Cilicia, lived and practised in Nicæa. As he was a Christian, he was accused to Diocletian, who ordered him to be brought in chains to Nicomedia. His hands and feet were accordingly fettered, and he was placed in a chariot. On the way, feeling faint and ill, he begged his guards to allow him to get out of the carriage, and rest on the grass. With prompt kindness they assisted him to the ground, when he had just strength to kneel down, and in the act he died, probably of heart complaint.

The soldiers cut off the head and took it to Nicomedia, to show to Diocletian that they had not allowed Diomede to escape. The compilers of the Menæa and Menology, not satisfied with this simple story, added to its unvarnished

natural truthfulness an absurd miracle. The soldiers who cut off the head were blinded. In darkness they found their way to the emperor. "We cut off his head," said the soldiers. "Put it on again," said the emperor. So they groped their way back to the corpse, and when they had re-adjusted the head to the shoulders, their eyes opened again.

S. ARSACIUS, H.

(A.D. 350.)

[The little Roman Martyrology and the Modern one. Ado, Notker, &c. Authority :—Sozomen, Hist. Eccl. iv. 16.]

ARSACIUS, a Persian, was employed in keeping the emperor's lions, but when he was converted to Christianity he threw up his employment, and witnessed a good confession before Licinius. He then went to Nicomedia and led a monastic life within its walls. There in a vision he was warned to quit the city, as a grievous calamity was about to befall it; he ran at once to the church and besought the clergy to offer supplications to God that His arm might be turned away. But finding that his warnings were not listened to, he cast himself on the ground in the tower which he inhabited, and prayed that he might be spared from seeing the ruin of the city in which he had first known Christ.

Shortly after an earthquake shock occurred, the city was in ruins, timbers falling in the baths and furnaces of workshops caught fire, and the town was in a blaze. Those who escaped fled to the citadel, and there Arsacius was found lying on his face as in prayer, dead. "All the details about Arsacius, says Sozomen, "I have obtained from persons who heard them stated by those who had seen Arsacius."

S. HYACINTH, O.P.

(A.D. 1257.)

[Roman Martyrology. Canonized by Pope Clement VIII. Authority :—
A life by Leander Albertus given in the *Acta Sanctorum*.]

S. HYACINTH, called in Poland S. Jacko or Jaczko, belonged to the noble family of Oddrovag, was born at Camin in Poland in 1185, and studied at Cracow, Prague, and Bologna, at the last of which universities he took the degree of Doctor of Laws and Divinity. On his return to Poland he was at once given a prebendal stall in the cathedral. On the resignation of the bishop, S. Vincent Kadlubek, in 1218, Ivo Konski, uncle of Hyacinth, became Bishop of Cracow, and went to Rome accompanied by his nephews Hyacinth and Ceslas. S. Dominic was then at Rome. Ivo and the Bishop of Prag, charmed with his sanctity and fervour, urged him to send some of his preachers into their dioceses. S. Dominic was unable to do so, as he had not sufficient friars for the purpose, but four of the attendants on the Bishop of Cracow, among them Hyacinth and Ceslas, volunteered to enter the Society of S. Dominic, and to be trained by him for the work in Poland. In the same year (1218), after a brief novitiate of six months, Hyacinth was appointed Superior of the mission, and started for Poland. On the arrival of the Dominicans in Cracow they were received with great favour, and the sermons of S. Hyacinth were productive of much good. He founded convents of his Order at Sandomir, in Cracow, and at Ploksko on the Vistula.

He passed throughout the country preaching and carrying the light of the gospel into Prussia and Pomerania. He even went into Denmark, Gothland, Sweden, and Norway, founding convents of his Order wherever he went. Then

he visited Red Russia, where he combated the Eastern Church, and persuaded the prince to desert it for the Roman communion. He built convents at Lemburg, and Haletz on the Mester, and then invaded Muscovy. The Duke Vladimir IV., son of Ruric II., with noble tolerance allowed Hyacinth to establish a convent at Kieff, but was deaf to his entreaties that he should join the Roman Church. But the preaching of Hyacinth in Muscovy left no permanent or appreciable results.

Whilst Hyacinth was at Kieff, a terrible Mongol invasion occurred. The princes of Russia, distracted with rivalry, their strength broken by civil war, could not oppose an effectual resistance. A bloody battle was fought on the river Kalka. Three princes of the name of Mistislaff sustained it with desperate valour; but two, the Great Prince, Mistislaff III., and the Prince of Chernigoff, fell in the action (A.D. 1224), whilst a third, the Prince of Galich, was compelled to fly. The barbarians retired; but innumerable hosts gathered under Bathi, grandson of Genghis Khan, and twelve years after (A.D. 1236) burst on Russia again. The town of Riazan was the first to suffer; her princes, Oleg and Theodore, died the death of martyrs. When Vladimir was besieged, the bishop Metrophanes, with the consort of Vladimir IV., her daughter-in-law, and the boyars, shut themselves up in the cathedral; there they all received the holy mysteries from the hand of the bishop, and from the Lord the crown of martyrdom, amidst the flames and smoke of the burning temple. George, son of Vladimir IV., fell in battle on the banks of the Siti, and his nephew, Prince Basiliko, died a martyr's death for the name of Christ.

Next year (A.D. 1137) came the turn of Southern Russia. Pereyaslavla perished with its bishop, Simeon. The Mongols surrounded Kieff, and struck with its antique beauty, its green and scarlet and gold and blue cupolas, and spires

hung with shining chains, clanging forth their bells all day long, offered to spare it, if it would open its gates. But in the absence of all the Russian princes, it was heroically defended by Demetrius, a boyar of Galich. As became the mother and head of Russian cities, Kieff gave a lesson to all Russia in preferring a glorious end to the disgrace of slavery. After a bloody siege, its towers and every stately church and monastery were converted into separate fortresses by the despair of the citizens, when the ring of walls had yielded to the barbarians' onslaught. The cathedral of S. Sophia, the church of the Tithes, founded by S. Vladimir two hundred years before, the monastery of S. Michael, and the Pecherskoi monastery, were taken by storm one after another, and became a prey to the flames. John, the Metropolitan, it is believed, perished in the general massacre amidst his flock. Hyacinth, with the ciborium in one hand and an alabaster image of the Virgin in the other, was more fortunate.¹ He managed to escape across the river, and made the best of his way back to Cracow, where the image became afterwards an object of great veneration.

S. Hyacinth next preached to the Jazyges on the Danube. He is said to have been so successful as to have converted and baptized several thousands. It is pretended that he went into Great Tartary and Thibet, preaching, but this is probably an invention of the lively imaginations of authors of after ages. Nothing is said of it in the earlier historians. After a while he again entered Red Russia, thinking that the sufferings of the country might have induced the people to turn for assistance to the West, a

¹ According to the account of Severinus of Cracow, in the *Acta Sanctorum*, when the friars came crying to Hyacinth that Kieff was taken, he made ready to run out of the church, when the alabaster image screamed after him, "O Hyacinth! are you running from the Tartars and leaving me behind?" "You are too heavy to carry," answered Hyacinth. "Try me," answered the image.

necessary condition for receiving which was renunciation of the Eastern Church. Seeing the distressed condition of the Russian Christians, Pope Innocent IV. sent to Prince David of Galich a crown, and a promise of help, of sending a crusade of Western Christians against the Mongols, if he would abandon his schism. The papal legates visited the court of S. Alexander Nevski, Prince of Novgorod, but he refused to receive the letter or listen to the proposal. Daniel, however, acted more cautiously, owing to his proximity to Vengria and Poland. He accepted the crown and the title of King of Galich, but put off the proposition for a union of the Churches till there should be an œcumenical council. A Prince Caloman on the frontiers proved more accessible. Fearing lest the steadfast adhesion of the Russians to the orthodox faith should open an excuse to the Teutonic Order to invade and possess themselves of his territory, he listened to the solicitations of S. Hyacinth, and abandoned communion with the Eastern Church.

Hyacinth died on Aug. 14, A.D. 1257, at the age of seventy-two. His relics are preserved in a chapel dedicated to him at Cracow.

S. ROCH, C.

(14TH CENT.)

[Martyrologists of the 15th cent. *Modern Roman Martyrology*. Authorities :—A life by Franciscus Diedus, a Venetian, governor of Brixen, written in 1478. This is the earliest life of S. Roch. He says in his prologue :— " Although we have found *nothing trustworthy* about Roch in ancient writers or in sacred codices, we have collected much from barbarous fragments in Latin or in the vulgar tongue, lest the race, travels, life and death of this holy man should remain in obscurity." In a word his life was founded on popular legends of the same authority as the chap-books of a later age. Another life from a MS. at Belfast is published by the Bollandists. These lives are thoroughly apocryphal.]

It is difficult to say to how much of the romance of S. Roch the historian should apply his sponge. That S. Roch was a native of Montpellier, that he rambled into Italy at a time when the plague was raging there, probably in 1348, and that he nursed the sick and dying at Aquapendente, at Rome and Piacenza, till he was attacked by the plague himself, when he was saved from dying by a hound which led its master to Roch, lying in a solitary place apparently dying ; that he returned to Montpellier, where he was taken up as a spy, and thrown into gaol, where he died—is the utmost that can be admitted as possibly fact in the legend of S. Roch. This is absolutely all that Papebroech the Bollandist was disposed to consider as trustworthy in the story. But even this is questionable.

In or about 1350, a squalid-looking man, without means of subsistence, or able to give a satisfactory account of himself, was taken up by the authorities of Montpellier, and cast into a dirty cell of the common gaol. There, partly from neglect, he died. On the removal of the body for burial, to the surprise and dismay of every one, it was discovered that the reputed vagabond was Roch, a nephew of the governor of Montpellier, who, having been left by his parents with a

rich possession a few years before, had left it in the care of his uncle, and had gone on pilgrimage to Rome. Nothing had been heard of him for some while. In the dead face, washed for burial, the familiar features were retraced. Probably a scrap of paper with the name of Roch on it, a passport, or something of that sort, served to complete the identification.

It is evident that, if these events are allowed to have occurred, it is all that could be known of Roch. By no possibility could the details of his life between his leaving home and his death become known. Consequently we may safely put down all the history of his rambles to popular invention. That he had gone to Italy; that Italy had been attacked by plague which had raged throughout the peninsula, and that there was a scar on the thigh of the dead man which showed he had been attacked by the disorder; that a scrap of paper had been found among his effects when dead, which served to identify him—these were the materials out of which the fable of Roch's pilgrimage was woven.

It was said that wherever he had gone he had miraculously expelled the plague by the sign of the cross. He had healed the plague-stricken by thousands and tens of thousands, till he was himself attacked, when a dog brought him bread from a count's table every day to supply his necessities. The count, following the dog, found Roch lying in a miserable hovel, convalescent. He supplied him with necessities, and he recovered. An angel had struck him on the thigh, and from the touch the plague-boil had risen and burst. Roch visited Rome, was well received by the Pope, signed the cross on the brow of a cardinal, and left it so deeply impressed thereon that no rubbing or scrubbing would get it off again. Then Roch returned to Montpellier, where he was arrested as a spy, and thrown into

prison. Feeling himself dying, he prayed that all who should invoke him and rely on his merits, should be delivered from the plague, and an angel from heaven appeared in the prison, and wrote on a tablet, "Those labouring from the plague, who fly to the patronage of Roch, shall be healed."¹

A bit of the spine of S. Roch is shown at S. Jacques, in Antwerp; other relics in the hospital of S. Julian in the same city. In 1478 the body of S. Roch was stolen from Montpellier, and taken to Venice, where a church was erected to receive it.

But the city of Arles also pretends to possess the relics of the Saint. The shrine containing it was melted up at the Revolution, but the body itself was preserved. The relics are at present under the charge of the civil and ecclesiastical authorities, each of which possess a key to the reliquary, so that it cannot be opened without the concurrence of both. "The body is almost entire." So is that at Venice. Innumerable other portions are dispersed through Christendom.

S. Roch is represented as a pilgrim, with his left leg exposed, in which is a wound to which he points. Sometimes an angel is at his side touching his thigh. The angel generally bears a tablet on which is written, "Eris in pesto patronus." Also, frequently, by his side a dog bearing a loaf in his mouth.

¹ A prose in honour of S. Roch in the missals of Toulouse, Utrecht, Milan, &c., runs thus:—

"Rochus ibi vitam finit
Cui Deus dare sinit
Tabulam per angelum
Quæ divina scribebatur
Scriptis auri, et dictatus
Manu Dei siderum.

Nomen Rochi infra scriptum
Quod a Deo fuit dictum
Ut qui eum decorant,
Pestis ulcus depellatur:
Sanitasque his reddatur
Qui eum commemorant."

August 17.

S. MYRO, *P.M. at Cysicus in Mysia*; A.D. 250.

S. MAMMAS, *M. at Cæsarea in Cappadocia*; circ. A.D. 273.

SS. PAUL AND JULIANA, *MM. at Ptolemais in Palestine*; circ. A.D. 275.

SS. LIBERATUS, *Ab. M.*, BONIFACE, AND OTHERS, *MM. at Carthage*; A.D. 483.

S. JAMES, *Deac. C., at York*; circ. A.D. 650.

S. AMOR, *Ab. of Amorbach, in Franconia*; A.D. 767.

S. JERON, *P. M. at Egmond, in Holland*; A.D. 856.

SS. BENEDICTA AND CECILIA, *VV. RR. in Juliers*; 10th cent.

S. MAMMAS, M.

(ABOUT A.D. 275.)

[Greek Menæa, Constantinopolitan and Russian Kalendars, on Sept. 2, on which day also at Naples. The little Roman Martyrology, that attributed to S. Jerome, the Modern Roman Martyrology on Aug. 17. Authorities:—The panegyric in honour of the saint by S. Basil, Hom. xxvi., and S. Gregory Nazianzen, Or. xliii. The Greek Acts are fabulous and late and not to be trusted, they are apparently compounded out of the Acts of two martyrs of the same name, S. Mammas, a monk, and S. Mammas the boy.]

FROM the words of S. Basil and S. Gregory Nazianzen, all we can gather concerning S. Mammas is that he was a shepherd who suffered martyrdom for the faith of Christ at Cæsarea in Cappadocia. The Greek Acts, very untrustworthy, and the notice in the Menæa and Menology, say that he was a shepherd boy, and that he suffered under Aurelian; but these notices are so mixed up with fabulous matter, that it is impossible to place much reliance in any of their statements.

He was a boy of twelve years old, and was stoned to death, according to the Acts; according to the Modern Roman Martyrology he lived to an advanced age.

The body of S. Mammas lay at Cæsarea in the time of S. Basil and S. Gregory Nazianzen, and till the 11th century, according to the statement of Nicetas of Heracleæ, who wrote a Commentary on the Orations of S. Gregory Nazianzen. In the 6th century S. Radegund is said to have sent to the Patriarch of Jerusalem for relics of S. Mammas. The patriarch removed one of the fingers and sent it to the queen. The body of the saint was therefore then shown at Jerusalem. The body of S. Mammas is now at Milan. There is another body again, brought from Cyprus, to which it is said to have floated in a marble coffin. A head with flesh, red hair, and beard, neither that of a boy nor of an old man, said to belong to S. Mammas, is at Lucca. Part of another head and an arm, brought from Constantinople, at Langres; portions taken off this relic, at Elwangen. Other relics in Portugal at Lorbano.

SS. LIBERATUS, BONIFACE, AND OTHERS, MM.

(A.D. 483.)

[Roman Martyrology, Ado, Notker, Usuardo, &c. Authority:—Their authentic and contemporary Acts published by Ruinart.]

HUNERIC, the Arian King of the Vandals in Africa, continued the persecution of the Catholics which had begun under Genseric.

Seven monks lived in a monastery at Capsa in Byzacene, Liberatus was abbot, the others were Boniface, a deacon, Servius and Rusticus, subdeacons; Rogatus, Septimus, and Maximus were monks. They were brought to Carthage, and promised honour and life, if they would conform to the established Arianism. With one consent they replied, "There is but one Lord, one faith, one baptism. Do with

us what seemeth good, and keep your riches to yourselves."

They were laden with chains and thrown into a dark dungeon. The faithful bribed the guards to allow them admission to the confessors, and then encouraged them to play the man for Christ. Huneric, on hearing of this, ordered them to be confined more closely, and after a while to be put on board an old ship, set adrift, and the ship fired. The martyrs entered the boat without fear. Vain efforts were made to induce Maximus, who was very young, to renounce his belief in the co-eternal and co-equal divinity of Jesus Christ. The vessel was piled up with sticks, but the sticks were not sufficiently dry to kindle, and after several ineffectual attempts to set them on fire, the martyrs were brought back to land and their brains dashed out with clubs.

S. JAMES, DEAC.

(ABOUT A.D. 650.)

[Mayhew in his *Benedictine Martyrology*.]

JAMES, an Italian deacon, accompanied S. Paulinus in his mission work in Northumbria in the early part of the 7th century. After the disastrous battle of Hatfield, in which Edwin the converted and baptized Northumbrian king had fallen (Oct. 11, 633), Paulinus fled, taking under his protection Ethelburga, the widow of Edwin, whom he placed under the care of her brother, the King of Kent. Christianity was blotted out, only a few sparks remained alight, kept from extinction by the efforts of the brave deacon James, who remained at York through all the disasters to which Northumbria was exposed.

When S. Oswald ascended the throne of Northumbria (A.D. 635), he sent for missionaries to Iona, instead of Canterbury, and for some reason not mentioned by Bede, overlooked James, who had remained gallantly at his post during the storm of invasion and havoc, and had continued to baptize, and preach, and snatch a scanty prey from the hands of that old enemy, the devil.¹

¹ Bede ii., 16, 20.

August 18.

SS. FLORUS, LAURUS AND OTHERS, *MM. in Illyricum; 2nd cent.*S. AGAPETUS, *M. at Palestrina, in Italy; A.D. 275.*S. HELENA, *Empress, at Constantinople; circ. A.D. 328.*S. FIRMINUS, *B. of Metz; A.D. 496.*S. DAGÆUS, *B. of Iniscaoín-Deghadh, in Ireland; A.D. 587.*S. INAN, *C. at Irvine, in Scotland; 9th cent.*S. CLARA, *V., at Monte Falco, in Italy; A.D. 1308.*

S. AGAPETUS, M.

(A.D. 275.)

[Roman Martyrology. Named in nearly every Latin Martyrology. Salisbury, York, and Scottish Kalendars. Authority :—The Acts, which are late; probably an anticipation of the account in the Martyrologies.]



T Præneste, the modern Palestrina, a boy of fifteen, named Agapetus, was taken and brought before the governor Antiochus, in the reign of Aurelian.

He was beaten severely, and then thrust into a dark and loathsome dungeon, where he was left without food, or water, or light for four days. He was then drawn forth sick, faint, dazzled by the glare of the sun, before Antiochus; when asked if he would sacrifice, he shook his head. Red hot coals were poured over his head and bare shoulders; he was then suspended by his feet, head downwards, over smoke, and beaten. When nearly unconscious, he was laid on the ground, and boiling water poured over his breast and belly, his jaw was broken with a stone, but still he lived.

Antiochus the governor fell off his throne in a fit, and died. News was taken to Aurelian, who ordered Agapetus to be cast to lions in the amphitheatre, but the lions refused to touch him, crouching at his feet, and licking them. He

was therefore taken away to where stand two columns outside the gate of Præneste, and then his head was struck off.

It is in favour of the story, that Varius Antiochianus was prefect of Rome in 272, he had been consul in 270. It is also true that a persecution did break out under Aurelian, though it did not last long. But the greater part of the story is nevertheless fabulous. That Agapetus was a boy brought before Varius Antiochianus, that he was scourged, imprisoned and decapitated, is all that can be admitted as probable. Late Acts of the Martyrs are always stuffed with tortures, exposure to fire, water, lions, none of which hurt, and all end with the martyrs losing their heads; when everything else fails, cold steel succeeds. In such cases we may be generally sure that the preceding narratives of tortures and miraculous recovery from them are pure inventions.

The body of S. Agapetus is shown in the church bearing his name at Palestrina, entire. Another entire body in the church of S. Trypho at Rome, another in the cathedral at Parma, another in the church of S. Stephen at Milan, another under the high altar of S. Maria de Consolatione at Rome, but this most probably is the body of S. Agapetus, martyr with S. Sixtus, and S. Felicissimus. Another body of S. Agapetus, given by Pope Innocent X. to the convent of S. Agnes at Bologna; an arm at S. Gereon's, Cologne, but this may have belonged to the martyr of the same name who suffered with S. Sixtus. Other relics at Liesse in Aisne near Avenne, brought from Constantinople in 1208, others at Cremsmünster in Austria, apparently the entire body, which, it is pretended, was given by Pope Adrian I. A head of S. Agapetus at Besançon. These various bodies probably belong to martyrs of the same name, whose Acts have been lost. The name is not an uncommon one.

S. HELENA, EMPRESS.

(ABOUT A.D. 328.)

[Roman Martyrology. Not in the Sarum or York, or the Scottish Kalendars, nor found in any early Welsh lists of Saints, nor in ancient Latin Martyrologies. By the Greeks on May 21. The Authorities for the life of S. Helena are mentioned in the text.]

MUCH uncertainty prevails relative to the place of birth of S. Helena, and her condition in life previous to her marriage. In A.D. 306 Constantine the Great was proclaimed Emperor of Rome, upon the death of his father Constantius Chlorus, an event which took place in Britain. "O fortunate Britain, and now happier than all countries, which hast first seen Constantine made Cæsar!" exclaimed Eumenius the Rhetorician; and another panegyrist, "He (thy father Constantius) delivered Britain from bondage, but thou by arising from thence hast made it illustrious."¹ These passages mean no more than that Constantine made Britain glorious by his accession there to the title of Cæsar, to a share in the Imperial Government.

On the strength of this, the Armenian Chronicle, or Chronicle of Mont S. Michel (A.D. 1056), gave forth to the world the story that Constantine was born in Britain, and that his mother Helena was a daughter of Coel, a British king.

Such a story was too flattering to native pride not to be eagerly seized upon and amplified. Henry of Huntingdon (A.D. 1154) says that "Helena, a noble child of Britain, is said to have surrounded London with the wall still standing, and to have fortified Colchester." And he adds that she was "the daughter of the British King of Colchester, named

¹ "Tu enim nobiles illic *oriendo* fecisti." Eumenius describes the accession of Constantius in similar terms. "*Oriendo*" applies to the accession to the empire, not to birth.

Coel." Geoffrey of Monmouth tells the story thus—"Coel, duke of Kaer Colvin, or Colchester, made an insurrection against King Asclepiodotus, and in a pitched battle killed him, and took possession of his crown. The senate, hearing this, sent Constantius the Senator, who had reduced Spain under their subjection. Coel, hearing of his coming, was afraid to engage in battle. Therefore, as soon as Constantius was arrived in the island, Coel sent ambassadors to him with offers of peace and submission, on condition that he should enjoy the kingdom of Britain, and pay no more than the usual tribute to Rome. Constantius agreed to this proposal, and after exchange of hostages, peace was confirmed between them. The following month Coel was seized with a sore sickness, of which he died within eight days. After his decease, Constantius was crowned, and married the daughter of Coel, whose name was Helena. She surpassed all the ladies of the country in beauty, as she did all others of the time in her skill in music and the liberal arts. Her father had no other issue to succeed him on the throne; for this reason he was very careful about her education, that she might be better qualified to govern the kingdom. Constantius, therefore, having made her his partner, had a son by her called Constantine. After eleven years were expired, he died at York, and bestowed the kingdom on his son."¹

It is unnecessary to quote Richard of Cirencester, as his *Itinerary*, in which he speaks of *S. Helena*, is probably a forgery by C. J. Bertram.

The King Coel of Colchester, the father of Helena, according to the story, is the famous monarch of nursery rhyme, addicted to his glass and pipe and the society of his fiddlers.

The story of the origin of Helena, and the birth of

¹ *Geoff. Mon.*, v. 6.

Constantine in Britain, must be abandoned as a fable. It cannot be made to accord with known dates and facts.

Constantius Chlorus visited Britain for the *first* time in A.D. 296. He had divorced Helena, in order to marry the step-daughter of Maximian, on his elevation to be Cæsar in A.D. 286, just ten years before he visited Britain.

It is, therefore, very clear that Helena was not a British princess, and that Constantine could not have been born in Britain.

Eutropius, a contemporary, whose compendium of Roman history is carried down to A.D. 364 (the probable date of his death), says plainly that Constantine was the son of Constantius, by an "obscure marriage."¹

Zosimus, who lived in the time of the younger Theodosius, says "Constantine was born of a woman not by legitimate birth, for she was not lawfully married to Constantius." The *Chronicon Alexandrinum* says, "Constantius died; he was succeeded by Constantine, his illegitimate son by Helena."

The chronicle of Eusebius, the panegyrist of Constantine, and his contemporary, says also plainly, "Constantine was born of the concubine Helen."

Bede also says that Helena was the concubine of Constantius. In the "*Excerpta de Constantio Chloro et Constantino Magno*," published at the end of Ammianus Marcellinus, by Gronovius, which are generally accurate and founded on the best authorities, we read, "Constantine was born of Helena his mother, of vilest birth in the city of Naisus."²

S. Ambrose, in his oration on the death of Theodosius (A.D. 395) some sixty-seven years after the death of Helena, says, "She is said to have been a hostleress (stabularia),

¹ "Ex obscuriori matrimonio ejus filius."

² "Constantius natus Helena matre vilissima in oppido Naiso."

and thus to have made the acquaintance of Constantius the elder. A good hostleress, who so devotedly sought the manger of the Lord ! A good hostleress, who remembered Him who healed the wounds of him who was wounded of robbers ! A good hostleress, who loved to be counted as dung that she might win Christ ! Therefore Christ raised her from the dung-heap to the kingdom."

That Helena was a native of Drepanum, in the Gulf of Nicomedia, hardly admits of doubt. It was because Drepanum was the birthplace of his mother that Constantine changed its name to Helenopolis.¹

It is probable that Constantius made acquaintance with her on his return from the Persian embassy in the reign of Aurelian, and he may have persuaded her to accompany him thence, either as his concubine or as his wife.

That she was a concubine only is doubtful; as had she been such Diocletian would not have insisted on a divorce when Constantius married Theodora.

Eutychius of Alexandria (*d.* 940), probably from tradition, says that "Constantius having gone into the parts of Mesopotamia and Rhoæ, whilst tarrying at the city of Rohar Caphar Phacar, saw there a pretty, handsome woman, named Helena, who had been converted by Barsicas, Bishop of Rhoæ, to the Christian faith, but who could not read. He asked the maiden in marriage of her father, and she became pregnant by him. Constantius having returned to Byzantium, Helena gave birth to a beautiful son, gentle and intelligent—Constantine; and he was brought up at Rhoæ, and learned the sciences of the Greeks."²

This statement is perhaps founded on an obscure tradition that the connexion between Constantius and Helena began either on his way out to Persia or on his return

¹ Procop. Cæs., *De ædificiis Justiniani*, v. 2; Niceph. Callist., vii. 49.

² Ed. Pocock, *T. I.* p. 408.

There was a Bishop of Edessa in Osrhoëne named Barses, between A.D. 361—378, so that the statement exhibits an apparent anachronism.

Not only do English mediæval historians claim S. Helena as a native of Britain, but so also does the tradition of the Church of Treves assert her to have been born in that ancient city, the capital of Belgic Gaul. It is as worthless as the tradition that she was daughter of King Coel of Colchester.

The Cathedral at Treves is said to have been the palace of S. Helena, given by Constantine to the Church. It was certainly a Roman palace, consisting of an open atrium, a peristyle, and a tablinum. The atrium was roofed over in the 11th century, the peristyle lengthened into a nave, and the tablinum enlarged into a choir; traces of the early construction remain. But that it was the palace of Helena and Constantius is not easy of proof. It was in A.D. 292 that Constantius was nominated Cæsar, and Governor of Gaul, and therefore then probably took up his residence in Treves. That same year he repudiated Helena and married Theodora. It is scarcely possible that Helena should have followed Constantius and his new wife to Treves. Constantine was aged about eighteen when his father was promoted to the rank of Cæsar, and his mother was divorced. He did not then follow his father, but remained in the service of Diocletian, signalized his valour in the wars of Egypt and Persia, and gradually rose to the honourable station of a tribune of the first order. The favour of the people and soldiers, who had named him as a worthy candidate for the rank of Cæsar, served to exasperate the jealousy of Galerius. His danger, and the anxiety of his father increased; Constantius wrote to him repeated letters, expressing the warmest desire to embrace his son in a place of security. By a timely flight from Nicomedia in the night, by rapidly traversing Bithynia, Thrace, Dacia, Pannonia, Italy and Gaul, Con-

stantine escaped the secret assassination prepared for him by Galerius; and reached the port of Boulogne, at the very moment when his father was preparing to embark for Britain, A.D. 304. Constantine was twenty-two years old when his father sailed to Britain to meet—so runs the fable—the jovial King Coel, and see and love his beautiful daughter Helena. Constantius died at York, fifteen months after he had received the title of Augustus, and almost fourteen years and a half after he had been promoted to the rank of Cæsar. His death was immediately succeeded by the elevation of Constantine (A.D. 306), who remained in Britain six years.

It is most probable that Helena remained at Drepanum in Bithynia, her native place, whilst Constantine was at Nicomedia; the son may have, and probably did, resent the divorce of his mother, and for this cause did not follow his father into Gaul. His mother, to whom he always showed a warm attachment, would probably reside in the neighbourhood. She could not have accompanied him in his rapid flight from Nicomedia, but, perhaps, as soon as he was Cæsar, he sent for her to Britain, or to Treves. He visited Treves in 306, and exhibited in the amphitheatre a horrible spectacle, the massacre of many thousand unarmed Franks.

It was between 306—313 that S. Helena must have lived at Treves, and thus have given rise to the tradition of her having been born there. She was not at that time a Christian, nor did she believe till after the conversion of her son, as may be gathered from Eusebius.¹

The conversion of Constantine took place A.D. 312, and S. Helena must have been about sixty-four years old when she embraced Christianity.

The first wife of Constantine was Minervina; by her he had an only son, named Crispus. He afterwards married

¹ Vit. Constant., iii. 47.

Fausta, daughter of Maximian, who became the mother of Constantius and other children.

The jealous Constantine suspected that his son was meditating revolt; perhaps Fausta encouraged him in this belief. In 326 he ordered the execution of his son. Then, finding out that he had been mistaken, and that the youth was innocent, he had Fausta his wife suffocated in her bath.

The aged Helena is said to have unwittingly incited the Emperor to this second atrocious crime, by her laments over the murdered Crispus, and her reproaches for his culpable credulity.¹

To expiate the crimes wherewith her son was stained, the aged Helena, in 325, in about her seventy-seventh year, went a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, to visit the places made sacred by the footsteps of the Saviour. She erected two churches—one at Bethlehem, another on the Mount of the Ascension, and the Emperor richly endowed both these churches. The grave of Christ, Constantine cleaned out of all the earth and rubbish which had gradually accumulated in it.

That S. Helena dug on Calvary and found the true Cross is a matter of tradition dating from the time of S. Ambrose, but it was unknown to Eusebius, who was a contemporary,* and the Cross had not been found in A.D. 333, when the Bordeaux Itinerary of the Holy Land was composed. For further particulars the reader is referred to the article on the "Invention of the Cross" (May 3, p. 56). In her eightieth year Helena died, having first made her will, and constituted her son heir to all she possessed, along with her grandsons. She died holding the hand of Constantius.

¹ Sext. Aurel. Victor. "Constantinus Fausta conjugē, ut putant, suggerente, Crispum filium necari jubet. Dehinc uxorem suam Faustam, in balneis arduentes coniectam, interemit; cum eum mater Helena dolore nimio nepotis mortem increparet." Zosimus says he murdered Fausta to "console his mother Helena."

* Euseb. Vit. Const., iii. 42.

The body was brought with great pomp to Constantinople,¹ and was buried there with splendour in the Church of the Holy Apostles, lately erected in his new capital by Constantine. But this is not certain. By some it is supposed that she died near Rome, and was buried there.

Among the relics of S. Helena are a head at Treves, some bones in the Vatican, and others at Lisbon; others at Altrele, near Reims.

The bodies of Gaspar, Melchior, and Balthazar, now shown at Cologne, it is pretended were brought from the East by S. Helena, and given to the cathedral of Milan, whence they were taken by Frederick II. She also is said to have given the Holy Coat, the seamless robe of Christ, to the Cathedral of Treves. Several churches claim to have had S. Helena as their foundress, such as Treves, Bonn, and Reims.

S. Helena is the subject of several romances. The legend of the Jew Cyriacus, or the Finding of the Cross, is one. Another is the mediæval tale of "*La Belle Hélène de Constantinople*," in which the legend is transformed into pure romance. An outline of the story will suffice to give an idea of its contents.

King Antony of Constantinople wished to marry his own daughter, the beautiful Helen; but she ran away at night hearing that the Pope, her uncle, had granted a dispensation to permit the marriage, "because he wanted help against the Saracens." She got into a boat alone, and the wind bore her away to Ecluse, in Flanders, but that country was then in the hands of the Saracens, under King Cantebron, who, when he saw her, fell in love with her, and she fled away again. Her boat was broken, only one plank remained, she stepped thereon and was wafted to London. And when she reached London, she went into an orchard by a fountain

¹ "To the royal city," certainly Constantinople, not Rome.

and sat down. Now King Henry was then reigning along with his mother, in England; and he came into the orchard and saw fair Helen there, dressed in cloth of gold, under an apple tree; but when he spoke to her she fainted away. So he bade his almoner run and bring bread and wine; and he went and brought them. Then the king made sops and put them into fair Helen's mouth, and presently her great blue eyes opened. Then said the king, "Lady, you have spoiled your fair dress!" "Sire!" answered she, "my boat fell among pirates, and all perished but I, and I came drifting over the sea on one plank."

And when the king saw how beautiful she was, he commended her to his mother, who took care of her. But many a bright day they walked together in the orchard of red apples.

One day the king said to her, "Lady, you are surely of noble race; tell me your story and I will make you my wife."

But she said, "Sire, I am a poor girl without a denier."

Then the king held out his hand, and raised her from the grass where she was sitting, and said, "Lady, I have got money enough for both of us."

But when the queen-mother heard of this, she was full of wrath, and meditated treason. But the king called all his nobles together, and they spread a rich carpet, and drank wine, and made good cheer, and he held his wedding feast, and for two years they lived together in great love, and had two sons—S. Martin and S. Brice.

Now Buthor of Armenia laid siege to Rome; so Pope Clement sent and called the King of England to his aid. And Henry bade the Earl of Gloucester take the regency, and he bade farewell to Helen, and went his way to Rome.

Now, before he went, he gave to Helen his royal seal. And after he was departed, Helen was left alone in the city

of London, and the queen-mother often came from Dover and dined with the Queen Helen and Mary Countess of Gloucester. And after dinner one day the ladies went out into the garden to play, and left Helen alone with the queen-mother; and Helen's eyes were heavy. Then said the queen-mother, "Lay thy head on my lap!" So Helen laid her fair head on the old woman's lap, and went to sleep. Then the queen-mother stole the royal seal, and went her way. Now, after a while the fair Helen was brought to bed of two lovely babes. Then the Earl of Gloucester wrote a letter to King Henry to apprise him thereof. But as the messenger tarried for a boat at Dover, the queen-mother got possession of this letter, opened it and wrote a letter to say that Helen had become the mother of two black doggies. And she sealed it with the royal signet, and the messenger went his way, and wot not that the letter had been changed.

Now, when King Henry read the letter, he was grieved to the heart, so he went to the Pope and told him all the story of how he had met Helen first in an orchard by a well, and had married her. Then said Clement the Pope, "I trust me that this is my niece, the daughter of the King of Constantinople." Now, when King Henry heard this, he was as glad as if he had received the revenues of two kingdoms, yet withal, when he thought of the two black dogs, he was sad. He wrote letters back, but they were taken by the queen-mother at Dover, and for them was substituted an order that Helen and her two children were incontinently to be burned alive.

Now, when the letter reached the Earl of Gloucester and Queen Helen, great was their dismay. The Earl dared not disobey the orders; but his niece Mary fell on her knees and prayed him, saying, "Let me be burned instead of my queen, and I will hold two puppets of linen in my

arms for the babes." And the Earl said, "But I must give evidence to the king that his wife is destroyed." Then he bethought him and went to the queen, and said, "What token shall I bear to my lord that I have fulfilled his orders?" And she held out her finger with the wedding ring on it, and said, "Cut this off. With this ring he made me his, and he will know it again." So he cut off her finger with the ring upon it. And on the morrow Mary of Gloucester was burned in the room of Helen.

But the poor queen fled away into Brittany with her babes.

It is unnecessary to follow all her adventures and those of the children. King Constantine is introduced,—he is Prince of Bordeaux, he goes to Palestine, and runs away with Placentia the wife of King Priam, after having first baptized her. The story of course ends with the joyful reunion of Helen and King Henry and their children, the finger of Helen is replaced and healed by her son, S. Martin; and the wicked queen-mother is burnt alive.¹

¹ For the whole legend, see Migne's *Dict. des Legendes Chrétiennes*, p. 523—576. For the bibliography of it, Grässe: *Literär-geschicht aller bekannten Völker*, II. Abt. 3, H. 1, p. 284. The story occurs in Matthew Paris, *Hist. Maj.*, told of a daughter of Offa, King of Mercia. It was versified in the 13th cent. by the Trouvere Philip of Reims.

August 19.

- S. JULIUS, *M. at Rome*; A.D. 192.
 S. MAGNUS, *B. M. in Italy*; A.D. 250.
 S. MAGNUS, *M. in Cappadocia*; circ. A.D. 272.
 S. ANDREW THE TRIBUNE, *M. in Cilicia*; circ. A.D. 303.
 SS. TIMOTHY, THECLA, AND AGAPIUS, *MM. in Palestine*; A.D. 304 and 306.
 THE APPARITION OF THE CROSS TO CONSTANTINE; A.D. 312.
 S. CLEDOG, *A. M. in Brecknock*; circ. A.D. 482.
 S. MOCHTEUS, *B. of Louth*; A.D. 535.
 S. BERTULF, *Ab. of Bobbio, in Italy*; A.D. 640.
 S. MAGNUS, *B. of Avignon*; A.D. 660.
 S. SEBALDUS, *H. at Nürnberg*; 8th cent.
 S. LOUIS, *B. of Toulouse*; A.D. 1297.

S. JULIUS, M.

(A.D. 192.)

[Roman Martyrology; the Martyrologium parvum, Ado, Usuardus, &c.
 Authority:—Mentioned in the Martyrologies, and the legendary Acts in Vincent of Beauvais.]

SAINTE JULIUS, a Roman senator, suffered in the reign of Commodus, having been sentenced to death by the judge Vitellius. He had received Christian instruction from SS. Eusebius, Vincentius, Peregrinus, and Pontianus, through whose hands he distributed his goods to the poor. He was beaten to death with cudgels.

S. MAGNUS, B.M.

(A.D. 250.)

[Roman Martyrology. The greatest discrepancy exists in the Martyrologies touching this saint.]

It can hardly be doubted that S. Magnus, Bishop and Martyr, has been manufactured by the blunders of martyrologists. S. Andrew the Tribune is commemorated in the Greek *Menæas* as "*Megalomarturos*;" in Latin, "*Magnus Martyr*."

In the early Latin lists, on August 19, was accordingly inscribed "*ANDREAS TRIBUNUS, MAGNUS MARTYR*." This was read as if there were two Saints, Andrew the Tribune, and Magnus the Martyr.

But the martyrologists did not fall into this error altogether at first. The author of an ancient Roman Martyrology published by Rosweydyus, and Usuardus have the following entry: "The nativity of S. Magnus or S. Andrew the Martyr, with his two thousand five hundred and ninety-seven companions."¹ Later martyrologists distinguish Magnus from Andrew; the next process was to give Magnus a different scene of martyrdom from Andrew, and different torments. In the modern Roman Martyrology Magnus is converted into a bishop, still further to distinguish him from Andrew, and he is made to suffer some fifty years before Andrew; his body has also been found at Fundana, and translated to Anagni. A body of S. Magnus translated to Rome, is in the church of S. Michael, but this is said by some to be that of Magnus, a Friesland duke, who fell in Italy fighting against the Saracens. The church of Laeken, near Brussels, claims the possession of an arm,

¹ The Martyrology of S. Jerome. "*Natalis S. Magni seu S. Andreæ martyris*;" a Corbei Martyrology the same.

and a large portion of the body is at Minden. The Acts are apocryphal; so also are those of S. Magnus Martyr at Cæsarea in Cappadocia; both these saints have issued from the same mistake of taking the attribute of S. Andrew the Tribune as an independent saint, and varying the incidents of martyrdom at pleasure.¹

S. ANDREW THE TRIBUNE, M.

(ABOUT A.D. 303.)

[Greek Menæa and Menology, Russian and Coptic Calendars. The Roman and ancient Latin Martyrologies. Authority:—The Acts, late, amplified and re-written in bombastic style, probably by Metaphrastes. The mention in the Martyrologies, being more ancient, is more trustworthy.]

In the reign of Maximian, persecution was waged against the soldiers who would not sacrifice to the Genius of the Emperor. At first, as Eusebius tells us, they were given the option to conform to the established superstition or to leave the army. "When the general, whoever he was, first undertook the persecution against the soldiers, he began by a review and lustration of those that were enrolled in the army, and gave them their choice, either to enjoy the honour conferred on them if they obeyed, or to be deprived of this if they proved disobedient. Very many soldiers in the kingdom of Christ, without hesitation, preferred the confession of His name to the apparent glory and comfort that they enjoyed, and of these a few here and there exchanged their honours, not only for degradation, but even


¹ As the notice of Galesinius, "Cæsarea, sanctorum martyrum Magni, Andreæ et Sociorum, qui his mille quingenti et nonaginta septem, cum leonem conspexissent in homines a fide alienos sævientem ad beati martyris Magni pedes mansuetum jacere; ad Christi fidem se contulerunt. Quamobrem Alexandri præsidis jussu capite plectuntur. Magnus vero lapidibus obruitur."

for death, on account of their perseverance in religion. These last were not, however, as yet numerous, as the great instigator of these violent measures proceeded at first with moderation, venturing only to shed the blood of a few. The great numbers of the faithful, probably, deterred him, and made him shrink from a general attack upon all; but when once he began to arm openly, it is impossible to say how many or how eminent were those who presented themselves in every place and city and country, as martyrs in the cause of Christ."¹

Andrew was a tribune in the army sent against the Persians. After a victory, the general, Antiochus, reviewed his troops and ordered a sacrifice to the immortal gods. As Andrew and some of the soldiers refused to participate in the ceremonial, the general ordered their hands to be transfixcd with nails, and their heads to be struck off.

The number of the comrades of S. Andrew has been exaggerated by Western Martyrologists into two thousand five hundred and ninety-seven men. About the number the Greek Menæa and Menology are silent; these two thousand five hundred and ninety-seven have also, along with the title of the Saint, detached themselves from him, and adhered together as separate Saints, S. Magnus and his Companions, Martyrs.

¹ Euseb. H. E., viii. 4.



SS. TIMOTHY, THECLA, AND AGAPIUS, MM.

(A.D. 304 AND 306.)

[Greek Menæa and Menology, Russian Menology, Roman Martyrology. Authority:—The contemporary account of Eusebius, in his *Martyrs of Palestine*, c. 3 and 6.]

EUSEBIUS says, "When Urbanus was Governor of the Province (of Palestine), in the second year, imperial edicts were first issued to him, in which it was ordered that all persons in every city should sacrifice and make libations to the idols. Timothy at Gaza endured a multitude of tortures, and after having borne them all, was condemned to be consumed by a slow and gentle fire. He exhibited in all his sufferings the most indubitable proof of his sincere devotion to God, and thus bore away the crown of those holy wrestlers who triumph in the cause of religion.

"At the same time with him Agapius, who displayed the noblest firmness in his confession, and Thecla, our contemporary, were condemned to be cast to wild beasts." Agapius, however, did not die then; being spared by the beasts, he was taken back to prison, where he lingered for two more years till the Emperor Maximian came to Cæsarea, when he was brought forth for martyrdom in the arena. "After having been paraded with malefactors, from the prison to the stadium, already a third time, and after various threats from the judges, whether through compassion, or out of hope of changing his purpose, he had been deferred from time to time for other contests; at length, when the Emperor was present, he was led forth. As if he had been designedly reserved for this time, and that, also, the declaration of our Saviour might be fulfilled, when He said that His disciples should be led before kings, to confess Him, he was brought into the stadium, before the Emperor, along with a

criminal charged with having murdered his master. The murderer, when cast to the beasts, was treated with clemency—as Barabbas was treated in the Saviour's time;—the theatre resounded with applause, and the bloodstained homicide was pardoned by the Emperor and honoured with liberty and promotion. But Agapius, the wrestler for the Faith, was first summoned before the tyrant, and required to renounce his purpose, liberty being offered him if he would do so. But he declared with a loud voice his glad readiness to suffer whatever might be inflicted on him, and rushing towards a bear that had been let loose on him, readily offered himself to be devoured. Still breathing he was taken up, and carried to prison. As he was alive next day, stones were attached to his feet, and he was plunged in the sea."

THE APPARITION OF THE CROSS.

(A.D. 312.)

[Orleans Breviary. Authority :—Eusebius, from the account given to him by Constantine himself.]

WHEN Constantine was resolving on a struggle with Maxentius, he one day saw, above the brightness of the sun, a cross of wondrous shape, which struck him with awe. Around it he thought he traced the legend "In this sign conquer." The sight was viewed by his army as well as himself; and when, before the battle of the Milvian bridge, which decided the fate of the world, he had the mysterious sign set up on his standard in place of the Roman eagle, it was hailed by his soldiers as a symbol of divine protection and a promise of victory. The vision is said to have occurred in the neighbourhood of Treves, where a chapel, supposed

to occupy the spot, commemorates the incident. But Eusebius does not mention when or where the vision took place, though the words he employs seem to indicate that Constantine saw the cross in the sky before he passed the Alps.

S. CLEDOG, K.M.

(ABOUT A.D. 482.)

[Wilson, Capgrave, and Whitford on Nov. 3. Cressy says that he is venerated on Aug. 19. Whitford perhaps mistook him for Clydwyn, venerated on Nov. 1.]

CLEDOG, or Clydog, was a grandson of the famous Brychan of Brecknock, a member, therefore, of a family of saints. The Cognacio Brychani and Llewelyn say that he was the son of S. Clydwyn, a grandson of Brychan. He appears to have had a brother, whom different MSS. call Dedyn or Neubedd, and a sister, S. Pedita. His beauty caused a young girl to fall passionately in love with him. A chief who was struck with her beauty was met with the cold reply that she would belong to none but Clydog. Filled with jealousy, he took an opportunity, whilst the prince was out hunting, to run his sword through his body. The place of the murder was Clodock in Herefordshire. When the body was found, it was placed on a cart drawn by oxen, but as the obstinate beasts refused to proceed, it was supposed that the martyr desired to lie where he had been slain, and a chapel was erected over his remains. In the Latin Martyrologies he is called S. Clintanc.

S. MOCHTEUS, B. OF LOUTH.

(A.D. 535.)

[Irish Martyrologies. Authorities :—Mention in the lives of S. Patrick, and his own life, a late composition.]

MOCHTEUS, a Briton, the son of a bard named Hoa, came with his parents to Ireland, at the beginning of the 6th century. He and his father and mother were Christians, and they gladly hailed S. Patrick as an apostle. Mochteus was sent to Rome, where he collected a dozen zealous men to come out to Patrick, to assist in the conversion of Ireland. He settled at Louth, where he was speedily surrounded by disciples, and was finally perhaps consecrated bishop. The tripartite Life calls him S. Patrick's arch-priest, and in the book of Sligo he is styled simply "*sacerdos*." Yet, the Calendar of Cashel, and the Donegal Martyrology, speak of him as a bishop, and are followed by the Four Masters. Adamnan, however, in his second preface to the life of S. Columba, speaks of him as "a British proselyte, a holy man, the disciple of S. Patrick, the bishop." It is, therefore, doubtful if he ever received episcopal orders. Had he so done, Adamnan would have spoken of him as a bishop. He was the youngest and last surviving disciple of S. Patrick.

The life of the saint, a late composition, is a collection of marvels. It relates how as a child he learned letters from an angel who brought him a waxed slate for the purpose from heaven. This slate the saint afterwards presented to the Pope. Also how, when he sailed with his disciples for Ireland, inadvertently one who had been left behind, tore off a tree bough and was wafted over the waters on the green fronds, to the retreating ship of Mochteus.

He received the viaticum from the hands of S. Dageus, and died in 535.

S. SEBALDUS, H.

(8TH CENT.)

[Venerated chiefly at Nürnberg; devotion sanctioned by Martin V. German Martyrologies. Authority:—An ancient life by an anonymous author, the date uncertain, probably of the 11th cent.]

SEBALD was brought up in his boyhood at the court of Dagobert;¹ he was the son of a petty chief on the Danube. He was in Rome when SS. Willibald and Wunibald were there, A.D. 733—739, and departed at the same time as Willibald,² to carry the gospel into the wilds of Germany, where S. Boniface, the kinsman of Willibald and Wunibald, was labouring to produce a reformation among the turbulent prelates, and to spread the truth among those who as yet knew not Christ. It is probable that Sebald travelled with Willibald, and when the latter settled at Eichstadt on the confines of Franconia, Sebald pushed further north, to the bold rock rising out of the plain, above the Pegnitz, now crowned by the picturesque castle of Nürnberg, and settled there in the heart of the Franconian people.

Some slight difficulty occurs in reconciling dates. Wunibald was at Rome with Willibald in 721, but apparently not in 733 and the six years following, when Willibald returned from his pilgrimage in the Holy Land.

Sebald arrived in Rome during the pontificate of Gregory II. (A.D. 715—731); Willibald did not start for Germany till 739. But the biographer tells us of a long period of eremitical life spent in Lombardy near Vicenza, and this may have occurred during the time that Willibald was in the East. When Gregory III. sought for missionaries to send into Germany in answer to the appeal of S. Boniface, he probably summoned Sebald from his retreat to join Willibald.

¹ The biographer says Pepin and Charlemagne, but this is a gross anachronism.

² July 7, p. 180.

One day Sebald asked shelter of a labourer in bitter frosty weather. The snow was over the ground, the wind howled over the frozen marshes of the Pegnitz. He was received with great churlishness. In vain he crouched over the low embers of the fire, seeking to restore warmth to his chilled hands and feet. At last he ventured to ask if more fuel might be cast on the hearth. "I cannot afford it," said the surly rustic, "it takes time to cut wood and cart it."

"Then, good woman," said Sebald, addressing the wife of the churl, who looked on him with pitying eyes, "go fetch in a sheaf of icicles I saw hanging from the roof." The woman—so runs the tale—obeyed, and, at Sebald's command, cast them on the fire. A flame shot up and crackled among the icicles, and speedily the whole bundle was in roaring flames.

It is a pretty story, perhaps only an allegory of how Sebald quickened and made to flame with divine love the icy Franconian natures, which seemed as impossible to warm with grace as the winter's ice.

At length he died, and those who ministered to him swung incense over the dead body of the old hermit, and lit candles about it. Now, there was a woman, a sinner, whom Sebald had turned to the love of the living God. And in memory of her sin, and in expiation thereof, she wore about her arm a hoop of iron. And she came to see the dead hermit. And one of the candles about his head was crooked, and swaled; then she stretched forth her arm and set it upright, and the iron band burst at the same moment. So she thought that the old man, as he entered into the presence of God, had not forgotten the poor woman whom he had converted on earth, and that God had heard his petition, and the snapped ring was a token sent her that her sins, which were many, were pardoned.

The body of the hermit rests in an exquisite shrine in the

choir of S. Sebaldus' church in Nürnberg, undisturbed. The sides of the shrine are chased with scenes from his life by Adam Kraft.

S. LOUIS, B. OF TOULOUSE.

(A.D. 1297.)

[Roman and Gallican Martyrologies. Canonized by Pope John XXII., in 1317. Authority :—A life written by a contemporary, well acquainted with the Saint. Of his childhood he writes, " This was told me by Mary, her serene Majesty, his mother."]

CHARLES of Anjou, brother of Louis IX., the Saint, obtained the kingdom of Naples and Sicily, by the gift of Pope Urban IV., who hated and dreaded the Hohenstaufen family, and was reluctant to see the young Conradin, grandson of Frederick II., on the throne, and master of both Germany and Naples, able to hold the Papal States as a nut between the jaws of a cracker. Conradin was only three years old when his father died (A.D. 1250).

Charles grasped at the tempting offer. In 1265 he poured a French army into Italy, defeated Manfred, the guardian of Conradin, at Benevento, and established himself on the throne of Naples. Charles of Anjou was succeeded by his son, Charles II., who married Mary of Hungary, and by her had fourteen children. The eldest son was Charles Martel, Prince of Salerno, the second was Louis, the subject of this memoir ; the third Robert, King of Sicily ; the fourth Philip, Prince of Tarentum ; the rest of the sons need not be named. Of his daughters Clementia married Charles of Valois, Bianca became the wife of James, King of Aragon, Eleonora married Frederick, King of Sicily, Maria married the King of Majorca.

Lashed to insurrection by the unexampled barbarities and outrages committed by the French soldiers in Sicily, the people rose as one body, and massacred the insolent and brutal invaders, March 31, A.D. 1282. Charles of Anjou was then at Naples. When he heard of the revolt, of the total loss of Sicily, he sat silent, glaring fiercely around him, gnawing the top of his sceptre; then broke into horrible vows of vengeance: "If he could live a thousand years, he would go on razing the cities, burning the lands, torturing the rebellious slaves. He would leave Sicily a blasted, barren, uninhabited rock, as a warning and an example."

The Pope, Martin IV., seconded him by hurling a bull of excommunication against the rebels who had dared to rise against a foreign king imposed on them by Papal authority, a king who had murdered in cold blood their beloved and rightful heir, the boy Conradin, and who had filled every corner of Sicily and Naples with blood, outrage, and robbery. A crusade was proclaimed against the insurgents. The people of Palermo replied, "They had unfolded the banner of S. Peter, in hopes, under its protection, to obtain their liberties; now they unfurled the banner of another Peter, the King of Aragon, they placed the island of Sicily under his protection."

Peter of Aragon, to whom the Palermitans had offered the kingdom of Sicily, at once embarked an army and landed at Trapani, and hastened to the relief of Messina, then invested by King Charles. The Papal legate who was with the French army demanded to be allowed to enter the city. He was received with the utmost respect, he was implored to accept the dominion of the city in the name of the Church. "To the Church they would willingly pay their tribute, but never, never again to the French."

The legate replied by inviting them, "Let Messina lay

herself in the lap of the Church, in her name to be restored to King Charles." "To Charles, never!" The people took up the cry, "To the French never! so long as we have blood to shed and swords to wield." They knew too well the mercy of Charles.

Charles of Anjou made a furious assault on the city, but was repelled. Ambassadors from the King of Aragon arrived. Charles received them boiling with rage and baffled pride, sitting on his bed, and, with the gesture constantly ascribed to him, gnawing his sceptre.

The letter of the King of Aragon was bold, defiant; it ordered Charles, "Count of Provence and King of Jerusalem," to depart out of Sicily; and expressed astonishment at his presumption in impeding the passage of the king through his dominions.

From this period, the mind of Charles, never strong, but insolent and cruel in prosperity, sank into a strange prostration; he withdrew to Naples, and appealed to the Pope to hurl his thunders against Peter of Aragon. A new disaster completed the humiliation of Charles. His fleet was discomfited, and his son Charles was taken prisoner. The precious hostage was in the power of his enemies; on him they might wreak vengeance for the death of the young Conradin. His strength failed, and he died the same year at Foggia. The same year saw the death of Peter of Aragon, leaving his Spanish possessions to his elder son Alfonso, and the crown of Sicily to the Infant James.

Edward I. of England, allied with the Houses of Aragon and of Anjou, now mediated to obtain the liberation of Charles the lame, the son of Charles of Anjou. The King of Aragon would not surrender his captive, still in prison in Catalonia, except at the price of the recognition of the Aragonese title to the kingdom of Sicily; and Charles,

weary of bondage, consented. By the treaty of Campo Franco, drawn up by the Papal notary, Charles pledged himself to arrange a peace satisfactory to the kings of Aragon and of Sicily, to surrender his claims to the latter, and to give up his three sons and sixty Provençal nobles as hostages. He was released (A.D. 1288). Pope Nicholas IV. at once annulled the treaty written by his own notary, and absolved Charles from his solemn oath to observe the conditions of the compact.

But the cautious King of Aragon did not allow his captive to escape, till three princes, the sons of Charles, were in his power. One of these was Louis, the subject of this notice.

During his captivity Louis was attacked with a dangerous illness, and thinking himself dying, he vowed, should he be restored to health, to join the Order of S. Francis. A providential escape from being crushed by a horse which fell upon him, after his recovery, confirmed him in his resolution to devote his life to religion.

After seven years of captivity, he was released (A.D. 1295), and returned to Naples, where he took holy orders and was ordained priest. He lived in a castle above that deep blue bay, opposite Vesuvius with its streamer of smoke. He said mass every day, and spent his leisure in a garden where he dug and weeded and tended his flowers with great assiduity. A favourite friend was Jacques d'Euse, a little deformed man, a cobbler's son of Cahors. He had followed in his youth the fortunes of an uncle, who had a small trading capital, at Naples. He settled in that brilliant and pleasant city. It presented openings for needy and ambitious Frenchmen. He was encouraged to study by a Franciscan friar, but refused to enter the Order. The poor scholar was recommended to the instructor of the king's children. He ingratiated himself into the favour of Louis; from step to step he mounted till,

in 1316, he became Pope (as John XXII.) at Avignon. One of his first acts was to canonize his friend and benefactor, Louis of Naples.

Under the tuition of Richard à Mediavilla, the Franciscan, Louis acquired some theological and philosophic learning, and becoming more and more attached to the Minorite Order, he surrounded himself with grey habited friars. He was speedily advanced to the bishopric of Toulouse, at the age of twenty-two, in 1296, and died the following year. He is said to have been a zealous preacher, addressing the people even as much as twice a Sunday. His sermons were not without fruit.

The interests of the Papal See, no less than his alliance with Charles of Naples, bound Pope Boniface VIII., now occupying the throne of S. Peter, to reconcile, if possible, the conflicting pretensions of the Houses of Anjou and Aragon, and to bury in forgetfulness the failure of the efforts of the Holy See to crush and expel the Spaniard and restore Sicily to the merciless hand of the Frenchman. The Aragonese, notwithstanding the most solemn excommunications, and reiterated grants of the Kingdom of Sicily to the Angevin, the most strenuous warfare of the combined Papal and Angevin armies, had still obstinately maintained their title by descent, election of the people, and actual possession. The throne of Sicily had successively passed from Peter to Alfonso, from Alfonso to James; from James it had devolved, in fact, if not by any regular grant or title, to his younger brother Frederick.

During the reign of the peaceful James a treaty had been agreed to. Two marriages, to which Pope Cœlestine removed the canonical impediments, ratified the peace. James of Aragon was espoused to Bianca, daughter of Charles; and Robert the next son of Charles, after Louis, to Iolante, the sister of James.

The biographer of S. Louis says that he resigned the crown that might have been his, in order to devote himself wholly to religion. In 1290 Charles Martel, his elder brother, succeeded to the crown of Hungary, by right of his mother, Mary, sister and heiress of Ladislas IV. Charles the lame did not die till 1309, consequently it is not very clear what crown Louis rejected, unless it were the prospect of one, that of Naples, to which his younger brother Robert succeeded in 1309. But Louis was then dead. Not long after his appointment as Bishop of Toulouse, he was given also the see of Pamiers, which Boniface VIII. had just erected. He had joined the Order of S. Francis when he was consecrated Bishop, in the Church of Ara Coeli in Rome. In his palace at Toulouse he affected the Minorite colours, his bed-curtains were grey, so were the coverings of his chairs and stools. All his gold and silver plate and jewellery he sent to his father, and used in his household wooden bowls and platters. Even his silver comb he resigned, not without a sigh, and in its place used a fanshell, employed in the stables for measuring the oats for the horses. But having been remonstrated with, he relaxed the severity of his rule, and allowed the table to be laid with a few silver articles.

Every day he washed the hands and cut up the bread of twenty-five poor wights, and when he found among the beggars who hung about his hall an old man unable to feed himself, he benignantly placed the food in the man's mouth. In his bed lay with him "two friars minors, and sometimes more." His habit was old and dirty and ragged; meeting a man one day without clothes, he pulled off his dress and threw it over the pauper. He urged on his clergy not to appear gay and dapper in dress. "Dirty clothes," said he, "cover clean souls."

In 1297 he went into Catalonia, to visit his sister, and on his way back to Toulouse was attacked with fever at

Tarascon, and died there. He was taken to Marseilles, and there buried. He was aged fourteen when sent a hostage into Spain, and there he spent seven years in captivity. After his release he was rapidly promoted to Orders before the canonical age, and given the bishoprics of Toulouse and Pamiers, and died at the age of twenty-three, two years and ten months after he left his captivity.

August 20.

S. SAMUEL, *Prophet in Palestine*; circ. B.C. 1058.

S. LUCIUS, *M. in Cyprus*; 4th cent.

SS. SEVERUS AND MEMNON, *M.M. at Thace*; 4th cent.

SS. LEONTIUS AND CARPOPHORUS, *M.M. at Vicenza, in Italy*; 4th cent.

S. AUCTOR, *B. of Treves*; 5th cent.

S. OSWIN, *K. M. of Northumbria*; A.D. 651.

S. PHILIBERT, *Ab. of Yumièges and Noirmoutier*; circ. A.D. 687.

SS. LEOVIGILD AND CHRISTOPHER, *M.M. at Cordova*; A.D. 852.

S. BERNARD, *Ab. D., of Clervaux*; A.D. 1153.

S. RONALD, *M. in Orkney*; A.D. 1158.

S. OSWIN, K. M.

(A.D. 651.)

[Anciently venerated in Northumbria. Authorities:—John of Tyne-mouth's Acts of S. Oswin; mention by Bede, H. E. iii. 14; Vita Oswini in the publications of the Surtees Society, 1838. The following is, for the most part, from Montalembert's Monks of the West.]



ON the death of S. Oswald, Northumbria fell a prey, first to the ravages of Mercian invasion, then to the complications and weakness of a divided succession. Like the Merovingian, and even the Carolingian Franks, the Anglo-Saxons, and particularly the Angles of Northumbria, could not resist the inclination which led them to accept or incite the division of a kingdom among several princes, as soon as there appeared several heirs of a deceased king. Oswald left a son in childhood, whose claims were not at that moment taken into consideration. His brother Oswy, still in the flower of his youth, at once took his place in Bernicia—that is to say, in the northern part of Northumbria. As for Deira, it fell to a prince of the Deirian dynasty, grand nephew to Ella, the founder of that race. Osric, after a short reign, had fallen

by the sword of Cadwallon's Britons. His son, called Oswin, had been saved while yet a child by his friends, and sent out of Northumbria, and had passed his youth in exile, like Edwin, and the two brothers Oswald and Oswy.

But on hearing of the death of Oswald, Oswin returned to Deira, and claimed his right of succession. The old subjects of his father, Osric, and his great uncle, Ella, received him gladly. The principal nobles met in assembly (A.D. 642), acknowledged his hereditary right, and proclaimed him King of the Deirians, and for seven years he governed them to the satisfaction of all. He was still very young of lofty stature, endowed with remarkable comeliness and grace—a matter of no small importance in an age and among a people extremely sensible to external advantages. But he had, in addition, all the virtues which were then regarded as proofs of sanctity. His extreme gentleness, his charity, and, above all, his humility, were universally extolled. He was, moreover, so accessible, so courteous and generous, that the noble lords of all Northumbria vied with each other in seeking the honour of serving among those officers of his household whom the Latin historians designate in England, as elsewhere, by the name of "ministres."

Although Oswin had been exiled among the Saxons of Wessex, and not in Scotland, like his cousins and rivals, Oswald and Oswy, he was already a Christian when he returned to Northumbria, and did not hesitate to recognise the episcopal authority of S. Aidan, emanating from the Celtic ecclesiastical metropolis of Iona. During his whole reign, this monk of Iona, now Bishop of Lindisfarne, continued to labour in the two kingdoms which formed his vast diocese. It was his special pleasure, when in Deira, to rest under the hospitable roof of the young Oswin, with whom he always lived in as tender and thorough a union as that which had united him to Oswald.

An oft-repeated anecdote, which reveals at once the pleasant intimacy of their relations, and the noble delicacy of their minds, has been left to us by Bede. Aidan performed all his apostolic journeys on foot, but it was the king's wish that he should have at least one horse to cross the rivers, or for other special emergencies; he gave him accordingly his best steed, splendidly caparisoned. The bishop accepted it, and made use of it, but being, as Bede calls him, "the father and the worshipper of the poor," it happened ere long that, meeting a man who asked alms, he leaped down from his royal charger, and gave it, harnessed, as it was, to the beggar. The king, being informed of this, said to Aidan, as they were going to dinner together, "Good bishop, what do you mean by giving my horse to that beggar?" "What is this you ask?" replied Aidan. "Oh, king, the horse, which is the son of a mare, is it more precious than the man who is a son of God?" As he said this they entered the banqueting-hall. Oswin, who had just returned from the chase, approached the fire with his officers, before sitting down at the table, and while he warmed himself, thought over the words of the bishop; then, all at once, taking off his sword, he threw himself at the feet of the saint and implored his pardon. "No more," said he, "shall I regret anything of mine that is given away to the children of God." The words, those few little words, of Aidan, had opened up a new train of ideas in the king's mind; in one moment he had learned, what it has taken Christian Europe centuries to learn, that the life and welfare of every Christian man, poor and simple, as well as noble and learned, is most precious. As they sat down to dinner after this touching scene, the king was bright and joyous; but the clerks of Aidan saw the tears slowly stealing down the old bishop's furrowed cheeks. "Why so sad?" asked a priest in the Celtic tongue, which Oswin and his nobles did not under-

stand. "I know that this young king cannot live long," answered Aidan in the same language, "for never until now have I seen a king so humble, and this turbulent people is not worthy of so gentle a prince."

The sad foreboding of the saint was realized only too soon. There rose in the heart of Oswy of Bernicia a jealous animosity towards the young king, which ripened into civil war. After seven years of union between the two kings of Bernicia and Deira, occasions of estrangement, ever increasing, began to arise between them. These were owing, it cannot be doubted, to the preference which was shown by many of the Northumbrian nobles for the service of Oswin. Oswy marched against the Deirians. Oswin likewise put himself at the head of his army; but it was much less numerous than that of the King of Bernicia, which was swelled by numerous auxiliaries. Oswin found that he could not possibly oppose an effectual resistance to the invader; that to meet him would be to deliver up his faithful followers to massacre. He therefore disbanded his army at "Wilfar's-dun, which is almost ten miles to the north-west from Catterick."¹ He himself took refuge with one trusty soldier, named Tondhere, in the castle of Gilling, the habitation of Earl Hunwald, on whom he had conferred much land and whom he trusted as faithful. Hunwald basely betrayed the place of his retreat to Oswy, who sent his officer, Ethelwin, to Gilling, with orders to put the young king and his followers to death. Oswin entreated that his companion Tondhere might be spared, but the gallant soldier chose to die with his master.

The king and his knight thus perished together, on the 20th of August, A.D. 651; and twelve days afterwards Bishop Aidan followed the king he loved to the tomb. The body of Aidan was carried to his monastic cathedral of Lindis-

¹ The position cannot now be fixed.

farne ; but that of his royal friend Oswin was deposited in a chapel dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, at Tynemouth. Some years later, on the very spot where Oswin had perished, at Gilling, near Richmond, a monastery was reared in expiation of so foul a crime, by the wife of his murderer. This was none other than Eanfleda, daughter of King Edwin, she whose birth had contributed to the conversion of her father, who had been the first-born of Christ in the Northumbrian kingdom, and who, after the overthrow of Edwin and the Roman mission in the north, had been carried in her cradle by Bishop Paulinus into the country of her mother, Ethelburga, daughter of the first Christian King of Kent.

S. BERNARD, AB. D.

(A.D. 1153.)

[Roman Martyrology, canonized by Alexander III. in 1165. Authorities :—A life, the first book by William, Abbot of S. Thierry ; the second by Ernald, Abbot of Bonneval ; the third by Gaufrid, secretary of S. Bernard, afterwards Abbot of Clairvaux, d. 1180 ; the fourth and fifth books by the same ; the sixth book, on the miracles of S. Bernard, by Philip, monk of Clairvaux, Gaufrid of Clairvaux, and an epistle from the monks of Clairvaux to the clerks of Cologne. Another life of S. Bernard, by Alanis, Bishop of Auxerre, d. 1185. *Epistola de morte S. Bernardi*, by the above-named Gaufrid. Another life by Bernard Guntolf, monk, written in metre, 13th cent. Another by John the eremite, &c.]

S. BERNARD was a Burgundian by birth. A mile outside the walls of Dijon, in full view of the range of the Côte d'Or hills, stood a castle, crowning a small height called "Les Fontaines," from the limpid springs which gush from its base. This castle belonged to S. Bernard's father, Tesselin, a brave knight, a friend and vassal of the Duke of Burgundy. Tesselin had the surname of Sorus, which

meant, in the Burgundian patois, reddish, or russet-haired. Tesselin's wife was Alitha, a pious, God-fearing woman. She bore him seven children, six sons and a daughter. Her boys she offered to the Lord as soon as they were born. Charity of the most practical kind was exercised by her in her neighbourhood. Bernard was born in 1153, and when he was old enough, was sent to school at Châtillon. He soon fulfilled his mother's hopes by his proficiency. Studious and retiring, he loved to be alone, and was "marvellously cogitative," we are told.

Apothor account describes him as zealous and ambitious of literary fame, and as carrying on a vigorous rivalry with his fellows in verses and repartees.

S. Bernard was passing from boyhood to youth when his mother died, A.D. 1165, and after her death the aching heart of Bernard led him to imagine he saw her visit him at night in visions, and encourage him to accomplish the good resolve of becoming a monk.

Yet he had a struggle to go through before he could choose finally the ascetic career. His mind was expanding, and craved for greater growth. The schools of Paris were rapidly becoming centres of intellectual life and activity. Philosophy once more, after a long night of sleep, began to exercise a spell on men's minds. It was not without an effort that Bernard quelled the fervent straining of his mind for intellectual activity, and condemned it to bondage to the soul, whose welfare alone he resolved to cultivate.

Bernard persuaded his uncle and two younger brothers, Bartholomew and Andrew, to abandon the world with him. Guido, another brother, he persuaded to desert his young wife, and fly to the cloister. At the age of twenty-two in 1113, Bernard and his companions knocked at the gate, and disappeared within the walls of Citeaux.

Citeaux was growing in fame, and soon the small monas-

tery had more inmates than it could conveniently hold. A colony of monks was despatched, under the guidance of an aged brother named Bertrand, to found the Abbey of La Ferté. Hugh of Macon in a short time was the leader of another swarm from the parental hive, and established a house at Pontigny. And already, in 1115, two years after the arrival of Bernard and his companions, it was necessary to look out for the means of founding another offshoot of the now prolific Citeaux.

Twelve monks, under Bernard, were sent forth. Bernard struck northward, and for a distance of nearly ninety miles he kept this course, passing up the source of the Seine, till he arrived at La Ferté on the Aube. About four miles beyond La Ferté was a deep valley opening to the east; thick woods gave it a character of gloom and wildness; but a clear stream which ran through it was sufficient to relieve its dreariness, and promise pure drinking water and full fish ponds to settlers on its banks.

In June, A.D. 1115, Bernard took up his abode in the valley of Wormwood, as it was then called, and began to look about for means of shelter and sustenance against the approaching winter. The rude fabric which he and his monks raised with their own hands, was long preserved by the pious veneration of the Cistercians. It consisted of a building covered by a single roof; under which, chapel, dormitory, and refectory were all included. Neither stone nor wood hid the bare earth, which served for floor. Windows, scarcely wider than a man's hand, admitted a feeble light. In this room the monks took their frugal meals of herbs and water. Immediately above the refectory was the sleeping apartment. It was reached by a ladder, and was in truth a sort of loft. Here were the monks' beds. boxes of wooden planks, long and wide enough for a man to lie down on. The inside was strewn with chaff, or dried leaves.

At the summit of the stair was the abbot's cell. It was of most scanty dimensions. A framework of boards was placed over the flight of steps, in such a manner that the space might be economized for the purpose of a bed. Two rough-hewn logs of wood were the abbot's pillows. The roof was low, and slanting to such a degree that it was impossible to sit upright near the wall. Little openings in the roof admitted light and air, and too often also snow, rain, and cold winds.¹

The monks had thus got a house over their heads; but they had little else. They had left Cîteaux in June. Their journey had probably occupied them a fortnight, their clearing preparations and building perhaps two months; and thus they would be near September when this portion of their labour was accomplished. Autumn and winter were approaching, and they had no store laid by except the beech-masts collected in the woods, and such roots as were fit to be eaten. Their privations caused by insufficient food were heightened by the wearing out of their shoes and clothes. Their necessities grew with the severity of the season, till at last even salt failed them. The charity of neighbours kept the miserable band alive during the winter. This crisis over, a brighter prospect opened on Clairvaux. The curiosity first, then the sympathy of the neighbourhood was attracted, and Clairvaux was soon placed beyond the reach of those trials which had threatened to extinguish its infancy.

The labours, anxieties, and privations had been too much for Bernard, and he fell dangerously ill. His friend, Bishop William of Chalons, interposed and insisted on his taking complete rest and relaxing his severe fasting. By this means he saved Bernard's life.

¹ Joseph Meglinger, a monk of Wettingen, in 1667, visited Clairvaux, and gives a description of the old monastery, which was carefully preserved. Meglinger's *Itin.* c. 66, 67.

It was Bernard's often-expressed wish and resolution not to leave his monastery except at the command of his superiors. In 1125 he made two journeys, one to Paris, the other to La Grande Chartreuse, and therefore in all probability both were in some way connected with monastic business.

The Carthusian Order had been founded by S. Bruno in 1084. The prior thereof, whom S. Bernard visited, was named Guigo. He and Bernard had been writing to one another before they made personal acquaintance. It was with delight that Guigo received Bernard at his gates. But his delight was clouded by the fact that Bernard rode on a saddle too comfortably padded, and too handsomely adorned, to be consistent with his profession of self-denial. Guigo remonstrated. Bernard expressed his surprise. In his journeys he had not noticed the saddle, which had been lent him by his uncle, a Cluniac monk. Guigo received this explanation with satisfaction, and wondered at the depth of contemplation which had hidden from Bernard for several days what *he* saw at the first glance.

On Bernard's visit to Paris he was exhorted to go into the schools, and lecture to the young men there collected. But instead of addressing their intellects, he appealed to their consciences, and exhorted his hearers to cast away the vain thoughts of mental cultivation, that they might devote all their energies to the discipline of the soul. He was listened to with coldness.

He spent the night in tears and prayer. His sobs were audible throughout the house where he lodged. Next day he preached again, and "converted" numerous scholars,—that is, persuaded them to become monks.

But these wide excursions were quite exceptional with Bernard at this period. At a later epoch of his life, when he shared in, or guided, every important event that occurred

in the Church, he overran the greater part of Europe more than once. But at this time, and for a few years after this, he was still a secluded monk of a new and humble Order.

His influence was, however, slowly spreading, and the commencement was being laid of that authority and estimation which enabled him to take the chief part in quelling a widespread schism, and in giving the strongest impulse to the Second Crusade.

The chief means by which, at this time, Bernard's power and importance were felt, was his vigorous and persevering correspondence. He was the most indefatigable of letter-writers. He writes to persons of all classes, on all subjects, ranging from the most spiritual raptures on the welfare of the soul down to the stealing of pigs.

Pope Honorius .II. died in 1130. As the faction and party spirit at Rome had so often penetrated into the Sacred College, and produced the most scandalous results, the Cardinals had agreed that the election of a new Pope should be confided to eight of their number, chosen with the express purpose of avoiding disputes. But although William, Bishop of Præneste, made them bind themselves under pains of an anathema, to respect this convention, although the ambitious Peter Leonis declared his adhesion to it, it became evident that neither party intended to observe the conditions longer than it suited their convenience, as a cloak to their intrigues. Peter Leonis was at the head of the strongest party in Rome, and the largest in the conclave, but in the committee just nominated, his friends were in the minority. A report was spread that Honorius was dead. Peter appeared at the head of a troop of friends, and, if the dying Pontiff had not been dragged to a window, and shown to the people, it is probable that he would have stolen a march on the other party, and

gained the chair of S. Peter by the rapidity of his movements. But when the Pope did die, the other party concealed the fact from the adherents of Peter Leonis, and hastily elected Gregory, Cardinal of S. Angelo, under the name of Innocent II. The party of Peter forthwith remonstrated, elected Peter, and declared that he, under the title of Anacletus II., was the true Vicar of Christ.

Rome now contained two armies of ferocious partisans, who soon mingled their spiritual threats with devastation and bloodshed. Innocent II. fled to France; he was at once acknowledged as the rightful Pope by the monks of Cluny. But the French king and bishops were undecided which was the true head of the Church; and it was resolved that S. Bernard should stand umpire between the respective claims of Innocent and Anacletus. A council was summoned at Etampes, and Bernard pronounced in favour of Innocent. Louis VI. and the French bishops bowed to his decision, and did homage to Innocent. Bernard now, with all the vehemence of his nature, took up the side of the Pope who owed his recognition to his decision, and proceeded to urge on Henry I. of England, and on the German Emperor, the claims of this Pope. The commanding character of Bernard everywhere gained allegiance to Innocent. Bernard proceeded to Italy with the Pope, proclaiming that Anacletus was Antichrist, and the Beast of the Apocalypse, and that the only rightful, true Vicar of Christ on Earth was Innocent.

But Bernard began to feel that his absence from home could not be prolonged without grave disadvantage both to himself and his flock at Clairvaux. During the four years spent in furthering the cause of the Pope, he could only have given Clairvaux a few hasty visits. It is supposed that he returned thither at the beginning of the year 1135. His long-expected advent was the cause of the deepest joy to his friends and monks. And not only to them. Such was

the renown for superhuman holiness which by this time had filled all Europe with his name, that wherever he passed, even the shepherds came from the hills, the rustics from their fields, to implore his blessing. When he reached Langres, he was met by a company from Clairvaux, who, with embraces and tears of gladness, led him home. The whole convent was assembled to receive its abbot. There was no tumult or undisciplined demonstrativeness in their joy, but a great gravity, through which shone the deep glow of intense love. During the abbot's long absence, no strifes, troubles, scandals, had arisen. There were no discussions or disputes awaiting Bernard's return; no hatreds nursed up against the day of reckoning. Old and young, rich and poor, the high and the low, the knight and the serf, were all living in amity and Christian brotherhood. Bernard, we are told, was moved to great humbleness by this proof of God's favour. The fact that the work of his hands seemed to prosper filled him with a certain reverential awe, not with vainglory. In fact, his humility generally strikes his biographer, Arnold of Bonnevaux, as the most remarkable of his many wonderful gifts.

"When he was a chosen vessel, and announced the name of Christ before nations and kings; when the princes of this world bowed down to him, and the bishops of all lands awaited his bidding; when even the Holy See revered his advice, and made him a sort of general legate to the world; when, greatest of all, his words and acts were confirmed by miracles, he was never puffed up, but in all humility considered himself the minister, not the author of mighty works; and when every one thought him the greatest, in his own judgment he was the least. Whatsoever he did he ascribed to God. He was, and felt, that he could neither wish nor perform any good thing without the inspiration of God."

Yet he was the most self-confident of men in following

his own opinion, and disregarded whatever claims interfered with his pre-judgment. This was conspicuous enough in the matter of the election of the Bishop of Langres, and in the case of S. William of York.

Whilst S. Bernard was at Rome, in 1137, the Archbishop of Lyons, and the Dean and a Canon of Langres, came thither, the two latter to beg permission for the Chapter to elect a Bishop to the See of Langres. Bernard at once coveted the see for one of his Clairvaux monks, and endeavoured to force the dean and canon to promise only to elect such a man as was approved by himself, and the Archbishop to undertake only to consecrate the man chosen in accordance with Bernard's wishes. This preposterous demand surprised the prelate and dean; they yielded a seeming assent; but, returning to France, the Chapter of Langres elected a Cluniac, not a Clairvaux, monk. Bernard's wrath knew no bounds. He denounced the bishop elect as a "man of whom he had bad reports;" designated the election "a nefarious business." He hastened to Lyons to threaten or convince the Archbishop. That prelate at once yielded, saying, he would follow Bernard's will against his own judgment. "Nay," said Bernard, who had no scruple but that his opinion was directly inspired, "not mine, but God's will be done."

The bishop-elect in the meantime appealed to the king, who, finding that the election had been conducted canonically by the chapter, invested him with the temporalities of the see. Bernard wrote off to the Pope; his first letter was followed rapidly by others; his wrath and indignation waxing hotter; indeed, during the whole course of his life he never used more unmeasured, more unbecoming, or more unjust language than he did in this matter. Two things are evident; that his first appeal to Rome was disregarded, and secondly, that Bernard would leave no stone

untuned to damage the character of any bishop-elect who was not a Clairvaux monk. To respect and acknowledge this bishop was to "bow the knee to Baal," "to make a covenant with death, and with hell to conclude an agreement."

Peter of Cluny, or Peter the Venerable, one of the most gentle, loving characters the Middle Ages present to us, wrote to Bernard a letter of reproof. He says that the monk who was elected had been under him for long, and that he was a good, humble-minded man, and had been canonically elected by the chapter. If Bernard had heard rumours against his character, he ought not to have listened to them, much less have blazoned them abroad, till he had inquired whether there was an atom of truth in them. As it was, they were calumnies, wholly baseless; and Peter was sure to know this better than any one else, for he was abbot of the monastery in which the bishop-elect had long lived. "It was unworthy of you, or of any good man, to believe manifest foes of ours; to give credence to declared enemies of Cluny. In the freedom of conversation I could have at once explained the whole matter to you, and have shown you what a cloud of falsehood, rising from the pit of darkness, has tried to obscure the bright surface of your mind. Do not fear that, as a Cluniac, this monk will not love Cistercians. Discard such a thought. A monk will love monks. The Bishop of Langres, as he has been a monk, will love Cistercians and all monks, because he knows that love is gain and hatred loss. Nor will a monk of mine dare to differ from me, when he sees how I love you."

This firm yet kindly letter made no impression on Bernard. He had his prepossessions, his will was, he did not doubt it, God's will. He sneered at the gentle Abbot of Cluny, as "boasting himself in the multitude of his riches, and lifting himself on high to withstand me, and not me

only, but the servants of God—even God himself, all justice and honour.” The Pope, the cardinals, the bishops, yielded to the violence of Bernard, and Bernard obtained the deposition of the Cluniac monk and the appointment of a kinsman, Godfrey, a monk of Clairvaux, in his room.

Another instance of Bernard’s intemperance of language and action was that of S. William of York. William, nephew of King Stephen, had been elected to the Archbishopric of York ; but Bernard was anxious to see this important throne occupied by one of his own Clairvaux monks, named Henry Murdac, whom a minority in the chapter had shown a disposition to favour. Bernard wrote furiously against S. William, charging him with ambition—of worse than ambition—of simony ; and condemning him to everlasting perdition. Innocent II. ordered the Bishop of Winchester to act as his legate in England, and try the case. Those who had accused S. William did not venture to appear and state their libellous charges openly before him. The legate at once consecrated S. William. At this time Innocent II., who had for some time writhed under the dictation of Bernard, was estranged from him, and unwilling to depose an innocent man from his archbishopric merely that an unknown, ignorant Clairvaux monk might occupy it.

But Innocent died (A.D. 1143), and when, in A.D. 1145, Bernard had the satisfaction of seeing a disciple of his own, a Cistercian monk, on the Papal throne, no difficulty was made in flinging down S. William from the coveted seat, which had been confirmed to him by Lucius II., and exalting the obscure Clairvaux monk in his room. The Chapter of York were ill-pleased at this act, and the citizens of the town shut their gates against the intruded archbishop. Murdac died the same year as Eugenius III., A.D. 1153, and S. William then quietly resumed his office, amidst the

rejoicings of an enthusiastic people. He was canonized by Honorius III.¹

There are instances, and sad ones, of how the best and humblest of men may forget the broad principles of justice and charity if carried away by ambition for the advancement of a cause on which he has set his heart.

Bernard was almost as unjust in his treatment of Abelard. This distinguished thinker saw that the awakening mind in Europe would no longer rest satisfied with blind acceptance of the doctrines of the Church, without being made to see that there was reason in them. He attempted to show that there was a philosophy in Christian belief. S. Anselm had •• done the same. But Bernard, who had resolutely trodden down the cravings of his mind for intellectual activity, when first these secret springs had begun to gush forth, would not tolerate for an hour such a position as that the Faith demanded the support of Reason. In Bernard's eyes, the intellect, if not carefully guided and controlled, was not a friend, but a foe, to man's welfare; not a pole-star to lead him, but a jack o' lantern to deceive him. To resist its questions and doubts was part of a good man's duty. They were carnal and devilish, even as are the lusts of the flesh. Truth had been given to man, once and for ever, in the teaching of the Church. No conclusions of the mind could add to its certainty; none could diminish it. It was there, accessible and intelligible to all, absolute, complete, and final. It had overarched man's life for hundreds of years now, capacious and durable as the great vault of heaven.

A conflict between S. Bernard and Abelard was inevitable. Neither could understand the other, neither attempted to do so. The Abbot of Clairvaux scattered broad-cast over Europe his fiery appeals to Pope, cardinals, princes, and bishops, to assist in crushing this Arius, Pelagius, and

¹ See June 8, pp. 82—86.

Nestorius, rolled into one. With a cry almost of anguish Bernard confessed that Abelard had his admirers and followers even among the cardinals of the papal court. The two chiefs were watching each other as they closed for battle. War had begun, but was not yet openly declared. Abelard resolved to anticipate the attack. He sought Henry, Bishop of Soissons, and demanded to be heard publicly before an assembly, on being confronted with his pertinacious accuser.

It was published far and wide that a fierce logical combat was going to relieve the monotony of the council which was summoned to meet at Sens, a contest between the cold philosopher and the fiery mystic. Nothing in modern life can give an adequate idea of the interest and excitement such an announcement would produce.

The original object of the meeting at Sens was a ceremony of unrivalled popular interest in the Middle Ages—an exhibition of certain supremely sacred relics to the eyes and adoration of the multitude. King Louis VII. was present; and a crowd of bishops, abbots, and grandees from the northern parts of France was assembled. The first day of the council was taken up with the inspection and adoration of the sacred relics, and the consideration of a vision respecting the rebuilding of the archbishop's palace, which had been vouchsafed to a young canon.

Abelard entered on the second day, and found himself at once in the midst of a hostile crowd. He stopped in the centre of the building, and found himself opposite Bernard, who occupied a pulpit, which was in existence up to the time of the French Revolution, holding before him the incriminated work of Abelard.

A clerk was ordered to read the passages Bernard had marked as heretical. Berengar of Poitiers in an "Apology" describes the scene.

"After dinner Peter (Abelard's) book was brought in, and somebody was told to read it in a loud voice. The fellow bellowed out louder than he was asked to do. Presently one saw the pontiffs insult Abelard by applauding with their feet, laughing, and playing the fool, praising among themselves the cups, the wine, that had moistened the episcopal throats. Their hearts were drowned in the sleepy fluid. When, during the reading, anything subtle and divine, and unusual to their ears was heard, they gnashed their teeth at Peter (Abelard); and the moles, judging a philosopher, exclaimed, 'Shall we suffer this wretch to live?' Wagging their heads, they said, like the Jews of old, 'He destroyeth the temple.' The fumes of wine had so filled their brains, that the eyes of all were drooping from sleep. Still the reader droned on; the assembly snored. One rested on his elbow, another procured a cushion, a third took his nap with his head on his knees. So when the reader came on some difficult passage, he called to the deaf ears of the bishops, '*Damnatis?*' Do ye condemn this?' Hardly awake at the last syllable, in a drowsy voice, and with hanging heads they muttered '*Damnamus.*' Others, however, roused by the noise of the damners, decapitated the word, and said '*Namus.*'"

It was hard, on a hot day in June, after a heavy dinner, to be called on to hear abstruse philosophy read hour after hour. The scene, no doubt, is vastly overdrawn, but there is probably a ground of truth in it.

No wonder Abelard refused to argue his case before an assembly which was not capable of understanding his propositions and deductions. His philosophic arguments were unintelligible to the majority of the hearers; nor were they presented in their sequence and entirety. Bernard had picked out isolated sentences, here and there, and had, at least in one case, given as Abelard's words what he had

never written, but which the Abbot of Clairvaux thought might be gathered out of his words.¹

Abelard rose from his seat, declined to hear more, or answer any questions, and appealed to Rome.

S. Bernard's friends at once proclaimed that when the heretic should have found his mind clearest and strongest, sudden darkness, confusion, and paralysis fell upon him—that the refusal of Abelard to plead against Bernard was a miracle. But it is easy to see the reason of this silence. In vain would a deep thinker argue before a slumbering audience—an audience of men, good and pious enough, no doubt, but utterly incapacitated by want of mental training for following an intellectual discussion. The votes of his philosophic friends would be completely swamped by the voices of the dull majority, eager in a matter they were unable to understand to condemn a man on the accusation of heresy, lest their own orthodoxy should be called in question. An appeal to Rome caused delay and difficulty to his opponents. And it is quite certain that the manœuvre partly succeeded.

The assembly at Sens was in no small perplexity as to the course to be pursued. Pope Innocent owed much to Bernard, but he could hardly fail to be impatient at the incessant dictation from Clairvaux; and indeed very shortly after these events, he did break off friendly relations with him.

Peter Abelard, on his way to Rome with his appeal, rested at Cluny. The gentle, dove-like Peter the Venerable, was still abbot there. He saw an old man, broken by misfortune, misunderstood by an age of which he was by centuries in advance, hunted down by implacable foes, eager

¹ "The words which S. Bernard cites as the *verba ipsissima* of Abelard are not word for word either in his commentary on the Epistle to the Romans, nor in the copy of the Sentences, published by Rheinwald."—Hefele, *Concilien Geschichte*, vii. § 616.

for his condemnation and excommunication. He spread his wing over him, and sheltered him at Cluny, and there, not long after, the active and audacious mind entered on its final rest. Abelard died in 1142.

S. Bernard was now summoned to preach the second Crusade. He was at this period fifty-five years of age, and old for his years. The last fifteen years had been full of heavy labour and gnawing care. Eight of worry about the schism, three journeys to Rome, the controversy with Abelard, and vexations arising from the political quarrels in France, in which he was called to intervene. He had hoped now to rest, and spend his declining days in peace, among the beech woods and by the brook of Clairvaux. But it was not to be so.

He was summoned by the Pope and the King of France from his retreat to stir up the languid zeal of Christian men for the Crusades. At Easter, 1146, he was at Vezelai, to attend a great assembly on this subject. Pale and attenuated to a degree which seemed almost supernatural, his contemporaries discovered something in the mere glance of his eyes which filled them with wonder and awe. That he was kept alive at all appeared to them a perpetual miracle; and when the light from that thin, calm face fell on them, when the voice flew from those firm lips like fire flakes, all the hearers flamed with zeal, and were no longer masters of their feelings. When from a machine of wood, erected on a hill top, Bernard addressed the mighty crowd, a murmur, then a roar, rose from the sea of upturned faces, "Crosses, Crosses!" and Bernard began to scatter broadcast among the people the large sheaf of them which had been brought for that purpose. They were soon exhausted. He was obliged to tear up his monk's cowl to satisfy the demand.

The summer of 1146 was spent in France. Towards autumn Bernard began to enter on the less known field of

Germany. The German nation had, up to this period, taken a much less active part in the Crusades than the French, and it was believed that the Emperor Conrad III. was strongly opposed to the present expedition. S. Bernard therefore prepared for a grand effort. Freiburg, Basle, Constance, Spire, Cologne, Frankfort, Mainz, and numerous other towns of north-western Germany were visited and preached in by him. A daily repetition took place of the same phenomena—the simultaneous rush of the whole population to see and hear him; and then the assumption of the cross by the greater portion of the able-bodied male inhabitants. Bernard himself says that scarcely one man was left to seven women; castles, towns, were deserted. The general excitement broke out along the Rhine and Moselle in the massacre of Jews. Bernard flew to Mainz to protect the unfortunate Hebrews, and direct into another channel the premature and ill-governed zeal of the Christian enthusiasts.

In 1147 the Crusaders started; the Germans first, the French afterwards. The Germans were commanded by their Emperor, Conrad, the French by their King, Louis. Byzantine agents attempted to count the Crusaders at the passage of a river; after a tale of nine hundred thousand, they desisted from the endless and formidable computation. The cavalry of the Emperor and King was each composed of seventy thousand knights and their immediate attendants. What the whole swarm numbered cannot be told. Odo of Deuil says nine hundred thousand five hundred and fifty-six. The Mohammedans say two hundred and sixty thousand. These extravagant reckonings prove only the astonishment of contemporaries, and also, that Bernard by his preaching had sent to the East probably the majority of the hale, able-bodied men of Western Europe. Not one tithe of that vast horde ever reached the Holy Land. They died either

of disease, starvation, or by the swords of the Moslems, in Asia Minor. Louis and Conrad deserted the unwieldy crowd at Attalia, and hasted by boat first to Antioch, and then home in confusion and despondency. Of those who survived, great numbers, to save their lives, embraced the Mohammedan faith.

When Louis, crestfallen and vanquished, re-entered to his kingdom, as it were by stealth, grief and lamentation possessed the land. There was not a family which did not mourn the loss of a relative. And presently the popular indignation rose against S. Bernard as the author of this vast calamity. Why did he preach this Crusade? Why prophesy its success? Why work miracles to make people join it?

Bernard wrote an Apology. All the blame he flung upon the Crusaders themselves. The shameful, miserable failure was the result of their sins. But his disappointment and impatience breaks out in some of his remarks: "Do not the Gentiles say, Where is now their God? And who can wonder? The sons of the Church, the men called Christians, have been overthrown in the desert, slain with the sword, or destroyed by famine. We promised good things, and behold disorder! As though we had been guilty of rashness or levity in that undertaking. And yet with no uncertainty did I run that course, but at your command"—he is addressing the Pope, Eugenius III.—"or rather at the command of God through you. The judgments of the Lord are righteous, as each of us knows; this one is an abyss so deep, that I dare to pronounce him blessed who is not scandalized at it."

The time of Bernard's end drew nigh. In 1153, at the age of sixty-two, he fell asleep. He had no wish to remain. When, in accordance with his beautiful faith, he attributed a slight recovery to the prayers of his sorrowing monks, he said to them, "Why do ye thus detain a miserable man?"

You are stronger, and you prevail against me. Spare me, spare me, and let me depart." The unwearied activity of spirit which had hitherto distinguished him, gradually faded away; the restless brain, which had influenced more or less every question and event in Europe for a whole generation, fell by degrees into peaceful repose. Public affairs ceased to interest him. When his cousin, the Bishop of Langres, came to him about some business, he found he could not attract Bernard's attention. "Marvel not," said the expiring saint, "I am already no longer of this world." The Bishop of Langres by his dying couch! One of his great mistakes and wrongs present before his closing eyes. Did he see then the error he had committed, and regret it? We cannot say. The weeping multitude of his friends, in the delirium of grief, implored him not to leave them, to have pity on them, and to stay with them. The last earthly struggle he ever knew had commenced in Bernard's soul. Things temporal and things eternal, his earthly and his heavenly home, the love of God and the love of man contended within him. But for a moment. Raising up his "dove-like eyes," he said he wished that God's will might be done. It was, for he was dead.

"After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well."

S. Bernard was a man of one object—the glory of God. That he made mistakes—and he made great ones;—that he was carried away by his zeal to commit injustices, to speak intemperately, to advocate a false, disastrous policy, was the fault, not of his heart, but of his head. What he thought was right, he did with all his might; he turned neither to the right hand nor to the left from what he supposed was his duty. That he sometimes erred in his judgment, what does it prove? That he was human. The saints of God are not those who never made mistakes, but are those of singleness of aim.

The body of S. Bernard was preserved at Clairvaux till the French Revolution, when the abbot concealed the skull, and placed on it his seal. The bones of the saint were carried off and protected from insult by the inhabitants of the neighbourhood, who concealed them at Ville-sous-la-Ferté. There the bones remain to this day, but the skull is in the Cathedral of Troyes.

The scanty remains of Clairvaux are turned into a prison. The cellar and the refectory are the most remarkable fragments of the ancient abbey that still exist. In the forest is a spring called the fountain of S. Bernard, to which, on Tuesday after Low Sunday, every year a procession is made. A cross has been erected on this spot by the prisoners, in honour of the saint.

S. Bernard is represented in art with a hive of bees, partly because he is the "Doctor Mellifluus," but also because Clairvaux, which he presided over, was like a hive, in which all his monks were busy as bees.

S. RONALD, M.

(A.D. 1158.)

[Canonized by Pope Coelestine III., in 1192. Of local veneration in Orkney. Authority :—The Orkneyinga Saga.]

THORFINN, Earl of Orkney, had two sons—Paul, who died in 1098, and Erlendr, who died in the same year.

Erlendr had two sons—Erling, who was slain in Ireland, and S. Magnus, Earl of Orkney, slain in 1115.

Gunnhild, daughter of Erlendr, married Kol Kalisson, and their son Kali, afterwards called Rögnvald, is the subject of this memoir.

Paul, Earl of Orkney, had also children. His son Hakon became Earl, and died about 1128; leaving Harald, Slettmali, Paul Earl of Orkney, and Margaret, who married Maddad, Earl of Athole. Margaret became the mother of Harald Maddadson, who married Afreka, sister of Duncan, Earl of Fife.

Kol Kalisson, the husband of Gunnhild, daughter of Earl Erlandr of Orkney, lived on his estates at Agdir, in Norway, and it was there that his son Kali grew up to man's estate. "He was of middle size," says the Saga-writer, "well proportioned, and very handsomely shaped; his hair was of a light auburn colour. He was very affable and popular, and highly accomplished. He made the following verses:—

"At the game-board I am skilful;
Knowing in no less than nine arts;
Runic lore I well remember;
Books I like; with tools I'm handy;
Expert am I on the snow-shoes,
With the bow, and pull an oar well;
And, besides, I am an adept
At the harp, and making verses."

He could certainly blow his own trumpet.

When aged fifteen he went with some merchants to England, taking with him a cargo of merchandize. The ship took harbour at Grimsby, and Kali was not struck with the attractions of the place. He made verses about Grimsby when he left it, not complimentary certainly:—

"Unpleasantly we have been wading
In the mud a weary five weeks.
Dirt we had indeed in plenty,
While we lay in Grimsby harbour.
But now on the moor of sea-gulls
Ride we o'er the hills of billow,
Gaily as the elk of bowsprits
Eastward ploughs its way to Bergen."

One summer Kali went to Thronthheim on the Norwegian

coast. He was detained by weather in an island called Dolls, where was a cave bearing an ill name as the haunt of Trolls, who, it was said, had there amassed a heap of treasure.

Kali determined to explore the cave. He and another man penetrated far, till they came to a sheet of water. They fastened a rope between them, placed a torch in a pot of clay on their heads, and swam across the subterranean lake. On reaching the further shore they found no treasure, could penetrate no further, and thought that there was sensible a very unpleasant odour. They then raised a cairn, and swam back.

With Kali on several of his expeditions was one John Petersson, and the two young men contracted a warm friendship. This was unfortunately broken by a dispute among their respective followers, which led to the murdering of one another's relatives and servants, and Kali and John fighting against each other. The quarrel was with difficulty composed by King Sigurd of Norway, who ordered John Petersson to marry Ingritha, the sister of Kali; and the king gave to Kali the name of Rögnvald, and the title of Earl of Orkney, A.D. 1129.

Next year Sigurd died, and the throne was contested by his son Magnus, and by Harald Gilli, an illegitimate son of King Magnus Barelegs. Kali, or Rögnvald, as we must now call him, supported the pretensions of Harald, and after four years of dispute, the kingdom was divided between Harald and Magnus. The Earldom of Orkney was confirmed by both kings to Rögnvald. In 1139 Harald seized Magnus, blinded him, and took possession of the whole kingdom.

Kol, the father of Rögnvald, then sent men to the Orkneys to ask Earl Paul¹ to give up to his son the half of

¹ Son of Paul and grandson of Thorfinn.

the islands which had belonged to Erlendr, brother of Paul's father. And if he refused, the men were to go to Frakork, daughter of Maddad, Earl of Athole, and Margaret daughter of Hakon, Earl of Orkney, and offer her and her son Olvir Rosta half the Earldom of Orkney if they would assist Rögnvald in dispossessing Earl Paul.

When Paul heard the proposal of the messengers of Kol he was indignant. "This claim," said he, "is audaciously planned, and with long forethought. Kol and Rögnvald hope, with the assistance of the kings of Norway, to obtain my possessions. I will not reward perfidy by giving up my lands to a man so remotely connected as Rögnvald. With God's help I will defend my islands against him."

The messengers then went to Athole, and Frakork and her son Olvir at once accepted the proposal.

Next summer Rögnvald sailed with five or six ships to Shetland; where they were to meet the troops of Olvir. Frakork and Olvir mustered twelve ships, but the two armaments did not meet, owing to contrary winds. Olvir then sailed from the Pentland Firth and attacked Earl Paul's vessels at sea. After a furious battle Paul defeated Olvir, and then sailed to Shetland to attack Rögnvald. He took his ships by surprise, killed his men, and sailed back to Orkney, towing away with him Rögnvald's six ships.

Rögnvald returned to Norway, and was received with much ill humour by his father.

Next year he sailed at the head of another expedition to Orkney, and vowed to S. Magnus that, if he were successful, he would build a stone minster at Kirkwall, in Orkney, in his honour. A fair wind wafted the expedition to Shetland. By treachery, skilfully planned, the beacons on the Orkney isles were not lighted to warn Earl Paul of the approach of a hostile fleet, and before he was aware, Rögnvald had landed in the Orkneys. Shortly after, a small party from

Athole managed to capture Earl Paul, and carry him off captive to Earl Maddad of Athole. Margaret Countess of Athole, then sent messengers to Rögnvald to claim half the Orkneys for her son Harald, then three years old. What became of Paul at Athole is not known. Some suspect that he was made away with by his sister Margaret, who wanted his title and share of the islands for her son.

Rögnvald now became sole Earl of Orkney, and in fulfilment of his vow he built the church of S. Magnus at Kirkwall. Harald Maddad's son was invested with the title of Earl, but Rögnvald ruled alone. Harald came to Orkney with his foster-father, Thorbiorn Klerk, son of Gudrun, daughter of Frakork.

Earls Rögnvald and Harald visited King Ingi by invitation at Bergen, and there Earl Rögnvald met with a returned Crusader, and became possessed by a strong desire to visit the Holy Land. On his return voyage to Orkney, Earl Rögnvald was shipwrecked at Gulberwich in Shetland, and narrowly escaped with his life. Bishop William of Orkney strongly approved of his project to go a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, and agreed to accompany him. Accordingly he went back to Norway to organize the expedition, and returned to the Orkneys, followed by a large number of jorsala-farers, Crusaders, mostly adventurers of very indifferent character, if we may judge by their turbulent and lawless behaviour during their stay in the Orkneys, where they spent the winter previous to their departure for the East.

The summer of 1152 was far advanced before Rögnvald sailed, but he had a prosperous voyage, the adventures of which are detailed in the Saga. He plundered and burned and murdered on the coast of Galicia, among peaceable Christian people, to keep his hand in for Saracens, and attacked such ships as he fell in with in the Mediterranean.

Altogether the crusade partook of the character of a heathen viking expedition, rather than of a Christian pilgrimage.

After having visited Jerusalem and bathed in the Jordan, Rögnvald returned to Norway, by way of Constantinople, Durazzo, Apulia, and Rome, and thence overland; the whole expedition occupying three years.

In 1158 Rögnvald was murdered at Calder in Caithness, by Thorbiorn Klerk, foster-father of Earl Harald, who had been made an outlaw by Earl Rögnvald for a murder committed in Kirkwall, following on a series of acts of violence.

“Earl Rögnvald Kali died five nights after the summer Mary mass. Earl Harald brought the body with a splendid following to the Orkneys, and it was buried at the Magnus Church; and there it rested until God manifested Rögnvald's merits by many and great miracles. Then Bishop Bjarni had his holy remains exhumed with the permission of the Pope. Where the blood of the Earl fell on the stones when he died, it may be seen to this day as fresh as if it had just come from his wounds.”

A full account of the adventures, fightings, quarrels of S. Rögnvald, or Ronald, as is the modern Scottish form of the name, and of the murders he committed, may be read with interest in the English translation of the Orkneyinga Saga, by Mr. J. Anderson.¹

¹ Published by Edmonston and Douglas, Edinburgh. 1873.



August 21.

- S. EUPREPIUS, *B. at Verona*; 2nd cent.
 S. CYRIACA, *W. M. at Rome*; 3rd cent.
 SS. LUXORIUS, CISELLUS, AND CAMERINUS, *MM. in Sardinia*;
 A.D. 303.
 SS. BASSA AND HER THREE SONS, *MM. at Larissa*; circ. A.D. 304.
 SS. BONOSUS AND MAXIMILIAN, *MM. at Antioch, in Syria*;
 A.D. 363.
 S. PRIVATUS, *B. M. of Mende, in France*; circ. 5th cent.
 S. JULIAN, *B. of Lescar, in Bearn*; 5th cent.
 S. LEONTIUS, *B. of Bordeaux*; 6th cent.
 SS. BERNARD DE ALZIRA AND HIS SISTERS GRATIA AND MARIA,
MM. at Valentia; circ. A.D. 1180.
 B. BERNARD PTOLEMY, *founder of the Olivetines, at Siena*;
 A.D. 1348.
 S. JANE FRANCES CHANTAL, *W. at Auncery*; A.D. 1641 (see
 Dec. 13).

SS. LUXORIUS, CISELLUS, AND CAMERINUS, MM.

(A.D. 303.)

[Modern Roman Martyrology. In the Martyrology of Jerome "Luxorius, Trajan, and Quadratus, Bishops and Martyrs in Sardinia." In another copy the names are Luxurius, Augerius, and Eulodius. Trajan has slipped in through mistake, the spot where Luxorius was martyred being Forum-Trajenis. The Acts are not ancient, they are redolent of a later age. Luxorius, as a heathen, has a Latin Psalter, goes into a Christian church, is buried with lights and hymns. Yet they are vastly superior to the ordinary run of late Acts. There is no piling up of horrors in the torturing of the Martyr, and no grotesque miracles. They are probably composed on the ancient Acts, with more fidelity to facts and less unscrupulous amplification than was common.]



IN the reign of Diocletian and Maximian, Delphinus or Dalmatius was sent into Sardinia to execute the commands of the Emperors for the extirpation of Christianity. Luxorius was a soldier, who by some accident had got possession of a Psalter; he read the Psalms in order with great satisfaction;

and when he came to Psalm lxxxv. (A. V. lxxxvi.), and read, "Among the gods there is none like unto thee, O Lord; there is not one that can do as thou doest. All nations whom thou hast made shall come and worship thee, O Lord: and shall glorify thy name," he felt in his heart that these words were only true of the God of the Christians. Then he signed himself with the cross, and hasted to a church, and entered it as they were singing "Retribue servo tuo; vivam et custodiam sermones tuos:" "O do well unto thy servant, that I may live and keep thy word. Open thou mine eyes; that I may see the wondrous things of thy law. I am a stranger upon earth: O hide not thy commandments from me. My soul breaketh out for the very fervent desire: that it hath alway unto thy judgments."¹ And his heart grew soft and yearning for the new clear light that was breaking in upon it, and he panted for the living water which promised to slake the great thirst of his soul. So he read diligently the Scriptures, and committed the whole of the Psalter and much of the Prophets to memory, and at length he was given the Holy Gospels. And when he read of Jesus Christ, the very eternal Son of God made man, weeping in the crib of Bethlehem, his soul, which had been long weary, began to revive, like a flower which is parched, as the rain falls on it.² He was baptized, and when the new prefect Dalmatius came to Sardinia, was one of the first to be brought before him. And at the same time, two little boys Cisellus and Camerinus, still in the white of their baptismal garments, were brought up for sentence.

Dalmatius bade Luxorius deny Christ. "How can I deny him whom my conscience proclaims to be my God? I cannot do it," answered the soldier. Dalmatius ordered Luxorius

¹ Ps. cxix. 17—20.

² Deinde . . . Evangelia commendavit memoriæ, et animo vivens factus est.

to be beaten. And when bound to a post, and scourged, he burst forth into the loved song of David, the little boys looking on and listening, and gathering courage. Then Dalmatius ordered all three to execution by the sword, and the children and the child-hearted soldier entered together into the joy of their Lord.

SS. BASSA, AND HER SONS, MM.

(ABOUT A.D. 304.)

[Greek *Menæa* and Roman Martyrologies. In the latter, inaccurately, apparently, the martyrs are said to have suffered at Edessa. Baronius added, when inserting the names in the Modern Roman Martyrology, "Edessa, in Syria." But from the *Menæa* it appears that the Martyrs were of Larissa, in Greece; but which Larissa is not stated. The Greek Acts were written by Laurence, monk of Ruti, in Calabria, in the 13th cent. In 405 there was a church dedicated to S. Bassa, in Chalcedonia, for Theodoret says that Peter the Fuller had been priest of that church before he was made Bishop of Antioch. The Greek Acts, being late, are less worthy of reliance than the notices in the *Menæa* and Menology.]

S. BASSA was the wife of Valerius, an idol priest at Larissa in Greece, but whether the Larissa on the Peneus, or that on the Maliac Gulf, both of which are in Thessaly, or Larissa in Achaia, is not told us, but it was probably the first, as the Acts say the governor went thence into Macedonia. By Valerius she had three sons, Theognis, Agapius, and Pistus. As Bassa was a Christian, she instilled the faith early into the hearts of her boys. Valerius, exasperated at his wife for having abandoned the worship of the gods, denounced her himself to the prefect; and this

¹ Laurence of Ruti says "Edessa in Greece." There was an Edessa in Macedonia, but it is abundantly clear that he put Edessa for Larissa, as he had not heard of the latter place, whereas the name of Edessa was familiar to him. Baronius knowing that Edessa was not in Greece, tried to mend matters by inserting in the Martyrology "Edessa in Syria," and made the blunder worse.

involved also the arrest of the sons. It was hoped that, if the children could be brought to sacrifice, the constancy of the mother would fail. They were therefore urged to do homage to the idols, and when they refused, Theognis, first of all, was hung up by the wrists and ankles, and his back torn with sharp irons. The mother encouraged him to endure his agonies. The inhuman executioners gashed deeper, till the body dragged so heavily on the cords, that the tormentors saw he was unconscious. He was cast on the bloody sand; they stooped over him; felt his heart. He was dead.

Then Agapius, a little boy of remarkable beauty, was brought forward. In his childish voice, he cried, "King Christ! I will not deny thee! Dear brother, I will not deny thee, but be brave as thou wast." The skin of his head was peeled off, and he was flayed to the breast, when he also died.

Pistus was then brought up.

"What is your name?"

"Mother calls me Pistus, and says I must be what I am called, Faithful."

His head was struck off.

Bassa was made to follow the governor thence into Macedonia; but she escaped to the island of Halene, in the Propontis. Her place of retreat was discovered, and she was executed.

SS. BONOSUS AND MAXIMILIAN, MM.

(A.D. 363.)

[Roman Martyrology. Ado and Usuardus. Authority:—The Acts in Ruinart, not, however, without gross interpolations. Mediæval lovers of marvels, impatient of the simplicity of the genuine narrative, intruded into it additional tortures and some marvels, as that Bonosus and Maximilian felt no pain when scourged, nor were injured when immersed in boiling pitch or in quicklime. But it is easy to cut out the interpolations, and restore the Acts to their primitive form.]

THE Emperor Julian commanded that the Labarum, the cross and name of Christ, which Constantine had placed on the standards of the army, should be removed, and the Roman eagle, and the images of the gods be substituted for it. He had created Julian, his uncle by the mother's side, an apostate from the faith like himself, Count of the East. Julian the Count proved less cautious than his nephew in his dealings with Christians. The Emperor did not persecute openly. The only Christians who suffered under him were soldiers, and they were sentenced on a charge of disobedience to military orders. But the martyrdoms were not many; those who suffered were chiefly soldiers under Count Julian. Among these were Bonosus and Maximilian, officers in the troop of the Old Herculeans. Julian ordered the standards to be delivered up, that the cross might be struck off, and images of Jove and Hercules be placed on them instead. These two officers sternly refused to deliver up the standards for this purpose. Julian ordered them to be scourged with leathern thongs, loaded with balls of lead. Bonosus smiled under the infliction of this degrading punishment; and when asked if he would give way, and surrender the standards, did not answer.

Maximilian was next attached to the post, and his back bared for the lash. His bold defiance of the Count so exas-

perated him that Julian ordered Maximilian to be racked. Bonosus was slung up at the same time.

As they were hanging, Julian addressed them once more, still on the subject of the standards. "We will have nothing to do with your standards headed with idols," said the intrepid martyrs. They were ordered off to prison.

After having been left a long time without food, Julian sent them bread on which he had impressed his seal, probably representing a false god. Some days after the martyrs were brought before him again. They had not touched the bread. Then Julian ordered the heroic soldiers to be led forth outside the city and executed with the sword. Miletius, Bishop of Antioch, and many hundreds of Christians looked on, and witnessed their glorious confession.

The Acts conclude with a ludicrous scene between Julian and his Christian wife. Some worms come out of his mouth. In a scared condition he entreats her to go to the church and pray that she may not become a widow. She declines, thinking she would be better off if he were dead. He is left by her uncharitable zeal to expire in agonies. All this nonsense is an addition of a mediæval scribe.

SS. BERNARD DE ALZIRA, GRATIA, AND
MARY, MM.

(A.D. 1180.)

[Spanish and Cistercian Martyrologies. Authority :—The Annals of the Cistercian Order.]

ALMANZOR, prince of Carlet near Valencia, under the Moorish King Zaen, had two sons, Almanzor and Hamet, and two daughters, Zaida and Zoraida. Hamet was sent

with a party on an embassy to Barcelona to negotiate an exchange of captives with the Christian king. On their way back, the Moorish delegates lost their road by night in a forest near Lerida. Hamet got separated from his companions, and after plunging deeper into the forest, flung himself down under an oak to sleep. In the middle of the night he was woke :—

“A light before him swims,
Between dark stems the forest glows,
He hears a noise of hymns.”

Through the fern in which he lies, Hamet sees the lancet windows of a monastery chapel illumined ; hears the tinkle of the shrill bell, and the alternate waves of choral song roll through the solemn aisles of forest.

Nursed in a lore of Jins and magic, the youth's imagination is kindled. Hours pass. To Nocturns succeed Lauds, to Lauds Prime. The mysterious music dies away, and then bursts out again. The light whitens in the east. “The star of morn. to night succeeds,” yellow flashes streak the tree boles, the choirs of birds sing out, the wondrous song in the monastery is hushed. Hamet rises, and goes to the gate of the religious house, and asks for food and rest. He is received. All is wonderful within. The grey cloister, the black and white monks, the great crucifix with the morning sun on it, and an expiring lamp swinging before it ; the statue of the Virgin Mother holding up the Divine Child.

There Hamet lingered ; the day passed, he asked to stay another. Again, in the night, from this guest-room where he lay, he heard the nocturnal chanting whilst the stars wheeled above the chapel, and the slanting silver crescent cast a ghostly light on the white walls. Still Hamet lingered on. “Who was that woman like a lily bowed in pain, a

sword piercing her heart? Who was that stripped of his garments, hanging on the cross, with head bowed down, and blood drops falling?" He must hear the story. So the swarthy Moor sat at the feet of Abbot Grimald, and was told the Gospel story. It was a story that moved him to his heart's foundations. A very different tale from those he had long delighted in—the story of Camaralzaman, of Nouredin and the beautiful Persian, of the Three Calenders, sons of kings, and the Five Ladies of Bagdad. So he stayed on till all the truths of the Christian faith were made plain to him, and then he asked to be baptized and to become a Cistercian monk. His request was granted, and the Mussulman Hamet became the Christian Bernard, and a monk of the monastery of Alzira.

After some years he thought of his brother Almanzor, and of his sisters Zaida and Zoraida, and he longed to bear the lamp of faith to Carlet, to illumine their dark souls. Leave was granted him, and he departed. Hamet had been deemed lost and dead. In the strange gaunt man with burning eyes and hollow cheeks, Almanzor scarcely recognised his brother. The father was dead; Almanzor, the son, occupied his room. But when he began to speak of Christ, the Moorish chief cursed him, and bade him be silent. Bernard then sought his sisters: the beautiful story of the Virgin mother and her Son was told them under the orange trees, and filled their gentle souls with longing and delight. He told them more, and at length, they asked to be baptized and to profess Christ. He secretly administered to them the sacrament, giving to Zaida the name of Gratia, and to Zoraida that of Mary, and then Bernard and his two virgin sisters fled from the palace of their brother. Their flight was discovered before morning, and a party of Moors set forth in pursuit. Two days after, the fugitives were caught

in a wood. Almanzor would have run his brother through with a spear, but his hand was arrested. However, Bernard was, by his orders, bound to a tree, and his head cleft with an axe. Gratia and Maria bowed their necks, and their heads were smitten off.

August 22.

S. SYMPHORIAN, *M. at Autun*; *circ.* A.D. 180.

SS. ATHANASIUS AND ANTHUSA, *MM. at Tarsus, in Cilicia*;

A.D. 257.

S. HIPPOLYTUS, *B.M. at Porto, near Rome*; *3rd cent.*

SS. AGATHONICUS AND COMPANIONS, *MM. in Bithynia*; *circ.*

A.D. 303.

S. GUNIFORTIS, *M. at Pavia.*

S. TIMOTHY, *M. at Rome*; *circ.* A.D. 311.

S. SIGFRID, *Ab. of Wearmouth*; A.D. 689 (see Jan. 11, p. 173).

S. SYMPHORIAN, M.

(A.D. 180.)

[Roman and Gallican Martyrologies. Usuardus, Ado, &c. Martyrology of S. Jerome. Authority:—The ancient authentic Acts.]



SAINTE SYMPHORIAN was the son of Faustus, of a noble Christian family, living at Autun in Gaul. He had been baptized by S. Benignus, and was in the bloom of life when the Emperor Marcus Aurelius began his persecution of the Church.

On a certain day the image of Berecynth was being carried in procession through the city, when Symphorian refused to bow his knee as it passed. He was seized by the mob, and brought before Heraclius, the governor of the province, who happened then to be at Autun. Heraclius asked Symphorian why he refused to kneel to the image of the Mother of the Gods. "I am a Christian," answered the young man, "and I adore no images. Give me a hammer, and I will make short work of Berecynth."

"The fellow," said Heraclius, "seems to me to be not only sacrilegious towards the immortal gods, but to be

tainted with rebellion. Officers! of what place is he a native?"

One of them answered, "He is of this place, and of a noble family." The judge said to Symphorian, "You flatter yourself on account of your birth, and are perhaps unacquainted with the Emperor's orders." He then ordered him to be bound, and said to him, "What say you to this, Symphorian?" The martyr continued his denunciation of the idol. Then Heraclius commanded him to be cruelly beaten with clubs, and sent to prison. Two days after he was brought out of his dark dungeon, and presented before the tribunal. Heraclius offered him preferment, saying, "It would be much better for you to serve the immortal gods, and to receive a gratuity from the public treasury, with an honourable military office. If you have a mind, I will cause the altars to be adorned with flowers, that you may offer to the gods the incense which is due to them." Symphorian testified by his answer that he despised the offers that were made him, and abhorred the superstitions attending the worship of Cybele. At length the judge condemned him to die by the sword. He heard the sentence with joy. As he was carried out of the town to execution, his mother, standing on the walls of the city to see him pass by, cried out to him, "My son, my son Symphorian: remember the living God, and be of good courage. Raise your heart to heaven, and consider Him that reigneth there. Fear not death which leads to certain life."

The relics of S. Symphorian, with the exception of the skull, were preserved in the Abbey dedicated to him by S. Euphronius, Bishop of Autun, in the 5th century. The monastery was pillaged and burnt in 1570, by the Huguenots under the Admiral Coligny; but a few fragments of the relics which the Huguenots flung into the river were saved. The head, which was in the little church of S. Pantaleon-

lez-Autun escaped their fury. All the relics that remain are now in the cathedral.

S. Symphorian is represented as a youth with a palm-branch trampling on the image of Berecynth.

SS. ATHANASIUS AND ANTHUSA, MM.

(A.D. 257.)

[Modern Roman Martyrology, inserted by Baronius. Greek Menæa and Menology of Basil. Authority :—Beside the mention in the Menology, a life and passion by Laurence of Ruti, in Greek, written in the 13th cent., and therefore of no great value.]

ANTHUSA, a native of Seleucia, having learned something of Christ from two Christian slaves, Charisius and Neophytus, went from her mother's house to Tarsus with them, under pretence that she was going to visit her nurse. There she was baptized by Athanasius, Bishop of Tarsus. On her return, her mother, incensed at her conduct, refused to suffer her to re-enter the house. She therefore retired to a desert place and lived in solitude. But when in 257 Valerian issued his edict against the Christians, Anthusa, Athanasius, and the two slaves were arrested and put to death.

S. HIPPOLYTUS, B.M.

(THIRD CENT.)

[In the Menology of Basil (11th cent.) on Aug. 29. "Hippolytus, Pope." Also by the Greeks on January 30; on which day also the Abyssinian Kalendar, as "Pope of Rome." So also the Russian Kalendar. Usuardus on Aug. 23; in other later martyrologies, "S. Ypolitus in porte," on Aug. 22; on the following day "In porte Romæ natale S. Hippolytii, qui dicitur Nonnus." On this day the Modern Roman Martyrology. The Acts are utterly worthless, and deserve no further notice. They make him synchronize both with Alexander Severus and S. Pelagia—*i.e.*, live in the 3rd and 5th centuries. There is another Hippolytus commemorated on Aug. 13, and the greatest confusion reigns between the saints of the same name. Whether S. Hippolytus, the ecclesiastical writer, was bishop of the Port of Rome, or whether the Hippolytus who was a martyr at Ostia was another person altogether, cannot be decided, but it is more than probable that several persons, a bishop and two martyrs, have been confounded together.]

EUSEBIUS says, "At the same time," *i.e.*, in the reign of Alexander Severus, "Hippolytus, who composed many other treatises, also wrote a work on the passover."¹ After mentioning Beryllus, Bishop of Bostra, in Arabia, he adds, "Hippolytus, also, who was bishop of another Church, has left us some works."² S. Jerome, in a disputed passage, says he was a Roman senator.³ What is more certain is that he was a disciple of S. Irenæus, for he tells us so himself,⁴ and that he knew Origen.⁵ That he was a bishop is also certain, but S. Jerome says "of what city I have not been able to learn." Later writers say he was bishop of the Port of Rome; Anastasius the Librarian says so positively. George Syncellus, the author of the Chronicon Paschale, Zonaras, Nicephorus, and others say the same. But they differ as to whether the Portus Romanus was Aden in Arabia, or Porto on the Tiber. What seems to favour the former of these opinions is that Eusebius names him

¹ He goes on to give a list of his works, vi. 22.² Hieron. Ep. 70.⁴ Pholius, Cod. 121.³ vi. 20.⁵ Idem, Hieron. Catal. c. 6x.

immediately after the Arabian bishop Beryllus, and Origen one day assisted at a lesson given by Hippolytus, consequently delivered in the East. S. Jerome and Theodoret assert that he suffered martyrdom,¹ but we do not know anything of the details. He flourished under Alexander Severus; but as he combated Noëtus, who, according to S. Epiphanius, did not appear until A.D. 244, it is probable that he died in the persecution of Decius; he certainly could not have obtained his crown in the reign of Alexander Severus in A.D. 225, as the Roman Martyrology asserts.

In 1551 a statue of S. Hippolytus was found in the rubbish under the church of his title at Rome. The statue did not bear his name, but contained a table on one of its sides on which were inscribed in Greek a list of books of which S. Hippolytus is known to have been the author. This statue is now in the Vatican.

That S. Hippolytus was Bishop of Porto is the most probable conclusion at which we can arrive, but that he was early confounded with the martyr of the same name, who suffered either at Ostia or at Rome. This must have taken place when the statue was erected in the church of S. Hippolytus at Rome. A recently recovered work, a Confutation of Heresies, in Greek, has been supposed to be his *Philosophoumena*. If it be, then he was certainly at Rome, and bitterly hostile to Pope Callixtus. But the arguments in favour of attributing this book to Hippolytus are by no means conclusive.²

The question of the authorship of the *Philosophoumena*

¹ Hieron. Præf. in Matt., Theod. Dialog. iii. "De Impatibili."

² The Chevalier Bunsen, in his "Hippolytus and his Age," 1852, attributes the book to Hippolytus. Dr. Wordsworth, in his "Saint Hippolytus and the Church of Rome," 1853, adopts the same view. But a masterly essay by the Abbé Cruice, "Études sur la *Philosophoumena*," 1853, disputes their arguments with great ability, but the author does not feel justified in attributing the work to any known author. Dr. Döllinger, in his "Hippolytus und Kallistus," combats Bunsen, and attempts an apology for Callixtus.

is not one on which it is incumbent on us to enter here. The balance of probability leans towards Hippolytus being the author. He is said to have disputed the authority of the Epistle to the Hebrews, and to have been involved at one time in the heresy of Novatus; but it is a charge probably brought against him for so vehemently opposing the easy terms of pardon accorded to the fallen by Pope Callixtus. The Refutation of Heresies exhibits to us two factions at Rome during the pontificate of Callixtus, one an indulgent party, the other very austere. At the head of the former stood the Pope, at the head of the latter the author of the Refutation of Heresies, a bishop under him, therefore probably one of the suburban bishops. The Bishop of Porto would answer to the requirement, and the charge of Novatianism which clung to the memory of Hippolytus may be due to the fact that he steadfastly, even violently, opposed the laxer discipline of Callixtus.

S. GUNIFORTIS, M.


(DATE UNCERTAIN.)

[Roman Martyrology, and Dempster in his Scottish Menology. Authority :—The utterly worthless Acts.]

WINIFORTIS and Winibald (Gunifortis and Guinibald) were two Scottish (Irish?) princes with Teutonic names, who ran away from home with their two sisters accompanying them, and came to Germany, where the two maidens were martyred. Winifortis and Winibald came on into Italy. There the persecution of Maximian was raging, and Winibald lost his head for preaching the true faith at Como. Winifortis went on to Milan, where he was shot with arrows,

and left for dead. But having recovered, he went on to Pavia, where he died.

I suspect we have here a dim reminiscence of S. Willibald and S. Winnibald, sons of S. Richard, who visited Rome in A.D. 721, and of their sister, S. Walpurgis, but none of them were martyrs.



August 23.

- S. ZACCHÆUS, *B. of Jerusalem*; *circ. A.D. III.*
 SS. MINERVIUS, ELEAZAR AND HIS EIGHT SONS, *MM. at Lyons*;
3rd cent.
 SS. CLAUDIUS, ASTERIUS, AND OTHERS, *MM. at Ægis, in Cilicia*;
A.D. 285.
 SS. TIMOTHY AND APOLLINARIS, *MM. at Reims*; *end of 3rd*
cent.
 S. THEONAS, *B. of Alexandria*; *A.D. 300.*
 S. SIDONIUS APOLLINARIS, *B. of Clermont*; *circ. A.D. 488.*
 S. JUSTINIAN, *H.M. at Ramsey, in Pembroke*; *circ. A.D. 540.*
 S. VICTOR, *B. of Utica, in Africa*; *middle of 6th cent.*
 S. EOGAIN, *B. of Ardstraw, in Ireland*; *circ. A.D. 558.*
 S. CALLINICUS, *Patr. of Constantinople*; *end of 8th cent.*
 S. PHILIP BENITI, *C. at Todi, in Italy*; *A.D. 1285.*

S. ZACCHÆUS, B. OF JERUSALEM.

(ABOUT A.D. III.)

[Ancient Roman Martyrology, Ado, Usuardus, &c. Authority:—
 Mention by Eusebius, Hist. Eccl. lib. iv. c. 5.]



USEBIUS says that the Church of Jerusalem till the siege consisted exclusively of Hebrews who believed, and the bishops were all of the circumcision. The first was James, the brother of our Lord; after whom came Simeon, then Justus; and the fourth was Zacchæus. By some martyrologists he is supposed to be the Zacchæus, little of stature, who climbed into the sycamore tree to see Jesus pass by, but there is no authority for this statement, which is a mere conjecture arising from the names of both being the same.

SS. CLAUDIUS, ASTERIUS, AND OTHERS, MM.

(A.D. 285.)

[By the Greeks on October 30, by the Latins on Aug. 23. The Ancient Martyrology of Jerome, and most other Latin Martyrologies. Authority :— The ancient and genuine Proconsular Acts, a precious relic, the value of which can only be appreciated beside the rewritten, amplified, forged Acts of so many martyrs which abound.]

DURING the greater part of their reigns Diocletian and Maximian did not persecute the Church. It was in A.D. 298 that persecution first began in the army, and in 303 that it became general. An edict had been issued against Christianity in 298, but it does not seem to have been enforced beyond the army for five years, when the spread of the faith in the household of Diocletian exasperated him into severity. But in the early part of his reign Diocletian showed no disposition to ill-treat the Christians. Persons in high stations allowed not only their servants, but their wives and children, to profess themselves members of the Church. Places about the Court, and even in the Imperial household, were filled with Christians, and what is more remarkable, Christians were appointed to the government of provinces, with an express exemption in their favour of not being obliged to assist at the usual sacrifices.

Yet at this period when the Church was enjoying rest, some martyrdoms are said to have occurred at Rome and in Cilicia. Those at Rome are questionable. Those in the provinces are to be considered as isolated events, resulting from the cruelty or the caprice of some bigoted magistrate, or from a temporary ebullition of popular feeling. The edicts of Aurelian were unrepealed, and a governor, if so minded, could act upon them.

Lysias, proconsul of Cilicia, was a man of stern resolu-

tion and stubborn belief in the necessity of making all members of the empire conform to the established worship.

Claudius, Asterius, and Neon were three brothers, impeached before the magistrate of *Ægea* by their mother-in-law, who hoped by compassing their destruction to obtain possession of their estate. About the same time two women, *Domnina* and *Theonella*, with a little child, perhaps *Domnina's*, were likewise thrown into prison by the same magistrate, on a similar charge, and brought to their trial before *Lysias*, on his making a visit to *Ægea*. The *Proconsular Acts* give the particulars of the trial.

Lysias, being seated on his tribunal, said: "Let those Christians who have been delivered by the officers to the city magistrate be brought before me." *Euthalius*, the gaoler, said, "The magistrate of this city having, pursuant to your orders, made the strictest inquiry after the Christians, has apprehended six of this profession; three young men, all brothers, two women, and a small child. One of them is here before you." *Lysias* said to him, "Well; what is your name?" He answered "*Claudius*." "Be not such a madman," said *Lysias*, "as to throw thyself away in thy youthful days; but sacrifice to the gods, the only way to escape the torments prepared for thee in case of refusal."

Claudius. "My God requires no such sacrifices; he rather delights in alms-deeds and holiness of life. Your gods are unclean demons, who are pleased with such sacrifices, whilst they are preparing eternal punishments for those who offer them."

Lysias. "Let him be bound and beaten with rods; there is no other way of bringing him to reason."

Claudius. "Though you inflict upon me the most cruel torments, you will not move me."

Lysias. "The Emperors have commanded that the Christians sacrifice to the gods, and that they who refuse

to do it be punished, but that honours and rewards be bestowed on such as obey."

Claudius. "Their rewards are temporary and short-lived; whereas the confession of Jesus Christ has everlasting glory for its recompense."

Then the proconsul commanded him to be put upon the rack: fire to be applied to his feet, and slices of flesh to be cut off his heels, and presented to him. The martyr said, "Neither your fire nor all your other torments can hurt those who fear God. All this conduces to eternal life." Lysias ordered his flesh to be torn with iron hooks; then his sides to be rubbed with broken potsherds, and burning torches to be applied to them. Claudius said, "I esteem it a great benefit to suffer for God, and the greatest riches to die for Jesus Christ."

Lysias. "Take him hence, carry him back to prison, and bring another." Euthalius, the keeper of the prison, said, "According to your orders, my lord, we have brought hither Asterius the second brother." Lysias said to him, "Take my advice and sacrifice to the gods; you have before your eyes the torments that are prepared for those that refuse."

Asterius. "There is one God who dwelleth in the heavens, and in the greatness of His power regardeth the lowliest things. Him my parents have taught me to love and adore. I know not those that you worship and call gods." Lysias then ordered him to be laid on the rack, saying, "Squeeze his sides, tear them with iron hooks till he yields and sacrifices to the gods." Asterius replied, "I am the brother of him whom you just now had before you; we have the same belief, and we make the same confession. My body is in your power; but my soul is out of your reach." Lysias said, "Bring the iron pincers and pulleys, bind his feet, squeeze and torture him to the utmost, that

he may discover how I inflict torments." After this he said, "Put live coals under his feet; and lash him on the back and belly with leather thongs." The martyr replied, "The only favour I desire of you is, that you will not spare any portion of my body." Lysias said, "Take him hence, put him with the rest, and bring the third."

When Neon was brought forward, Lysias attempted to move him by milder treatment; and addressing him with kindness, exhorted him to sacrifice to the gods that he might escape torments. Neon answered, that his gods had no power if they were not able to defend themselves without the help of a magistrate to enforce obedience to them. Lysias said, "Strike him on the neck, and bid him not blaspheme the gods." Neon replied, "You think I blaspheme when I speak the truth." Lysias said, "Stretch him by the feet upon the rack; put burning coals upon him, and scourge his back." While this was done, Neon said, "I obey my conscience, and no man shall ever make me change this resolution." Lysias then dictated this sentence: "Euthalius the keeper, and Archelaus the executioner, shall take care that these three brothers be crucified without the town, that the birds of the air may devour their bodies."

Then Euthalius presented Domnina; whereupon Lysias said to her, "You see, woman, the fire and torments which are preparing for you; if you would avoid them, draw near, and sacrifice." Domnina replied, "I shall not do it, lest I fall into eternal fire, and perpetual torments. I worship God and his Son Jesus Christ, who hath made heaven and earth, and all that is therein." Lysias said, "Take off her garments, lay her at her length, and scourge her with rods." After this was done, Archelaus the executioner said to Lysias, "May it please you, Domnina has died under her torments." Lysias said, "Throw her body into the river."

Euthalius said, "Here, my lord, is Theonilla." Lysias said to her, "You have seen the flames and tortures with which the others have been punished. Honour the gods and sacrifice." Theonilla replied, "I dread eternal torments, which will destroy both body and soul." Lysias said, "Buffet her, lay her flat, and bind her, and treat her with the utmost violence." Theonilla said, "Are you not ashamed to inflict such punishments on a woman that is free and a stranger too? Remember! God sees what you are doing." Lysias said, "Hang her up by the hair of her head, and strike her on the face." Theonilla said, "Shame on you! is it not enough that you have stripped me naked? It is not me only that you have injured, but your mother and your wife, who are put to confusion in my person." Lysias said, "Are you a married woman, or are you a widow?" Theonilla replied, "I have been a widow these three-and-twenty years. It is for the love of God that I have continued in this state, accustoming myself to fasting, watching, and prayer, ever since I forsook your unclean idols." Lysias said, "Shave her head, to bring a blush to her cheek. Gird her about with brambles; extend her body, and tie it to four stakes; scourge her with thongs, not only upon the back, but over all her body; lay live coals upon her belly, and so let her die." Euthalius the gaoler and Archelaus the executioner said, "My lord, she is now dead." Then said Lysias to them, "Sew her body up in-a sack; tie it fast, and throw it into the water." Euthalius and Archelaus said, "We have executed your orders relating to the bodies of the Christians." The persecutors took these precautions with regard to the dead bodies, that the Christians might not get possession of their relics. These holy martyrs suffered at Ægea in the consulate of Diocletian and Aristobulus, on the 10th of the calends of September, that is, on the 23rd of August, in the year of

our Lord 285, Lysias being proconsul of Cilicia, by whose command SS. Cosmas and Damian, brothers and physicians, and a great number of other martyrs suffered.

SS. TIMOTHY AND APOLLINARIS, MM.

(END OF 3RD CENT.)

[Gallican and Roman Martyrologies. Ado, Usuardus, &c. Authority :—The account of the Passion of these Martyrs in Flodoard's History of the Church of Reims. Flodoard lived in the 10th cent. The ancient Acts were probably accessible to him, and his account is taken from them.]

S. TIMOTHY, an Eastern, preached the Word of God at Reims towards the end of the third century. He was taken and brought before Lampadius the governor, who ordered him to be beaten till his back was raw, and then that quicklime and vinegar should be rubbed into his wounds.

Now, among the Christians looking on was one Apollinaris, and he thought he saw two angels in white standing by the martyr and staying him up. When Jesus, the King of Martyrs, suffered His agony in the Garden, an angel was sent to comfort Him ; and if He needed the staying hand of an angel, how much more a feeble servant ? Would He, who had in His sorrow felt the comforting arm, deny it to one suffering for His love ?

Though men see it not, when men suffer for Him, His angels of comfort are standing by. To Apollinaris it was given to see the messengers of love ; and he cried out, and burst through the ring into the open space where stood the rack, the fire of coals, the executioners and the martyr, and fell at the feet of Timothy, and said :—"Good Timothy, pray for me. I saw two in shining garments comforting thee. Gladly will I also die for the name of Christ."

Then the governor angrily ordered Apollinaris to be seized, and boiling lead to be poured into his mouth to silence his tongue. And after that, both martyrs were carried to prison. But a multitude followed them weeping and praising God. And on the following day they were led forth outside the city, and died by the sword.

S. SIDONIUS APOLLINARIS, B.

(ABOUT A.D. 488.)

[Gallican and Roman Martyrologies. Authorities:—The letters of Sidonius himself and of Mamertus of Vienna; mention by Gennadius of Marseilles (d. 495); Gregory of Tours (d. 594). His own epistles and poems are, however, the chief sources of information.]

CAIUS SOLLIUS APOLLINARIS SIDONIUS was probably a native of Auvergne. His family was one of the most illustrious in Gaul. His grandfather, Apollinaris, was the first of the family who embraced Christianity. He was prætorian prefect in Gaul, and his son, the father of the saint, occupied the same office under the Emperor Honorius. Sidonius was born on the 5th of November, but in what year is not so certain as the day of his birth. It was probably in 431. He was taught philosophy by Eusebius, and elocution by Ænius. His education was carefully attended to, so that when grown to man's estate he was regarded as one of the most learned as well as one of the most accomplished men of his time. He served in the army with distinction, and married Papianilla, daughter of Avitus, four times prefect of Gaul, and thrice general of the army, and received with her the land and lordship of Aubiène in Auvergne. By his wife Sidonius had a son and two daughters. He has left us a pleasant picture of country life in one of his epistles,

in which he describes a visit which he made to his friends, some Gallic nobles, whose estates were in the neighbourhood of Nismes. The morning hours were spent in the tennis court or the library. The latter was furnished with Latin authors, profane and religious, the former for the men, the latter for the ladies. The table was twice served, at dinner and supper, with meat, boiled and roast, and with wine. Between meals the company slept, galloped about the country, or lounged in the bath.

The house of his father-in-law was a favourite spot with Sidonius. A copious stream, issuing from the mountain, and falling in foaming cascades over the steps of trap rock, discharged its waters into a lake, about two miles long, and the villa was pleasantly situated on the margin of the lake. The baths, the porticoes, the summer apartments ingeniously kept cool, the winter rooms as ingeniously warmed, were adapted to the purposes of luxury and use. The adjacent mountainous country afforded beautiful prospects of woods, pastures, and the tall cones of the volcanic peaks of Auvergne.

From this retreat, where Avitus amused his leisure with books, rural sports, and the practice of husbandry, he was called to the general command of the forces in Gaul, when the province was threatened by the Visigoths. Avitus visited Theodoric, King of the Goths, at Toulouse, and laid the foundations of a solid alliance with that powerful nation. Whilst at Toulouse the news reached him that the Emperor Maximus was slain, and that Rome had been pillaged by the Vandals.

A vacant throne, which he might ascend without guilt or danger, tempted his ambition, and the Visigoths were easily persuaded to support his claim. They loved the person of Avitus, they respected his virtues, and they were not insensible of the advantage of giving an Emperor to the West.

The annual assembly of the seven provinces was shortly after held at Arles, and the nomination of Avitus to the purple was confirmed. The formal consent of Marcian, Emperor of the East, was solicited and obtained ; but the Senate, Rome, and Italy submitted with impatience to the presumption of a Gallic usurper. He deemed it expedient to hasten to Rome, and secure his seat in the heart of the Empire. But Rome was ready to acquiesce in his assumption of the purple only when he was backed by the legions of Gaul and the host of Gothic Barbarians. The capital saw its Emperor at the beginning of the year 456. On the 1st day of January, his son-in-law, Sidonius Apollinaris, celebrated his virtues in a panegyric of six hundred pompous verses, and was rewarded by the erection of a bronze statue in the portico of Trajan's Library—among those of famous orators and poets.

Avitus, giddy at his promotion, lost all control over his passions. Age had not extinguished his amorous fires, and he had the indecency to turn into vulgar ridicule the husbands whom he had injured in his hoary profligacy. The Romans were not inclined to believe in the virtues extolled by Sidonius, when the vices were flagrant. The Senate asserted their legitimate claim to elect an Emperor. Count Ricimer, one of the principal commanders of the barbarian troops, who formed the military defence of Italy, supported them in their discontent. Avitus received peremptory orders before the close of this year to descend from his throne ; and the feeble Emperor, after a short and unavailing struggle, abdicated the purple and the vices wherewith he had stained it, to resume his former virtues as Bishop of Placentia. But the inflexible severity of the Senate refused to allow the usurper to hide his discomfiture under the episcopal mitre, and demanded his death. Avitus fled towards the Alps with the hope of securing his person

and treasures in his patrimony in Auvergne. Disease, or the hand of the executioner, arrested him on his road. Sidonius had contracted some guilt by his relationship to and laudation of the fallen Emperor. He hastened to wipe it out, and secure his safety by a tribute of fulsome flattery to the rising star, Majorian.

The new Emperor, pleased with the panegyric, showed favour to Sidonius, invested him with some military command, and finally with the title of Count. Majorian was assassinated 461, and was succeeded by Severus II., during whose reign Sidonius was in Gaul; in 467 Sidonius was in Rome when Anthemius was exalted to the purple. He composed and recited in his honour a panegyric; practice in flattery had removed the difficulty and the ignominy, but his prognostications of a long, prosperous reign were as little verified by the event as were those so lavishly expended on Avitus.¹ Anthemius, after five years of sad contemplation of the breaking up of the Western Empire, was massacred by the soldiers of Ricimer. Sidonius, during the brief reign, enjoyed the prefectship of the city, the pay accorded him for his poetical adulation of the Emperor.

The murder of Anthemius, and the sack of Rome by the soldiers of Ricimer, probably disgusted Sidonius with his life at the capital, and he returned to his estates in Gaul. There he met again his wife, his son Apollinaris, and his daughters Severiana and Roscia. He was a fond and careful father. Among his letters is one excusing himself from a fishing party with his brother-in-law, Agricola, because his daughter Severiana was ill; first with a light cough, and then with fever—probably congestion of the lungs.

Gregory of Tours mentions another daughter, Alchima, who, after the death of their father, combined with her

¹ He composed this panegyric at the advice of Basilius, the Consul, who assured him that obsequious laudation was the only mode of obtaining emolument and advancement.

sisters to obtain, by unworthy and uncanonical means, the bishopric of Clermont for their brother Apollinaris. The see obtained by bribery was enjoyed only four months.

In one of his letters Sidonius warns his son against listening to immodest discourses, and praises him for his avoidance of them hitherto. His villa possessed no indelicate pictures of nude females, nor were his evenings passed in watching buffoons with painted faces, or boxing or wrestling matches. A coarse joke among his slaves was corrected with a rap of the cane of the steward.

The return of Sidonius to Auvergne probably coincided with the year of his election to the bishopric of Clermont. He was not in Holy Orders at the time; his ambitious nature may have impelled him to seek a new field of aggrandizement when that of Court advancement was closed to him. The people of Clermont would certainly acquiesce in a hint that he desired to rule them with spiritual authority, the see being opportunely vacant by the death of S. Eparchius (A.D. 472). Or, it may be, that the citizens and clergy thought his return from Italy a happy coincidence, and eagerly elected one who, they were well aware, would do credit to the Church and diocese, by his learning and general integrity. On his elevation, S. Lupus of Troyes wrote him an affectionate letter, pointing out to him his duties, and exhorting him to a conscientious discharge of them.

He seems, as far as we can judge from his own letters, to have faithfully followed this good advice, and to have set the example of a zealous bishop, caring for the souls committed to his charge.

The incursions of the Goths threatened Auvergne. He exhorted the people to defend themselves valiantly, and after the example of S. Mamertus of Vienne, he instituted

Rogations.¹ Having been invited by some Religious, one day, to preach to them on the festival of S. Cyrus, some one maliciously stole his manuscript, but to the delight and astonishment of all, he preached extempore, with fluency and apparently without effort.

Auvergne having been ceded to the Goths, Sidonius went into exile, to the little town of Levignac, in Gallia Narbonensis, not far from Carcassonne. There he found a lodging next door to two old women who spent their time in quarrelling ; and their discordant voices irritated the poor bishop to such an extent, that he could not sleep or study. "Never!" says he, "were there such chatterboxes, so quarrelsome, so restless, so abusive." After a short exile he returned to his see, never to quit it again till death. On his resuming the direction of his diocese he was worried by two of his priests, who deprived him of his comforts and his goods, and interfered with the discharge of his authority. The opportune death of one of these priests of cramp in the bowels so frightened the other, that Sidonius was left in peace for a time. But the bishop falling sick with fever, the surviving priest, who had before tormented him, set about canvassing for the bishopric. Sidonius, highly incensed, had himself carried down into the cathedral. The people were convoked, and he exhorted them to receive no one as their prelate but his brother Aprunculus.

S. Sidonius died in 488 or 489, and his brother at once stepped into the office he had vacated. S. Aprunculus died in 491, and was succeeded by S. Euphrasius, on whose death Apollinaris, the son of S. Sidonius, obtained the see by bribery.

The relics of Sidonius Apollinaris are shown in a rich shrine in the church of S. Genêt at Saint-Saturnin.

¹ Lib. v. Epist. 24 ; vii. Epist. 1.

S. JUSTINIAN, H.M.

(ABOUT A.D. 540.)

[Whitford, in his *Anglican Martyrology*. Venerated anciently in Gower on this day. Authority:—A life by John of Tynemouth, written in the 14th cent.]

STINAN or Justinian was born of noble parentage in Lesser Brittany, and after having spent his youth in the study of learning, he was ordained priest, and then left his country. After wandering for awhile, he came to the coast of Wales, and landed in the island of Ramsey, where he led a religious life in company with Honorius, the son of King Thefriauc. This was by the express wish of Honorius. Justinian consented on condition that Honorius should order his sister and her handmaid not to sleep under the same roof as the two hermits. So the unfortunate women were inhospitably dismissed to the mainland, to follow an eremitical life elsewhere.

S. David heard of the hermits, and sent to Justinian to bid him come to him that he might see him. Justinian obeyed, and the bishop was so pleased with him, that he gave him the island and some ground on the mainland for his use and that of the disciples who had begun to congregate about him.

Having reprovved three of these men, who served him, for their idleness, they were so incensed against him that they threw him down and cut off his head. A fountain is said to have bubbled up where he fell. The legend says that Justinian rose, took his head in his hands, went down to the sea shore, and walked over the sea to the headland of Pembroke opposite his island, and fell down where now stands the church of Stinan in the parish of S. David's, Pembrokeshire.

S. EOGAIN, B. OF ARDSTRAW.

(ABOUT A.D. 558.)

[Irish Martyrologies. Authority :—A life in Latin of much the same date and character as those of most of the Irish Saints.]

EOGAIN or Eugenius was of a Leinster family by his father's side, and of an Ulster one by his mother's. In early childhood he was taken by pirates and carried to Britain, along with S. Tigernach.¹ Nennius, Abbot of Bangor, pitied the two little captives, who were in the service of one of the Welsh princes, and begged them of him. They were given to him, and he took them to Bangor. But pirates attacked the abbey, and amongst the booty carried away Eogain, Tigernach, and a lad named Corpreus, afterwards Bishop of Coleraine. They were sold in Brittany, and were placed to work at a mill grinding corn. But one day the king found the three lads reading. He at once ordered them to be released from their irksome labour, and to be sent back to Bangor, whence they had been stolen.

After some years Eogain and Tigernach went to Ireland, and Eogain settled at Killmanach in Leinster, and spent in that monastery fifteen years of his life, with S. Kevin, his cousin. He afterwards founded the monastery of Ardstraw, and was consecrated bishop. The date of his death cannot be fixed with certainty, but it was probably not many years after 550.

¹ Bishop of Clogher and Clones, died A.D. 549.

S. PHILIP BENITI, C.

(A.D. 1285.)

[Roman Martyrology. Canonized by Clement X. in 1671, but the bull published by Benedict XIII., in 1724. Authority :—A life by Cherubin Maria Dalaëus.]

THIS saint, who became the fifth General of the Order of Servites, was born in 1234 at Florence, of a noble family. Entering a chapel of the B. Virgin, on the Thursday after Easter, he heard the words of the epistle at mass, addressed by the Holy Spirit to S. Philip the Evangelist, "Draw nigh and join thyself to this chariot." He applied these words to himself, and thought they called him to the religious life. A dream in which he saw the world strewn with gins, and full of pitfalls confirmed his resolution.

He made his profession in 1253, and was sent to Monte Senario, to work in the fields. He was elected General in 1267. It is said, but probably without truth, that the cardinals who were assembled to elect a successor to Clement IV. thought of choosing him, and that Philip hid himself lest he should be called to occupy the chair of S. Peter. It is possible that in the two years of vacancy of the apostolic throne, the mutual jealousy of the French and Italian cardinals may have counselled the promotion of a man uncompromised to either faction, in the hopes that each might gain his ear, but it is far from probable, at a time when the political interests of the papacy demanded a clear head, full of the knowledge of the world and of statesmanship.

S. Philip attended the Council of Lyons to obtain from Gregory X. the confirmation of his Order. He died on August 22nd, 1285, at the age of fifty-one.

August 24.

- S. BARTHOLOMEW, *Ap. M.*, in India; *circ.* A.D. 50.
 SS. PTOLOMÆUS AND ROMANUS, *BB. MM.* in Tuscany; 1st cent.
 S. EUTYCHES, *disciple of S. Paul and S. John*; end of 1st cent.
 SS. AUREA AND COMP., *MM.* at Ostia; middle of 3rd cent.
 THE WHITE MASS, at Carthage or Utica; A.D. 268.
 SS. GREGORY, THEODORE, AND LEO, *CC.* at Samos or Cephalonia;
circ. A.D. 360.
 S. YARCARD, *B.* in Scotland; *circ.* A.D. 450.
 S. RIGOMER, *P.C.* at Soultigné sous Vallon, in France; 6th cent.
 S. OÜEN OR AUDOEN, *B.* of Rouen; A.D. 673.
 S. GREGORY THE LYMNIOI, *M.* on Olympus; A.D. 730.
 S. PETER, *Metr.* of Kiuff, at Moscow, in Russia; A.D. 1328.

S. BARTHOLOMEW, AP. M.

(ABOUT A.D. 50.)

[Roman Martyrology; but at Rome itself on Aug. 25, and Aug. 24th is observed as the Vigil. The Martyrology of S. Jerome, on June 13, "In Persia the nativity of S. Bartholomew," but also on Aug. 24th, "In India S. Bartholomew." Florus in his additions to Bede, on Aug. 24. Same day Ado, Usuardus, Hrabanus, Wandelbert. By the Greeks and Russians on June 11th, and the translation of the relics of S. Bartholomew to Lipari in some Menæas on Aug. 25. By the Armenians on December 8; by the Copts and Abyssinians on June 18 and November 20. The Sarum, York, and Anglican Reformed Kalendars on Aug. 24. No mention is made of S. Bartholomew in the ancient Sacramentaries, as, till the 8th cent., the Apostles were not commemorated separately, but together on the morrow of the Feast of SS. Peter and Paul. The Church of Constantinople seems to have been the first to have attributed a day to the commemoration of S. Bartholomew; but before the 11th cent. the observance of this festival was not commanded. Before the 10th cent. the festival was without a vigil. With this day, Aug. 24th, closes the season for making the Easter communion, and the names of those who had not made their communion between Easter and this day were formerly written up on the doors of the churches in Rome, as those of excommunicate persons.]

BARTHOLOMEW, or the Son of Tolmai,¹ is reckoned by S. Matthew,² S. Mark,³ and S. Luke,⁴ as one of the Apostles of our Lord, and the three first Evangelists place him immediately after S. Philip. The Gospel of S. John mentions no Bartholo-

¹ The name occurs 2 Sam. iii. 3. xiii. 37.² Mark iii. 18.³ Matt. x. 3.⁴ Luke vi. 14; Acts i. 13.

mew, but speaks of a Nathaniel who was led by Philip to our Lord,¹ and says that his birthplace was Cana of Galilee.* The Gospels which mention Bartholomew make no mention of Nathaniel. From this, and from the fact that Nathaniel was called to be a disciple, and probably also an apostle, by Christ, and that the particulars of this call are given at some length by S. John, it has been concluded, with every appearance of probability, that Nathaniel and Bartholomew are the same person, the former being his own proper name, the latter being a patronymic, as S. Peter was called Simon and Barjonas.

Except what is told us in the Gospels, we know nothing trustworthy concerning S. Bartholomew. S. Jerome says that Bartholomew was the only one of the Twelve who was of noble birth. This is because the conjecture grew into a tradition that Bartholomew derived his name from Tolmai, King of Geshur, whose daughter Maacah was the mother of Absalom by King David. The name Bartholomew is Syriac, not Hebrew. Afterwards it was forgotten who Tolmai was, and he was supposed to be Ptolemy, King of Egypt. Then the fable took shape that Bartholomew was of royal Egyptian race.

Supposing him to be the same as Nathaniel, his call to the apostleship took place as follows :—

“The day following, Jesus would go forth into Galilee, and findeth Philip, and saith unto him, Follow me. Now Philip was of Bethsaida, the city of Andrew and Peter. Philip findeth Nathaniel, and saith unto him, We have found him of whom Moses in the law, and the prophets, did write, Jesus of Nazareth, the son of Joseph. And Nathaniel said unto him, Can there any good thing come out of Nazareth? Philip saith unto him, Come and see. Jesus saw Nathaniel coming to him, and saith of him, Behold an Israelite indeed,

¹ John i. 45.

^{*} John xxi. 2.

in whom is no guile! Nathaniel saith unto him, Whence knowest thou me? Jesus answered and said unto him, Before that Philip called thee, when thou wast under the fig tree, I saw thee. Nathaniel answered and saith unto him, Rabbi, thou art the Son of God; thou art the King of Israel. Jesus answered and said unto him, Because I said unto thee, I saw thee under the fig tree, believest thou? thou shalt see greater things than these. And he saith unto him, Verily, verily, I say unto you, Hereafter ye shall see heaven open, and the angels of God ascending and descending upon the Son of Man."

S. Epiphanius says that Nathaniel was the young man, the son of the widow, whom our Lord raised from the dead at Nain;¹ but he stands alone in this most improbable conjecture.

Eusebius says that Pantænus on his visit to India found there Christians in possession of the Gospel of S. Matthew in Hebrew, which the Apostle Bartholomew had left there when he preached the Word of God in India.² The Hebrew Gospel was that "of the Twelve," which bore a close resemblance to the canonical Gospel of S. Matthew without being identical with it. It was compiled somewhat earlier than S. Matthew's Gospel.³ The statement that this book had been left by S. Bartholomew rests on a mistake. Pantænus was told that it was given to the Indian Christians by their apostle, Mar-Thomas—*i.e.*, S. Thomas. Mar-thomais he concluded erroneously to be Bartholomew, and thus originated the fable of Bartholomew as well as Thomas having preached in India.

The Greek Menæa says he preached in India Felix, but more probably Arabia Felix. Most late writers, led

¹ Hæres, 23.

² Hist. Eccl. v. 10; also S. Jerome, after him, De Script. Eccles. c. 36.

³ See full particulars concerning this Gospel, with all the fragments extant, in my "Lost and Hostile Gospels." Williams and Norgate. 1874.

away by the blunder of Pantænus, make India the scene of the labours of Bartholomew; but late Greek writers make him the apostle of Arabia.

The Greek Menology of the Emperor Basil and the Synaxarium of the Constantinopolitan Church have a story of no historical value whatever, that in the reign of Trajan S. Philip went to Hierapolis in Phrygia with his seven daughters and his sister Mariamne, and accompanied by Bartholomew, the Apostle. There they preached and converted Nicanora, the wife of the proconsul. A great serpent was the object of adoration at Hierapolis. By order of the proconsul, S. Philip and S. Bartholomew were suspended head downwards from a wall. Then the earth gaped and swallowed up the serpent and its priests and the proconsul. Bartholomew was then released, but Philip consummated his martyrdom. Then Bartholomew and Mariamne buried Philip, and departed together into Lycaonia. But Stachys, who had received the apostles into his house at Hierapolis, was consecrated a bishop, and sent to Byzantium, where he is commemorated on October 31. It is not worth while exposing the absurdity of this story.

The Martyrologists agree in fixing Albana or Albanopolis as the scene of the martyrdom of S. Bartholomew. The town intended seems to have been Albana on the shore of the Caspian, north of the Caucasus, the modern Derbend. The unanimity of tradition in fixing on this remote spot as the place where he suffered, makes it probable that this was indeed the scene of his martyrdom.

The story of his apostolate in India and Arabia must be abandoned. The tradition of his having been at Hierapolis, and of having preached in Armenia, seems more worthy of consideration, but then it must have been Hierapolis in Syria that he visited, and not Hierapolis in Phrygia. From Hierapolis he went on into Armenia, and pushed through

it, always in the same direction, till he reached the Caspian at Derbend, and there suffered. The Armenian ecclesiastical historians unanimously claim S. Bartholomew as their apostle, and the martyrologists, with one consent, assert that he preached in Armenia.

The saint is said to have been flayed alive by order of the Armenian Prince Polymius, or by Astyages, the brother of Polymius; or, according to the Armenian historians, Sanatrug, whose daughter he had converted to the Faith. When flayed, Bartholomew was suspended on a cross, and left to die in agonies, exposed to the flies.

The remains of S. Bartholomew were afterwards removed, in 508, by the Emperor Anastasius, to the city of Daras in Mesopotamia, not far from Nisibis, which he had built and fortified as a stronghold.¹

Whence did he procure these relics? That he could have got them from Albana is hardly possible, for the Empire was not at that time so extensive, and Daras was at the extreme confine. But we learn the story from Theodore of the Studium, Joseph the hymnographer, and Gregory of Tours. Anastasius got the bones of S. Bartholomew from the island of Lipari.

But how came they there? This was a miracle. When Bartholomew was martyred at Derbend, the king, in order to secure that his body should not come into the hands of the Christians, enclosed it in a leaden coffin, and threw the coffin into the sea—the Caspian. But marvellous to relate! the coffin floated like wood on the waves, and was wafted out of sight. More marvellous still, it sailed by sea all the way to the island of Lipari near Sicily.²

¹ Evagrius, iii. 37; Theodore the Reader, ii., and Nicephorus Callist. xvi. 37.

² The Bollandists do not take upon themselves to deny this miracle. "Mirabilis hæc historia grande miraculum, non diffiteor. Verum, si quis hoc ipso, quod mirabilia legat, ea falsa existimat, sæpe impingat necesse est, neque satis agnoscere videtur mirabilem esse in Sanctis suis Deum." Had Father Stilling no atlas? Did he know

Daras was taken and ruined by Chosroes, in A.D. 574. What then became of the body of S. Bartholomew no historian relates.

But it turned up again at Lipari, and was translated thence, in A.D. 839, to Beneventum, which was elevated into an archbishopric in 969 by John XIII. in honour of the sacred body it contained; and indulgences have been granted to those visiting and venerating the relics. Another body of S. Bartholomew was found by Pope Paul IV. in 1560, in the church of that dedication in Rome, which had been ruined by a flood in 1557. The body entire, like that at Benevento, reposes in the high altar. The church of Benevento produces bulls of Leo IX., Stephen IX., Benedict XII., Clement VI., Boniface IX., and Urban V., confirming them in their claims to possess the true body of S. Bartholomew. The Romans produce bulls of Alexander III. and Sixtus V., and the authorized Roman Martyrology and Breviary, which affirm that the body at Rome is that of S. Bartholomew.

Other relics are shown and venerated as those of this apostle at Lyons and Liège—the latter given by Pope Stephen X. to Bishop Theodowin. An arm was taken to Canterbury by S. Anselm.

Other relics in the church of S. Bartholomew at Bergamo; and in those of the Apostles, S. Eusebius, S. Laurence outside the walls, S. Mary of the Angels, S. Cross of Jerusalem, S. Sabina, S. Praxedis, and S. Pudentiana, at Rome. Others

that the Caspian is an inland sea with no communication whatever with the ocean? The coffin must have voyaged by land across Media and Susiana, floated down the Persian Gulf, swum down the east coast of Africa, doubled the Cape of Good Hope, coasted West Africa, and entered the Mediterranean by Gibraltar. But the Greek Menæa gives a different course to the swimming sarcophagus. It floated from the Caspian into the Black Sea, coasted Asia Minor, traversed the Sea of Marmora and the Dardanelles, and swimming vigorously down the Ægean, threading its way among the Isles of Greece, entered the Mediterranean, and doubling Cape Passaro, sighted Palermo, and finally rested in Lipari. The Bollandist fathers learnedly and painfully dispute whether the sarcophagus were of stone or of lead.

at Monte Cassino, "non exiguam partem Apostolici corporis recondidit (Desiderius abbas) in argentea capsula." A head at Naples, an arm at Amalfi; a great part of the *skin* of S. Bartholomew at Riotorto near Assisi. A foot at Genoa, with flesh and skin dried on it; a tooth in S. Maria Libera-trix in Genoa, a large part of the skin also in S. Blase de Cataldo in Venice. At S. Symphorian, Reims, "a part of the body of S. Bartholomew." Some of the relics anciently enclosed in the leaden weathercock of Sauvemajeur, as protection against lightning, removed afterwards to the choir; but as a monk was killed by lightning in the church shortly after, the relics were restored to the weathercock. Flying ants when they approached the weathercock became paralysed, and fell dead on the roof of the church. A head of S. Bartholomew at Toulouse, and an arm and hand at Gersiac, near Paris; another arm, with the flesh dried on it, at Bethune; of another arm (a large part) "nobilem portionem" at Foppens; other relics at Ogniac on the Save; a knuckle at Rutille on the Meuse. At Brussels, in the Court Chapel, part of an arm, some bones at Bruges in the cathedral, others at Parc near Louvain, at Tongres, Utrecht and Maestricht—at the latter a shoulder-blade,—a finger in S. Servais, and a part of the skull in S. Mary's. At S. Charles at Antwerp part of the chin; at Moissac some of the skin; at Cologne, some of the skin in the church of S. Severinus, a double tooth in that of the Apostles, an arm in the church of S. Maria in the Capitol, part of an arm in S. Pantaleon, a jaw in the Augustinians' Church, a jaw in the Jesuit one. An arm at Ebers, a Cistercian nunnery near Cologne, at Steinfeld an upper jaw; one of the knives used in flaying the saint in S. Stephen's, Mainz. An arm at Andechs; the crown of the head and part of the jaw, and three large leg or arm bones in S. Veit, at Prag; another crown of the head at Frankfort, the head entire anciently

at Reichenau—whither removed since the suppression of the monastery, in 1799, I do not know; a lower jaw at Murbach, some of the hair of S. Bartholomew at Aix-la-Chapelle.

Some bones and skin at S. Dominici de Silos, near Toledo, a rib at S. Maria de Maxara, in Spain, an arm bone, and part of the skin, and a rib, in the Escorial.

In works of art S. Bartholomew appears in the Greek types as a man with an incipient beard. Western traditions and works of art, however, represent him in the prime of life, with a quantity of strong black hair and a bushy grizzled beard.

His peculiar emblem is a butcher's flaying knife, which he holds in his hands; sometimes he carries on his arm the skin of a man with the face attached to it, and frequently he has in one hand the Gospel of S. Matthew. In mediæval times little knives were given away at Croyland Abbey in allusion to the instrument of S. Bartholomew's martyrdom. In Belgium servant girls are not allowed to go into cabbage fields on this day, as the Apostle who gives large heads to the cabbage-plants on this day objects to their prying eyes.

It was the custom formerly in Brittany and Belgium for cataleptic patients to spend the night before S. Bartholomew's day dancing in the parish church—an infallible cure of fits. The custom is said not to be altogether extinguished in Brittany at the present day.

S. EUTYCHES.

(END OF 1ST CENT.)

[Greek Menæa and Menology ; also on May 28, but the commemorations seem to be of two distinct persons of the same name, one a martyr, the other a disciple of SS. Paul and John. In the modern Roman Martyrology "S. Eutychius, disciple of S. John the Evangelist, who for preaching the Gospel, in various parts; suffered imprisonment, stripes and fire, but died at length in peace."]

THE Greeks venerate on this day S. Eutyches, disciple of S. John the Divine and of S. Paul. It has been conjectured that this Eutyches is the same as the young man Eutychus who fell down from an upper loft at Philippi when S. Paul was preaching, and was taken up as dead, but was restored to consciousness by the apostle. There is, however, no evidence in confirmation of this opinion, which is founded only on the similarity of the names. The Greek Menologies say that Eutyches, or Eutychius, was a native of Sebastopol, and that after the death of S. John, he attached himself to S. Paul!!—a wonderful blunder. He may have followed S. Paul, and on his death have attended to S. John at Ephesus. The Menology gives an account of his tortures; probably apocryphal.

THE WHITE MASS.

(A.D. 258.)

[Some copies of the Martyrology of Jerome, and most ancient Latin Martyrologies. The festival was observed in Africa in the time of S. Augustine, as we learn from his discourse on Ps. xlix., and from Serm. cxii. There is also mention of these martyrs in a hymn of Prudentius, xiii.]

In the persecution of Valerian, in A.D. 258, the proconsul of Africa went to Utica, and commanded the Christians who were there imprisoned to be brought before him. S.

Augustine says that they numbered one hundred and fifty-three; the martyrologists have expanded them to three hundred. The proconsul ordered them to a limekiln in a field, and beside it stood an altar to idols with salt and hog's liver placed on it ready for sacrifice. He gave them their choice, either to sacrifice or to perish in the kiln. They, with one consent, leaped into the kiln, and were consumed with the stone and converted into lime. The lime was preserved by the Christians and moulded into one great mass, and thence this great block of lime and ashes of martyrs received its name of the White Mass.

S. YARCARD, B.

(ABOUT A.D. 450.)

[Dempster in his *Scottish Menology*. The *Aberdeen Breviary*.]

S. YARCARD, a native of Kincardine, was ordained by S. Ternan, and lived a solitary and ascetic life. He is said to have visited Rome, and received the benediction of Pope Gregory I. But as S. Ternan died in A.D. 431, and S. Gregory in A.D. 606, the *Aberdeen Breviary* which makes this statement is guilty of a grievous anachronism. There is no reason to doubt that he laboured along with S. Ternan among the Picts in the 5th cent.

S. OUEN, B. OF ROUEN.

(A.D. 673.)

[Roman and Gallican Martyrologies. The Martyrologies of Florus, Usuardus, and Wandelbert. Authorities :—A life, of which only fragments remain, by a writer only a little later ; he says, "I pass on to his miracles which I have heard from his disciples." Another ancient life by an anonymous writer ; there is a metrical life as well, written in the 11th cent., of less value.]

S. OUEN, otherwise called Dado, or Audoen, was a native of Sancy, in Brie. He was the son of a nobleman named Authair, who received S. Columbanus at Vultiac on the Marne, probably about the time when he was driven from Luxeuil. Aiga, the wife of Authair, brought her two sons, Ado and Ouen, before the venerable Irish abbot to receive his benediction. Neither of the children was then ten years old. Authair placed both his sons at the court of King Clothair II., where they contracted a friendship with S. Eligius. Ado renounced the world and founded the Abbey of Jouarre on the Marne ; his brother Ouen remained with Clothair, and served afterwards his son and successor, Dagobert I., who made him keeper of his seal, as grand referendary or chancellor. Ouen founded the Abbey of Rebais in the forest of Brie, and appointed S. Agil, one of the disciples of S. Columbanus, as its first abbot, A.D. 636. S. Ouen would have retired into the monastery he had built, but was not suffered by the king. On the death of Dagobert, and the succession of Clovis II., A.D. 638, S. Ouen for awhile remained at court, and in the performance of his official functions, but in A.D. 640 he was elected Archbishop of Rouen, at the same time that his friend, S. Eligius, was chosen to fill the sees of Noyon and Tournay. S. Ouen assisted in the council of Chalons in 644, and died at Clichy

on August 24th, A.D. 683, after having possessed the episcopal dignity for three years.

The life of S. Ouen is singularly deficient in details of interest.

S. PETER, B. OF KIEFF.

(A.D. 1328.)

[Russian Kalendar. Authority :—A life in Mouravieff's Hist. of the Church in Russia.]

PETER, a Volhynian by birth, spent his early youth in religion, and was hegumen of a small monastery at Ratno, which he had founded in his native district. The fame of his virtues having reached Yury, King of the South-west of Russia and of the province of Lithuania, he sent Peter to Constantinople to be consecrated Metropolitan of Kieff by the patriarch Athanasius. Finding Kieff deserted, under the intolerable sway of the Mongols, Peter removed to Vladimir, which he made the seat of his metropolitanate, and whence he travelled throughout the country, ordaining bishops and priests, and reconciling princes who were at variance. At Bransk his efforts at allaying discord led to such resentment that had he not fled for refuge and sanctuary to the cathedral he would have been killed.

Soon after his elevation, Antony, Bishop of Tver, son of the Prince of Lithuania, moved with jealousy at the advancement to such an important see of a humble hegumen, stirred up opposition, and lodged a slanderous charge against him. A synod met at Periaslavla-Zalessky, attended by numerous princes and clergy, and presided over by the Bishop of Rostoff. The venerable Peter rose up meekly, and said, "My brethren, a great storm has arisen against

the Church. But it seems to me that it is all about myself. Throw me overboard, I am a nobody, if only it will produce a calm," and he would have laid down the insignia of his metropolitanate. But the utter hollowness of the accusation having been proved, as well as the spite which had instigated its formulation, the holy prelate was triumphantly acquitted. The Bishop of Tver was covered with confusion. Peter looked at him, red, with downcast eyes, and sullen brow, and attempted to cheer him. "Peace be with thee, my son! This was no deed of thine, but his who, from the beginning, has been the great Accuser. As for thee, be more prudent for the future, and as for the past, God will forgive it thee!"

Moved by the advice of Prince Ivan I. of Moscow, the holy metropolitan moved his see from Vladimir to Moscow, A.D. 1325. He is said to have persuaded that prince to lay therein the foundations of the stone Cathedral of the Assumption. "If thou wilt comfort my old age," said he, "if thou wilt build here a temple worthy of the Mother of God, then thou shalt be glorious above all other princes, and thy posterity shall become great. My bones shall rest in this city, prelates shall rejoice to dwell in it, and the hands of its princes shall be on the necks of our enemies."

At the same time Ivan also founded in his new capital the church of S. Saviour "in the Wood," thought to be the oldest sacred edifice standing at the present day in Moscow, and the Cathedral of the Archangel, where his body now reposes.

"The heart of Moscow is the Kremlin, and the heart of the Kremlin is the Patriarchal Cathedral, the Church of the Assumption or Repose of the Virgin. It is, in dimensions, what in the west would be called a chapel rather than a cathedral. But it is so fraught with recollections, so teeming with worshippers, so bursting with tombs and pictures,

from the pavement up to the cupola, that its smallness of space is forgotten in the fulness of its contents. On the platform of the nave, from Ivan the Terrible downwards to this day, the Czars have been crowned. Along its altar-screen are deposited the most sacred pictures of Russia. That, painted by the Metropolitan Peter; this, sent by the Greek Emperor Manuel; that, brought by Vladimir from Kherson. High in the cupola is the chapel, where, as at the summit of the Russian Church, the Russian Primates were elected. In the depth of the throne, behind the altar, is the sacred picture which commemorates the original rock of Kieff, whence the see of Moscow was hewn. Round the walls are buried the Primates of the Church; at the four corners, here, as in all Oriental buildings, the place of honour, lie those most highly venerated."¹ The tomb of S. Peter is between the two chapels on the north side of the Bema or Sanctuary.

¹ Stanley's *Eastern Church*, Lect. x.



August 25.

SS. EUSEBIUS, PONTIANUS, AND OTHERS, *MM. at Rome ; and cent.*

S. GENES, *M. at Rome ; circ. A.D. 303.*

S. GENES, *M. at Arles ; circ. A.D. 303.*

S. MENNAS, *Patr. of Constantinople ; A.D. 552.*

S. HILDA, *V., Abss. of Whitby ; A.D. 680.¹*

S. EBBA, *V., Abss. at Coldingham ; A.D. 683.*

S. PATRICIA, *V., at Naples ; 7th cent.*

S. GREGORY, *B. at Utrecht ; A.D. 776.*

S. LOUIS, *K. of France ; A.D. 1270.*

S. GENES, M.

(CIRC. A.D. 303.)

[Roman Martyrology. In the ancient Carthaginian Kalendar, Gènes the actor is commemorated, but on which day cannot be distinguished on account of a defect in the MS. On this day, in the ancient Roman Kalendar pub. by Fronto, and which dates from before A.D. 731. A church also existed in Rome, the roof of which was repaired in A.D. 741, by Pope Gregory III. The Martyrology of S. Jerome, so called, and other Latin Martyrologies. There are several versions of the Acts of this Saint, some long, amplifications of the shorter ones. The latter are ancient, and trustworthy.]



ON a certain day when Diocletian the emperor was in Rome,² Genes the actor was performing on the stage before the emperor and a great crowd. He was a clever mimic, and the subject chosen for burlesque was a sick man troubled in mind, doubting the truth of his gods, alarmed at the future, of which he knew nothing ; then hearing of Christ, of heaven, of a judgment to come, believing and crying out for baptism.

York Kalendar, on account of a translation of her body on this day. But her death on Nov. 17th, to which day the reader is referred for her biography.

² Diocletian was in Rome in 303 ; the Acts state only that Genes appeared before Diocletian in Rome, and it is therefore probable that the martyrdom took place then.

The curtain rose on Genes lying on a bed, sick unto death, and groaning.

"I am weighed down," moaned the actor, "the burden of the past is on my conscience; my sins oppress me unendurably. Oh! that I could obtain relief—that I were light and free!"

"Why, how so, good fellow?" said the other actors round the sick couch; "if you are burdened, how can we lighten you?"

"Ah, ah!" laughed the clown to the audience; "there is only one way: we must take him to a carpenter's, and have him sawn and planed down, and so lighten him."

This sally provoked a roar of laughter.

"No," said the sick man, "I wish to die a Christian: by that means only can I obtain relief."

"Why! what do you desire to be a Christian for?"

"To fly to my God."

"Call in a priest and an exorcist."

In came two actors dressed up for their parts. The priest sat down by the bedside, put on a commiserating air, and said, "Why hast thou sent for me, my son?"

"I desire the favour of Christ," answered Genes, "by which I may be born again to a new, a holier, a purer life."

Then a great vat of water was brought down upon the stage, and the ceremony of baptism was gone through upon the sick man, who was drawn out of bed for the purpose, and amidst the reiterated bursts of merriment from the audience, was plunged in the water, and then clothed in white.

Scarcely had this been effected, when from the sides rushed on some of the company dressed as Roman soldiers, who seized on the new convert and drew him before the emperor's stall, that he might be tried and sentenced by Diocletian. It was part of the jest, the concerted spectacle.

Genes shook off his guards, and springing upon a pedestal

from which he threw down the statue of Venus, exclaimed, "Sire, and all you present, hear what I say. I have ever hated the Christian name, and when I have seen Christians brought before the magistrate I have exulted. My parents and kinsmen have been Christians, and from them I heard all concerning the faith, and the manner of conducting the sacraments. But all I heard I turned to mockery, and this day have used my knowledge so obtained for the purpose of a merry jest against them. But lo! sire, as I lay on the bed, the realities of sickness and approaching death stood naked before me. And all my sins from infancy rose up before my eyes, filling a long dark scroll. Sire, believe me, when the water touched me, and I renounced the evil one, and accepted Christ with my lips, my heart went with my words. And I saw a great light, and angels shining above me, and the darkness of sin seemed to roll away before the clear dawn of a heavenly light. And now, sire, and all you people, who have been laughing so heartily, believe me when I say that I confess Christ as very God, and that He is the true light shining, and the eternal truth, and perfect goodness, and in Him, and Him only, do I trust."

There was something in his look, his attitude, his voice, too real to be mistaken for mimicry. You might have heard a pin fall in that great theatre. No man knew what to think.

Diocletian called the actor before him.

"Jesting may be carried too far. The spectacle was well produced, now return behind the scenes, and change the piece."

"Sire, I am in earnest."

"Then I shall be in earnest also. Ho! let him be beaten."

Blows were showered on the actor. He bore them with the utmost patience.

"Take him away to the prefect," said the emperor; and

Genes the actor was drawn from the theatre. Plautianus the prefect tortured him on the rack.

"There is no king but Him whom I have seen, and whom I adore," repeated Genes. "His I am, and His I shall be. Bitterly do I repent that I know Him only so late."

Then Plautianus, seeing his determination, delivered him over to an executioner that his head might be severed from his body with a sword.

In Art S. Genes is represented with a clown's cap and bells.¹

S. GENES, M.

(ABOUT A.D. 303.)

[Gallican and Roman Martyrologies. Authorities :—The Acts attributed to S. Paulinus of Nola but on no satisfactory grounds.]

S. GENES of Arles was a young secretary in the employment of the magistrate at Arles. On the issuing of an edict against the Christians, he was ordered to make a copy of it, but refused, and flung the edict at the feet of the magistrate. He was not as yet baptized. He was ordered forth to execution, and so received the baptism of blood. The day on which he suffered is not stated in the Acts, nor the emperor whose edict he refused to transcribe. His day has been fixed for August 24th, on account of S. Genes of Rome having certainly suffered on that day. The date of his martyrdom is merely conjectural.

¹ On a stall in Coombe in Tinhead church, Devonshire.

S. MENNAS, PATR. OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

(A.D. 552.)

[Greek Menology and Modern Roman Martyrology. Authorities :— A Greek anonymous life, and authorities for the life of Popes Agapetus and Vigilius.]

WHEN Justinian, Emperor of the East, was preparing to invade Italy and rescue it from the domination of the Goths, the Gothic King Theodotus sent Pope Agapetus to Constantinople (A.D. 535), to ward off the impending danger, by exercising his influence upon the Emperor, and should all his efforts to obtain peace prove unavailing, he was to produce a letter from the Gothic King containing a declaration of war. Should Justinian land his troops in Italy, Theodotus declared his intention of instantly putting the Roman Senate to the sword, and razing the city of the Cæsars to the ground.

Agapetus reached Byzantium in February, 536. He found the see of Constantinople vacant, and the Empress Theodora prepared to translate to it the Bishop of Trebizonde, suspected of Eutychian views.

The Pope threatened in the event of such an appointment to cut off communion with the new Patriarch. Justinian listened to his remonstrances, and nominated Mennas to the vacant see. The new Patriarch was consecrated, April 22nd, 536, by the aged Pope. Agapetus died shortly after.

The opportunity was seized by Vigilius. The scandalous story has been told elsewhere¹ of Vigilius promising the Empress to uphold Eutychianism if she would obtain for him the Papacy, of how he hastened to Rome with treasures supplied by Theodora to bribe the venal Roman people, how he found Sylverius already in the chair of S. Peter,

¹ See life of S. Sylverius, June 20.

how he deposed him with the help of Belisarius, how he banished him and caused his death, and so cleared the way for his own accession to the apostolic throne.

The Controversy of the Three Chapters now disturbed the East. Justinian the Emperor was a theologian, or thought himself so; whilst his frontiers were threatened by hungry barbarians, he took the field against heretics whom he could exterminate without danger to his person. He would reap victories over theological opponents when he shrank from exposing himself to the precarious fortune of battle against the enemies of his empire and of Christianity.

"What is there to fear," asked a bold conspirator of his associates, "from this bigoted tyrant? Sleepless and unarmed he sits whole nights in his closet, debating with reverend greybeards, and turning over the pages of ecclesiastical volumes."¹

It was now three hundred years since the death of Origen. The orthodoxy of this great ecclesiastical writer was made the subject of debate, of controversy, of anathema. Justinian, with penetrating eye, descried more than ten errors in his works, and his memory was condemned to reprobation. But the writings of Origen were dear to the monks of Palestine, and to many of the more intelligent and learned of the Oriental bishops. It was necessary to divert the mind of the Imperial controversialist to another subject.

Theodore Askidas, Archbishop of Cæsarea in Cappadocia, both respected the memory of Origen and loved the works of that great doctor. He was perhaps disposed to take Monophysite views of the nature of Christ; but this is not established. The harlot Theodora, whom Justinian had raised to the Imperial throne as his consort, was deeply tainted with these views, and sought an opportunity to

¹ Procopius, *De Bell. Goth.* iii. 32.

overthrow or weaken the authority of the Council of Chalcedon.

Theodore and Theodora combined their influence over the feeble mind of Justinian to excite a controversy which would further their several ends.

Theodore of Mopsuestia, Theodoret of Cyrus, and Ibas of Edessa, had not been condemned—on the contrary, they had been admitted as orthodox, by the Council of Chalcedon. They were all three dead—but what did that matter? Let their memories be the battlefield for a new controversy! If these three writers should be pronounced heretical, the authority of Chalcedon would be shaken—this was what Theodora sought; and the heat and excitement of the controversy would distract the Emperor's thoughts from Origen—this was the purpose of Theodore Askidas.¹

Pope Vigilius was under written promise to the Empress to obtain the condemnation of the Council of Chalcedon. It was necessary to bring him to Constantinople. He was accordingly ordered to resort to the imperial capital; and he set forth, loaded with the imprecations of the Roman people, and assailed with volleys of stones, as the murderer of Sylverius, and of his nephew, whom he had scourged to death. "May famine and pestilence pursue thee; evil hast thou done to us, may evil overtake thee wherever thou art!"

In the meantime Justinian had concluded his perusal of the writings of Theodore of Mopsuestia, Theodoret of Cyrus, and Ibas of Edessa. He looked for heresy, and his passion was gratified. He detected minute points, words, expressions, capable of being forced to express unsound views. These he formulated in Three Chapters, and prepared to issue an edict condemning them. It was presented to

¹ See on the purpose of Theodore in stirring up this controversy, Hefele's *Concilien Geschichte*, iii. l. 4, c. 1.

Mennas, and he was required to sign it. He hesitated, and only yielded reluctantly, on the understanding that his signature was provisional, and that he might withdraw it, should Pope Vigilius object to the condemnation. Ephraem, Patriarch of Antioch, at first refused to sign the edict, but yielded when threatened with deposition. Peter, Patriarch of Jerusalem, showed the same cowardice and inconsequence. When a crowd of zealous and protesting monks besieged him, he swore that the edict attacked the Council of Chalcedon, and that he would never sanction it; yet, when threatened by the Emperor, he basely gave in to it his adhesion. Zoilus of Alexandria followed their ignoble lead. Mennas is charged with having forced his suffragans to subscribe, but this is not a charge that can be substantiated. It was an excuse made by some of the subscribers to Stephen, the papal secretary, to cover their own subservience to the imperial will.

Facundus, Bishop of Hermiane, and other African bishops were then in Constantinople; Facundus drew up a defence of the Three Chapters, and he and his African allies broke off communion with Mennas and all those prelates who had signed the condemnation.

At this juncture Vigilius arrived in Constantinople, January 25, A.D. 547, and was received by the Emperor with the highest honour. Vigilius on leaving Rome had been earnestly, solemnly charged by the clergy and the people not to listen to any overtures made by the Empress to obtain a condemnation of the Council of Chalcedon. It had leaked out that to her Vigilius owed his position on the throne of S. Peter, that in return for his advancement he had made some promise to support the Monophysite heresy; his unscrupulous, irreligious character was too well known, and the Church of Rome viewed the journey of Vigilius to Constantinople with undisguised alarm. The Pope assumed a tone

of high and rigid orthodoxy on his arrival at Byzantium. He launched an interdict against Mennas of Constantinople, Ephraem of Antioch, Peter of Jerusalem, and all the bishops who had signed the edict of Justinian condemning the Three Chapters.

But Vigilius was subjected to the manipulation of Theodora and Justinian ; by flattery, persuasion, and every art which would weigh with an unscrupulous man like Vigilius, he was brought into an opposite frame of mind, and he fulminated his anathemas in echo to the imperial thunders against those who adhered to the orthodoxy of the Three Chapters. "In conformity with your invincible wishes," wrote the Pope to Justinian and to Theodora, "I anathematize the letter of Ibas, and the doctrine of Theodoret, and of Theodore, formerly Bishop of Mopsuestia, who was ever alien from the Church, and opposed to the holy Fathers. We anathematize every one who does not acknowledge that the Word of God, Christ, has but one substance, one person, and one operation!"¹

When Vigilius had thus changed sides, he returned to communion with Mennas and the other bishops whom he had previously excommunicated.

On April 11th, 548, Pope Vigilius sent to Mennas his "Judicatum," which, as the title expresses, contains the judgment of the Pope on the questions propounded to him. This document is unfortunately lost, but fragments remain which allow us to judge of its character.² He anathematized the Three Chapters, but introduced a saving clause that no derogation to the authority of the Council of Chalcedon was meant thereby. That is—he condemned as heretical those whose orthodoxy had been proclaimed by the Fathers of Chalcedon, yet without prejudice to that

¹ The words "one operation" are probably an interpolation.

² Besides the fragment published by Baluze, Bishop Hefele has discovered five more in the "Constitution" of Vigilius.

Council! Three years after, when Vigilius had reverted again to the opposite side, he excused his "Judicatum," as a shifty production whose tendency was to appease a profitless controversy.

Shortly after the publication of the "Judicatum," the Empress Theodora died, June 28th, A.D. 548. But her death did not appease the contest, for Justinian was now fired with theologic zeal, and bent on forcing the whole Church to condemn Theodore of Mopsuesta, dead a hundred years ago in full communion with the Church, Theodoret of Cyrus, and Ibas of Edessa, whose orthodoxy had been vindicated by the Fourth Œcumenical Council.

The "Judicatum" of the Pope had excited lively alarm and indignation. His nephew, the deacon Rusticus, the Roman deacon Sebastian, wrote to Italy that the Holy Father "had struck a blow at the authority of the Council of Chalcedon!" The Roman clerks, John, Gerontius, Severinus, John, and Deusdedit, opposed the "Judicatum" on the same grounds. Vigilius, angry and alarmed, deprived them of their offices. Valentinian, Bishop of Tomi, and Aurelian, Archbishop of Arles, wrote in alarm to the Pope. The rumour spread through Gaul that Vigilius had overthrown the four great councils. In Illyria, in Dalmatia, in Africa, and in Scythia, opposition to the "Judicatum" became determined. A synod of the Illyrian bishops met, vindicated the orthodoxy of the Three Chapters, and deposed the Metropolitan Benenatus for condemning them in conformity with the "Judicatum" of the Pope.

So far from appeasing controversy, the judgment of Vigilius had excited it.

The Pope thought prudent to withdraw it, after a consultation with Mennas, Dacius of Milan, and several other Greek and Latin bishops. But at the same time that he openly withdrew his "Judicatum," he privately by oath

promised Justinian (Aug. 15, A.D. 550) "that he would endeavour, along with the Emperor, to obtain a sentence of anathema against the Three Chapters," it was further stipulated that this compact should be kept secret.

Soon after this, the Emperor convoked a great synod at Constantinople of the bishops of Illyria and Africa. The bishops of Illyria refused to attend, but those of Africa were present, either personally or by representation. The Emperor and the Greek bishops endeavoured to cajole them into signing a condemnation of the Three Chapters. On their refusal, Reparatus of Carthage was deposed on a frivolous excuse, and his compliant secretary elevated in his room. Firmus of Numidia was won by the presents of the Emperor. Primasius of the province of Byzacene only yielded when his metropolitan died, and he was able, by giving in his adhesion to the anathema, to secure the metropolitan chair for himself. The fourth African deputy, Verecundus, proved stubborn.

Justinian, at the instigation of Theodore Askidas, now drew up a second edict charged with anathemas against the Three Chapters. The publication of this edict caused a commotion in the breast of the Pope. It was, he saw clearly, impossible for him to proceed further in the matter of the Three Chapters without rousing against him the whole of the West. The timorous, compromising "Judicatum" had been thrown out as a feeler, and it had shown him that the West was resolute in its chivalrous attachment to the Chalcedonian Council, and would not endure an oblique imputation cast at it. That Justinian would force him to subscribe the edict if he tarried in Constantinople was certain. If he subscribed it, Rome would be in revolt, and he could never again set his foot in it. At the suggested possibility of his yielding, the vigorous Romans had pelted him with stones. How would they treat him if he

basely subscribed? He took refuge in the basilica of S. Peter, with Dacius of Milan, and other Latin bishops who were with him. In the meantime Theodore Askidas, in concert with Mennas, deposed Zoilus, Patriarch of Alexandria, because he would not condemn the Three Chapters, and appointed in his room a certain Apollinaris.

From the church of S. Peter, Pope Vigilius drew up a sentence of excommunication and deposition against Askidas, Mennas, and all their partisans, and confided it to the care of a woman, who was to publish it in the event of certain contingencies.

Justinian, hearing of the flight of the Pope, sent soldiers to take him from the church. But Vigilius would not leave the sanctuary. When they threatened force, he flew to the altar, and embraced one of its pillars. The soldiers seized him by the legs and pulled; the Pope, a stalwart and sturdy man, held the pillar; the column yielded, and the altar slab would have fallen on him and crushed his head, had not some of the clergy placed their shoulders under it and sustained it. The resolution of the Pope overcame the purpose of the soldiers, and they withdrew. The Emperor then swore that he would not injure the Pope, nor interfere with his liberty, if he would return to his palace, and Vigilius left his asylum.

Time passed, and Vigilius saw that he was being detained in Constantinople for no other purpose than that he should yield through exhaustion of patience to the resolution of the Emperor. He had now been nearly four years in Constantinople; the difficulties of his position were not lightened, they daily became more perplexing. He secretly fled again from his palace, crossed the Bosphorus, and took refuge in the church of S. Euphemia at Chalcedon. Thence, in January, 552, he launched the edict of excommunication drawn up six months before against Askidas, Mennas, &c.

A month later he received in his sanctuary a profession of faith from Askidas, Mennas, and the rest, which satisfied him. They assured him that they respected the Council of Chalcedon, and adhered to its decisions without adding to or subtracting anything from them. As for the matter of the Three Chapters, let that remain to be decided by a future council.

Not long after, in August, A.D. 552, Mennas died, and was succeeded in the patriarchal see by Eutychius.

The brief biography of Mennas does not add much to what is known of him from other sources. He took part, but it was a harmless one, in one of those persecutions of the Jews on a false charge which have disgraced Christian history. It was the custom for such of the Holy Eucharist as was not consumed at mass by the communicants to be given to innocent children. Now, there was a Jewish lad, son of a glass maker, at school, and on one occasion he was given what remained of the Host, the priest not knowing that he was unbaptized. The story goes that when his father heard what he had received, filled with rage, he cast his child into the glass-furnace. The mother sought him in vain; the third day, going near the furnace, she called her son, and the boy answered from the midst of the fire, and came forth unhurt.

Thus ran the malicious lie, diligently circulated among the people to excite them to fury against the Hebrews. Justinian at once seized the glass-blower and crucified him; Mennas took the wife and child, and baptized them. The Jews were stripped of all their immunities, and were oppressed with a vexatious law which compelled them to observe the Passover on the same day on which the Christians celebrated Easter.

S. EBBA, V. ABSS.

(A.D. 683.)

[Wilson's Anglican Martyrology. Whitford and Greven, and other modern Martyrologists. Some confusion has arisen from there having been two S. Ebbas, both Abbesses of Coldingham, one commemorated at Coldingham on April 2, the other on Aug. 25. In Dempster's Scottish Menology on Aug. 22, but then he confounds the two Ebbas: he says S. Ebba, Virgin and Martyr, at Coldingham. Authorities:—Mention by Bede in his Ecc. Hist., and the Acts in Capgrave.]

At the northern extremity of Northumberland, beyond Lindisfarne, on what is now the frontier of Scotland, at Coldingham, rose two monasteries, one for men, the other for women—both founded and governed by one abbess. Whilst S. Hilda, the Deirian Princess, ruled her double monastery on the headland of Whitby, in her father's kingdom, Ebba, a princess of the rival dynasty, granddaughter of Ida the Burner, daughter of Ethelfrid the Ravager, but sister to S. Oswald and Oswy the reigning King of Bernicia, formed on the seacoast another monastic centre, which was yet to hold an important position, and to work out a stormy history.

It had been the intention of her brother to give her in marriage to the King of the Scots, but Ebba obstinately opposed the marriage. She received the veil from the hands of S. Finan, successor of the great Aidan at Lindisfarne; Oswy left her at liberty to devote herself to God, and gave her a piece of land on the banks of the Derwent, where she might found her first monastery, which received the name of Ebbchester—or Ebba's Castle. But the principal scene of her activities was Coldingham, in a situation which she seems to have chosen in emulation of that of Whitby. Hither, says tradition, she fled from the pursuit of her royal Scottish lover, and the sea at her bidding rolled along the valley between the headland and the mainland, and for

three days checked the advance of the prince. She elicited also by her prayers two fountains of limpid water, one at the top of the hill, the other, which is perennial, at its base. S. Ebba's great and famous monastery was built on this promontory, now called after her S. Abb's Head, which abruptly terminates the range of the Lammermoors, thrusting itself out into the German ocean. From this headland, or rather precipice, which rises perpendicularly for more than 500 feet from the level of the sea, the view embraces on the north the Scottish coast to the farther side of the Forth, and, on the south, the English coast as far as the holy isle of Lindisfarne, and the royal acropolis of Bamborough. A small ruined chapel is all that remains to mark the site of the great sanctuary of Ebba, who was, like Hilda, placed at the head of a double community of men and women, and presided over the religious life of Northern Northumbria with no less success, and for an equal length of time, taking her part also, during nearly thirty years, with no less authority in the affairs of her country.

She did not always succeed, however, in maintaining amongst her daughters the fervour and gravity of which she herself gave an example. S. Etheldred of Ely was, for a while, her disciple; S. Cuthbert also learned there the danger of too close a proximity to women.¹ It was a blunder to combine under one roof monks and nuns. "The beauty of the virgins allured the men, and a restless desire to be after the men possessed the virgins,"² is the candid confession of the biographer of S. Ebba. No wonder then that after a brief sojourn at Coldingham, S. Cuthbert went off fully resolved "to avoid the society of women as a pest."

¹ "Beatus Cuthbertus intellecta confusione in domo Domini per feminas facta, creditur, etsi non legitur, celebre condidisse decretum lege perpetua servis suis observandum, quo non solum eis sui corporis presentia, consortia fœminarum inhibuit, verum etiam introitus earum, et accessus et aspectus absceidit." *Vit. ap. Capgrave.*

² "Virginum species viros allexit, et inquieta virorum cupido virgines attraxit, et quasi stellæ de cœlo cadentes in ceno voluptatum involuti sunt." *Vit. ap. Capgrave.*

The saintly Abbess was warned of the relaxation which had crept into the monastery, by a holy priest of her community named Adamnan.¹ This man had been guilty of certain evil acts in his youth, and had gone to an old Irish priest for confession and advice. "What shall I do to make atonement for the past, and to save my soul in the Day of the Lord? Shall I spend my nights standing in prayer, and fast all the week save Sunday?" "It is too much," answered the Irish missionary; "fast twice or thrice a week. But I am going away to Ireland. On my return I will tell you my advice, I shall have time to think it over."

He went away and never returned, for he died in Ireland. Adamnan thenceforth lived in great strictness; he fasted every day save Sunday and Thursday, and spent the greater part of his nights in prayer. He afterwards became attached as priest to the establishment at Coldingham. As he went one day with the abbess through the vast and lofty buildings which she had erected on her headland, he said to her with tears, "All that you see here, so beautiful and so grand, will soon be laid in ashes." And as the astonished princess exclaimed against this prophecy, "Yes," he continued, "A strange man appeared to me in my visions at night, and revealed to me the evil that is done in this house, and the punishment that is prepared for it. He told me that he has visited each cell and each bed, and has found not one save thine as it should be. All the men and all the women are either fast asleep, or waking to mischief. Instead of praying and reading in their cells, they are organizing little picnics in them, with food and drink, or assembled for tittle-tattle.² The maidens, instead of meditating on divine

¹ Not Adamnan the historian and successor of S. Columba at Iona.

² "Omnes prorsus viri et femine aut somno torpent inertes, aut ad peccata vigilant: nam et domunculæ, quæ ad orandum vel legendum factæ erant, nunc in commestationum, potationum, fabulationum et ceterarum sunt illecebrarum cubilia conversæ." *Bede* iv. 25.

things, are weaving fine garments for their own persons or for their friends. Therefore a heavy vengeance from heaven is prepared against this house and against its inhabitants." "Why did you not tell me this before?" asked the surprised abbess. "I feared to do so," said Adamnan, "lest it should trouble you. But you have this consolation, that the destruction of the house will not take place in your days."

The vision having been divulged, the inmates of the double monastery were affected with compunction, and for a while¹ became demure and orderly in their conduct. But it did not last long. Shortly after *S. Ebba* died, and then all went on as before, and even worse, so that the burning of the monastery ended a scandal throughout the country. It does not speak much for the common sense of *S. Ebba* to have founded such an establishment, nor for her capability of governing, that she should have been profoundly ignorant of the disorders which took place under the same roof till enlightened by Adamnan. She was not a *Hilda*, able to rule and keep in propriety an institution with the elements of mischief existing in its very constitution. There is no report of frolicsomeness in the monks and nuns of *Whitby*. The scandals of *Coldingham* indicate the incapacity of the abbess, a worthy, devout woman, but occupying a position of extraordinary difficulty she had created for herself, and which she was utterly incompetent to fill—a feature not exceptional in weak people.

On April 2nd is commemorated another *S. Ebba* of *Coldingham*, abbess in A.D. 870, when the convent without the adjacent monastery had been re-erected, and a more orderly sisterhood filled it. In that year the Danes invaded *Northumbria*, and would have insulted the virgins of *Coldingham* and carried them to their homes as slaves and concubines, had not the maidens at the instigation of their

¹ "Aliquantulum."

abbeſs cut off their lips and noſes. When the barbarians broke into the nunnery they were ſo infuriated at the diſfigurement, that they maſſacred Ebba and her daughters.

S. LOUIS, K.C.

(A.D. 1270.)

[Roman and Gallican Martyrologies. Canonized by Boniface VIII. in 1296. Authorities :—A life by Geoffroi de Beaulieu, the King's Confessor who died 1274, only four years after the king. Another life by an anonymous writer, the Confessor of Queen Margaret; the memoirs of the Sieur de Joinville, the King's friend and companion. A history of S. Louis by Guillaume de Nangis (d. 1301). Robert de Sainceriaux, "Sermon en vers sur la mort du roy S. Louys." The bull of canonization published by Boniface VIII. in 1296; an "Epistola super obitu Ludovici IX." ap. Duchesne, *Script. Hist. Franc.*, v. p. 440. "Epistola Thunensis episc. ad Theobaldum regem Navarrae de felice obitu S. Ludovici," ap. Martene, *Collect. Ampl.*, vi. p. 1218; "Gesta S. Ludovici autore monacho S. Dionysii anonymo," ap. Duchesne; "De vita et actibus Ludovici IX.," by William of Chartres, royal chaplain, ap. Duchesne, v. p. 466. Much valuable matter relating to the life and times of S. Louis has been collected by modern historians. Le Nain de Tillemont (d. 1698) compiled a voluminous collection of extracts relating to the reign of S. Louis, arranged in methodical and chronological order, and comprising almost every fact of importance then known to bear on the subject. "Vie de S. Louis," par Le Nain de Tillemont, Paris, 1847-51. For a list of 147 works bearing on S. Louis, see Catalogue de la bibliothèque impériale, Paris, 1855; also Struve, *Bibl. historica*, ed. Mensel, vii. 2, pp. 74-80. In addition to those mentioned in these two works, see Bastie :—La vie de S. Louis, in *Mém. de l'Acad. des Inscriptions*, xv. pp. 692-736; Lebeuf, *Remarques critiques sur les actes de S. Louis*, nouvellement publiés par les Bollandistes, in *Mém. de l'Acad. des Inscript.*, xvi. p. 186; De Wailly, *Examen critique de la vie de S. Louis* par Geoffroy de Beaulieu, l. c. xv. p. 403. Bibliothèque de l'école des chartes, v. p. 205. Chabannes, *Vie du bienheureux Th. Helye*, aumônier de S. Louis, Tournai, 1863; Documenti inediti riguardanti li due crociate di san Ludovico, illustr. da Belgrano; Genova, 1859. Lettres des évêques de la province de Reims de 1274 pour la canonisation de Louis IX. ap. Marlot, *Hist. de Reims*, p. 3, &c.]

"THERE are perhaps," says M. Guizot, "only two princes who, on every occasion, formed the first rule of their conduct from their moral creeds—Marcus Aurelius, a Stoic;

Saint Louis, a Christian."¹ Even the freethinker Gibbon could not fail to admire the beauty of the character of S. Louis: "He united the virtues of a king, a hero, and a man;"² and Voltaire sums up his character in the emphatic word, "Never has it been accorded to man to push virtue further."³

The life of S. Louis is eminently instructive, for, as has been judiciously remarked, "This prince showed that it is not impossible to ally the majesty of the throne with the holiness of the Gospel, that without quitting the most exalted rank, one may practise the humiliations of penitence, that a really Christian king renders his greatness independent of events, and fears not to lose through adversity what prosperity could not have accorded him."⁴

Louis VIII. was returning (A.D. 1226) from an expedition against Languedoc, which Amaury de Montfort had ceded to the crown of France, when he was attacked by a fatal sickness at Montpensier. The King therefore summoned his barons about him, and made them swear allegiance to his eldest son, Louis, then only twelve years old. He expired on All Saints' Day, and was buried at S. Denys by the side of his father, Philip Augustus.

The young prince who was now summoned to take possession of the splendid inheritance of the kingdom of France was born in 1215, on the feast of S. Mark, and was baptized at Poissi on the left bank of the Seine.⁵ His early

¹ Hist. de la Civil. Française, sect. xiv.

² Decline and Fall, c. 6.

³ Essai sur les Mœurs des Nations, c. 58.

⁴ Hist. de France, par l'Abbé de Choisy, Paris, 1750.

⁵ In the parish church is shown a font, in which it is said the Royal Saint was baptized, but the font is certainly—in its present condition—of later date. In one of the windows of the chapel that contains it, is stained glass of the 16th century, on which are inscribed the following lines:—

"Saint Louis fut enfant né de Poissi
Et baptisé en la présente église,
Les fonts en sont gardés encore ici,
Et conservés comme relique exquise."

guide was his mother, Blanche of Castile, daughter of Alfonso IX. and Eleanor of England, daughter of King John.

"If lusty love should go in quest of beauty,
Where should he find it fairer than in Blanche?
If zealous love should go in search of virtue,
Where should he find it fairer than in Blanche?
If love ambitious sought a match of birth,
Whose veins bound richer blood than royal Blanche?"¹

At the age of thirty-eight the matronly comeliness of the Queen was as attractive as her maiden grace had been when a child-bride of twelve summers.

She had carefully, tenderly, religiously nurtured her son. Her example was as white and comely as her name and face. Her treatment of Louis showed no indulgence for laxity of thought and conduct. Once in his early youth he had looked with kindling eye on some fair damsel. "I had rather he were dead," said the mother, "than that he should commit sin."

S. Louis was crowned at Reims on the First Sunday in Advent, A.D. 1226, by the Bishop of Soissons, for the archbishopric of Reims was at that time vacant. During the young King's minority Blanche of Castile assumed the regency.

On April the 25th, A.D. 1228, S. Louis entered on his fourteenth year, and was forthwith given a tutor to instruct him in letters and manners. The King used himself to relate in after days how hardly the tutor had treated him, and how he forced Latin into his head by blows of a stick.

The young King was fair complexioned, and had inherited from his grandmother, Isabelle of Hainault, the handsome features of that family. His expression was so sweet and winning, that, we are told, no one could look him in the face without loving him. These characteristics are borne out by

¹ King John, act ii. sc. 2.

the only authentic portrait of the good King now extant, which though representing him at a comparatively advanced age, shows a remarkable union of beauty and feature and gentleness of expression.¹

The first years of the reign of Louis IX. were not undisturbed. The powerful barons revolted, and were brought to obedience. Into the political history of the time it is not my purpose to enter, further than is necessary to illustrate the character of S. Louis. It is accessible to every reader in the history of France. On the throne S. Louis attracted unbounded admiration both by his virtues and by his amiability. His was a frank playfulness, or amenity, at least, of manner, which Henry IV. never surpassed, and a blamelessness hardly ever before, till very recent times never after, seen on the throne of France.

He had kingly qualities of the noblest order, gentleness, affability, humanity, a passionate love of justice and truth and honour which saved him from committing those errors, those wrongs against the eternal principles of right, which a superstitious character might have readily fallen into, connived at, or openly advocated, as they too often were, by the clergy of that period. No act of religious persecution sullies the lilies of the crown of Louis IX. When Innocent IV. excommunicated the Emperor Frederick II., deposed him from his throne, and offered the imperial crown as a flattering bait to Louis for his brother, the saintly King coldly refused it. Though solicited by the Pope most urgently to take up arms against the German Emperor, of whose power Gregory IX. and Innocent IV. were jealous, and whom they were bent on humbling, Louis refused to permit the levy of subsidies in the realm of France, to aid a war which his conscience told him was unjust.

¹ The reliquary of the Sainte Chapelle, a bust of gold richly jewelled, this was melted up in the first revolution; but an accurate engraving of it had been made by Ducange for his edition of Joinville's Memoirs.

At all the great religious seasons of fasting, the young King observed the strictest abstinence. Only once in the year would he allow himself to taste fruit; he wore the roughest sackcloth next his skin. His spiritual director persuaded him to less severe observance, to deny himself only unripe fruit, and to wear sackcloth of less fretting texture. Every Friday, and in Lent on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, he shut himself up in his chamber, searching every corner, lest any one should be present, with his confessor, the Dominican, Geoffroy de Beaulieu, who administered to him with heavy, unsparing hand, a discipline of wire. One day he made a pilgrimage with bare feet from Nogent l'Erembert to the church of Our Lady at Chartres, a distance of four leagues; his bleeding feet became so inflamed that he could only complete this journey by leaning on the arms of his attendants. He constantly washed the feet of beggars, invited the poor to his table, and visited the sick in their cottages or in hospitals. A leper on the farther side of a swamp begged of him. Louis waded through the morass to relieve the poor wretch. He heard daily two, sometimes three or four, masses; as he rode, his chaplain recited the offices. A Dominican preacher urged him to moderate his enthusiasm, one mass a day was ample; the royal dignity moreover was injured by association with beggars. "If I spent twice as much time in dice and hawking, should I be so rebuked?" answered the gentle King.

He bore even reproach with meekness. A woman named Sarrete, pleading in the king's court, said, "Fie! you are not King of France; you are only a king of friars, priests, and clerks. It is a pity you are King; you should be turned out of your sovereignty." The blessed King would not allow his attendants to chastise the woman. "You say true," he answered. "It has pleased the Lord to make me king; but I well know that it would have been well had he appointed

some one more competent than myself to rule this realm." And he sent her away with liberal alms.

The King at one time suffered from a boil on his leg. In his bedroom slept one or two of his servants and an old man named John, who had been nightwatch with Philip Augustus. One night after Louis had undressed by the fire-light and was going to bed, he tried to look at his boil, and see whether it was redder than the day before. John lit a wax-candle and brought it over to assist at the inspection, but inadvertently let fall some scalding wax on the inflamed spot of flesh. The King bounded into bed, crying "Hei ! hei ! hei !" Said the old man, "What is this outcry about ; have I hurt you?" "For a less matter my grandfather turned you out of your office of nightwatch !" said the smarting King. This was true, old John had been dismissed by Philip Augustus for poking the fire noisily during the night. It struck the servants of King Louis with amazement that the old man was not punished for dropping the wax.

But, above all exaggeration of virtue, there were high Christian graces of a nobler order, conscientiousness which never swerved either through ambition or policy from strict rectitude. No acquisition of territory, no extension of the royal power, would have tempted Louis IX. to unjust aggression. He was strongly urged to put to death the son of the chief of the rebels in arms against him, the Count de la Marche, who had fallen into his hands. He nobly replied, "A son cannot refuse to obey his father's orders." The one great war in which he was involved, before his departure for the Crusade, which ended in the humiliation of the great vassals of the Crown, and of the leader in that revolt, Henry III. of England, the chief of those great vassals, was provoked by no oppression or injustice on his part, was conducted with moderation unusual in that age ; and his

victory was not sullied by any act of wanton revenge or abuse of power. If he published an oppressive act against the Jews, it was to insist on all debts due to them being cleared off before the termination of three years, and to forbid his subjects in future borrowing money from them—the object was not persecution of the Hebrews, but the prevention of usury.

In 1234 Louis married Marguerite of Provence, a maiden as comely in face as she was virtuous in her conduct. They lived happily together in the warmest attachment, only troubled in the first years of their married life by the jealousy of Queen Blanche, who was ill pleased to see her power, authority, and influence slip away. She behaved with singular want of kindness at a period when women's sympathies are usually most lively; but S. Louis bore his mother's roughness without resentment, at least without open expression of annoyance.

On the 10th of December, 1244, S. Louis was seized at Pontoise with a violent attack of dysentery and tertian ague. His illness increased, and he sent for all the officers of his household and took leave of them, humbly thanking them for the services they had rendered him. Having arranged all his worldly affairs, he prepared for death, and fell into a trance which deprived him of consciousness, so that one of his nurses, thinking him dead, would have covered his face with a cloth, had not her hand been stayed by a companion. A low sob gave token that he was not as yet dead, and presently the king extended his arm and murmured, "*Visitavit me per Dei gratiam, Oriens ex alto, et a mortuis revocavit me.*" (The dayspring from on high hath visited me by the grace of God, and hath called me back from death.)

When a little further recovered, he sent for the Bishop of Paris, and said, "My Lord Bishop! put, I pray thee, on my

shoulder the cross of voyage beyond the sea." The bishop saw the folly and danger of the demand; seconded by the Bishop of Meaux, he endeavoured to turn the King from his purpose. He was resolute. When Blanche, the Queen-mother, came into the sick-room, and saw her son crossed for the Crusade, she recoiled aghast. Her prudence showed her the madness of the undertaking, and she swooned away.

The same year saw the birth to Louis of a son, John, who, however, died early, and the heirship passed to Philip, born in 1245.

In 1245, in furtherance of his vow, S. Louis convoked a parliament at Paris, which was attended by many of the great prelates and barons. The Archbishops of Reims and Bourges, the Bishops of Beauvais, Laon and Orleans, the King's brothers, Robert, Alphonsus and Charles, the Dukes of Burgundy and Brabant, the Counts of S. Pol, Brittany, La Marche, Montfort, Bar, Soissons, Rhétel, and many other nobles took the cross.

Yet the publication of the Holy War created in the nation much more sorrow than warlike ardour. Queen Blanche and the most prudent of the ministers, who had at first endeavoured to divert Louis IX. from the Crusade, repeated their efforts several times, and now resolved to make a final effort.

They went to the King in a body. The Bishop of Paris represented to Louis that a vow made in sickness ought not to bind him to that which must infallibly interfere with the interests of his realm; that the duty of governing his people, and maintaining them in peace and happiness, was a duty prior to any rash engagement made when his mind was debilitated by weakness. Many of the nobles to whom Louis had confided the most important offices in the State, spoke after the Bishop of Paris and to the same effect. Queen Blanche spoke last. "My son," said she,

"Providence used me to watch over your infancy and preserve your crown. I have therefore a right to remind you of your duties as a monarch, and of the obligations which the safety of the kingdom over which God has placed you imposes upon you. If you depart, the country will be torn by factions. Your children need your presence, your daily lessons, and your guidance. Are they not dearer to you than the Christians of the East? Remain then in Europe, where you will have so many opportunities of displaying the virtues of a great king, of a king who is the father of his subjects, the model and support of the princes of his house."

Then she burst into tears, and Louis was moved. He rose and threw himself into his mother's arms. But his determination was unaltered. When he spoke, it was to announce to them that nothing would alter his purpose. The deputation withdrew in silence, with their hearts oppressed by gloomy anticipations.

At Christmas, 1245, Louis practised perhaps the only act of treachery of which he was guilty in his life. It was the custom for the kings of France, at great solemnities, to give such of their subjects as were at Court certain capes or furred mantles, with which the latter immediately clothed themselves before leaving Court. In the ancient accounts these capes are called *livrées*, whence our word livery, because the monarch gave them (*les livrait*) himself. Louis ordered a vast number of these to be prepared against Christmas Eve, upon which crosses were embroidered in silk. At the proper moment, in the dusk, before adjourning to the chapel for the religious offices of the eve, every one covered himself with the cape that had been given him, and followed the monarch to the chapel. By the light of the wax-tapers they perceived upon all before them and on themselves, the sign of an engagement they had never contracted. It would have been indecent, have betrayed an

unknightly shrinking from danger, to throw aside the crosses ; so, with true French levity, they laughed and wept at once, and made up their minds to accompany their master on his dangerous expedition, and extract from it what pleasure they might.

From this time the whole thoughts of Louis were absorbed in the Crusade. He resisted the offers of Pope Innocent to befriend him in a war against England—even an invasion of England. He took no part in the confederacy of the French nobility to resist the exactions of the Pope and of the hierarchy. So far, on the other hand, had his strife with the Emperor absorbed all other religious passions in the Pope, that not only was there no cordial co-operation on the part of Innocent in the Crusade of S. Louis, but absolutions from their vows were sold freely to Crusaders to provide the Pope with funds for carrying on his contest with the German Emperor.

The Crusaders were invited by Innocent into Italy to fight the Christian soldiers of Frederick II., and all the privileges, indulgences, and blessings which would be theirs if they crossed the sea to fight the Mussulman would be theirs on the easier terms of a campaign in Italy, in union with the forces of the Pope. S. Louis passed down the Rhone ; he was urged to avenge the death of his father on rebellious Avignon, before whose walls Louis VIII. had contracted the fever which ended his days. "I have taken up arms to revenge Jesus Christ, not my father," said the King.

The island of Cyprus was the place of rendezvous for the Crusaders. In Cyprus there was a delay of eight months. Want of discipline and a fatal epidemic made great ravages in the army ; but for supplies sent by the Emperor Frederick there would have been famine. The grateful Louis made an effort to mediate between the Pope and the Emperor, but

his overture was contemptuously rejected. Messages from the Christians beyond the seas were sent to the Sovereign Pontiff to intercede for Frederick, who offered, if Innocent would cancel his sentence against him, to descend from his throne, and pass the remainder of his days in Palestine. The offer of the Emperor was fettered with the condition that his son Conrad should succeed him. Innocent would be satisfied with nothing short of the complete ruin of the Hohenstauffen race. The Patriarch of Armenia wrote to the Court of Rome to demand favour for Frederick; he demanded it in the name of the threatened Christian colonies; in the name of the City of God, fallen into ruins; in the name of the sepulchre of Christ, profaned by barbarians. The Pope disdained even to reply to this letter. Innocent did not blush to write to the Sultan of Cairo, and invite him to break the truce he had concluded with Frederick. The Sultan haughtily replied, that Moslems were accustomed to regard their promises as sacred. In concluding a peace with the Emperor Frederick, the Sultan supposed that he was making one with Western Christendom. He was therefore surprised and distressed when from Cyprus he received a declaration of war from Louis of France. He is said to have wept when he received the letter. His answer was a passage from the Koran:—"They who fight unjustly shall perish."

This message contained predictions that were but too fully realized in the end.

The signal for departure was given on Friday before Pentecost, A.D. 1249, and a numerous fleet, in which were embarked the French army and the warriors of the isle of Cyprus, sailed gallantly out of the port of Limisso. The fleet was scattered by tempest, and it was not till Trinity Sunday, May 30th, that they were able again to start from Limisso, into which they had put back.

On the fourth day, at sunrise, the watch on deck cried, "Land! land!" A sailor, who served as pilot, ascended to the round-top of the leading vessel, and declared that they were off Damietta. A landing was effected, and after a feeble resistance, the city was deserted by the Saracens, and the Christian host entered Damietta in triumph at the easy victory, and with sanguine expectations of future successes. But never were the terror and advantages of a first success so thrown away. Months were wasted. While Louis spent his time in devotion, the Crusaders abandoned themselves to every kind of oriental debauchery and occidental riot. S. Louis had dismissed some of his servants in France for not having fasted on Friday; he was obliged in Egypt to wink at their commission of much graver faults.

An interchange of half playful, half insulting letters between the Sultan and S. Louis amused the tedium of the inactivity of both parties. The Mussulman prince in one of his letters congratulated the King of France on his arrival in Egypt, and asked him at what period it would please him to depart again. In another letter, he offered the King a general battle on the 25th day of June at a place to be determined upon. Louis IX. answered the first letter of the Sultan by saying that he had landed in Egypt on the day he had appointed, and as to the day of his departure, he would think about it at leisure. With regard to the proposed battle, the King contented himself with replying that he would neither accept the day nor choose the place, because all days and all places were equally fit for fighting with infidels.

In the meantime a spirit of dissatisfaction manifested itself in the Christian host, condemned to waste precious time in inactivity. The knights forgot both their warlike virtues and the object of the Holy War. The riches of

Egypt and the East having been promised them, they squandered the money they had raised in Europe by the sale or mortgage of their estates upon festivities and debauchery. The passion for gaming got possession of both leaders and soldiers; and after losing their fortune, they risked even their horses and arms. Damietta swarmed with camp-followers ministering to the passions of the soldiers; the leaders pillaged the traders who provisioned the camp, so that Damietta was threatened with famine. The most ardent made distant excursions, surprised caravans, devastated villages, and bore away Mussulman women, whom they brought as spoil to the Christian camp. As corruption increased, the authority of the King waned, and was daily less respected. The Earl of Salisbury, to whom the Count d'Artois had behaved ill, complained of him to Louis, but could obtain no satisfaction. He left in anger and disgust, after having flung at S. Louis the bitter taunt, "If you are not able to administer justice, you are not a king."

At length, after the loss of five precious months, the disorganized, demoralized Christian army was set in motion. Louis, though brave as a hero, was incompetent as a general. He led the host into a trap. The Crusaders followed the canal of Aschmoum till they reached a corner where they were enclosed as in a cul-de-sac, and where they were distressed by the flying bands of the enemy, who rained on them the torturing Greek fire. When Louis IX. saw the flaming barrels with their tails of fire shot across the sky, and explode in a burning torrent over his soldiers, he burst into tears, and piteously exclaimed, "Great God! Jesus Christ, protect me and all my people!"

A month was expended in this place, in vain endeavours to bridge over the canal and escape from it. The treason of an Arab revealed to them a ford, or their camp would have been the grave of the army. The canal was passed,

and the host extricated from the fatal position in which bad generalship had involved it. The unrivalled valour of the French was wasted in unprofitable victories or in miserable defeats. The camp was formed on the further side of the canal; the army could not advance, and would not retreat. It wasted away; almost all its horses were dead, and many of its most gallant warriors had fallen by the sword of the enemy or by disease. The canal was poisoned by the dead bodies floating in it, and exhaled pestilential effluvia.

Scurvy ravaged the host. Louis IX. employed every effort to mitigate the evils that desolated the army. If anything could have consoled the Crusaders in their miserable plight it must have been to see a king of France himself attending the sick, lavishing upon them every kind of assistance, and preparing them for death. In vain was he conjured not to expose himself to dangers greater than those of the battlefield; nothing could shake his courage or check the ardour of his charity; he considered it a duty, he said, to expose his life for those who every day exposed theirs for him. He might have added, whom his rash enthusiasm and want of military skill had brought to destruction. One of his servants, a worthy man, being at the point of death, and exhorted to meet his fate like a Christian, replied, "I cannot die till I have seen the King." Louis heard of the sick man's desire, and hastened to him. The man died in peace with his eyes fixed on his beloved master, consoled by his words of sympathy. But at length he who consoled all others fell sick himself. The King was unable to leave his tent; the desolation became more profound and general; the sufferers lost hope; it seemed as if Providence had abandoned them, as if heaven had doomed to destruction the soldiers of the Cross.

The Saracens remained motionless in their camp, leaving their awful auxiliaries, disease and famine, to perform their

mission undisturbed. The galleys of the enemy cut off communication with Damietta; neither bread nor news reached the perishing Crusaders. Both leaders and soldiers were seized with the deepest despondency; and the King at length judged it best to attempt to negotiate a truce with the Mussulmans. The Sultan insisted on the surrender of the French King into his hands as hostage. The King would willingly have purchased the safety of his people on these terms, but a crowd of warriors warmly declared that they could not suffer such a disgrace, and that they would die rather than place their King in pledge.

At last, finding that there was no possibility of advancing, on the 5th of April the camp broke up, after having consumed four months in their charnel-house on the Aschmoum canal, and lost the only favourable opportunities that had presented themselves for effecting a retreat.

The women, the children, and the sick were embarked on the Nile by night, to escape the observation of the enemy. The bank of the river presented the most heart-breaking spectacle; nothing was to be seen but Crusaders overcome by their sufferings, parting, with tears in their eyes, from friends they were doomed never to see again. Amidst these painful scenes, the Arabs burst into the camp, plundered the baggage, and slaughtered every living creature they met with. The Papal legate and several French nobles were placed on board a large vessel; but Louis would not leave the army which he had led into such a desperate position. In vain did his anxious friends represent to him that his state of weakness would not permit him to fight, and exposed him to the risk of falling into the hands of the Saracens. He replied that no danger should separate him from his faithful warriors; that as he had led them there he would retreat with them, and, if necessary, die in their midst. His determination, the inevitable consequences of

which were foreseen, plunged all his knights in consternation. The soldiers, partaking the feelings of the knights, ran along the bank of the Nile, crying to those in the boats, "Wait for the King! wait for the King!" Arrows and javelins were falling thick upon the vessels which continued to go down the river. Many stopped; but Louis insisted on their pursuing their course. The retreat of the army was like a rout; want of discipline and despair had converted the host into a rabble. The bridge over the canal was not destroyed, so that the Mussulmans were enabled to pour over it and pursue, then surround, the retreating army. Escape was cut off. The Bishop of Soissons, giving up all hope of gaining Damietta and revisiting France, resolved to seek death, and rushed, followed by his knights, into the thick of the fight, and fell. Sergines, standing beside the King, covered him with his sword. Contemporary history, which describes him driving away the Saracens that surrounded Louis, compares him to the servant who brushes away the flies from his master's cup.

For a moment the Christians were inspired with a transient hope. A whirlwind of dust drove in the face of, and perplexed, their adversaries. The Sheik Ezzdin, seeing that victory inclined towards the Christians, raised his hands to heaven and cried, "O wind! direct thy breath against our enemies!" The tempest changed its direction and blew in the eyes of the Crusaders. The rear-guard of the Christians, always pursued and unceasingly attacked, arrived with much difficulty before the little town of Minieh. The King, escorted by a few knights, preceded the troops into the city, where he alighted as weak "as a child in its mother's lap." Fatigue, sickness, and grief had so overcome him, that all believed he was about to die. There the last relics of the Christian army fell into the hands of the Mussulmans. The oriflamme, the other standards, and

the baggage, all became the prey of the Saracens. The Crusaders who had embarked upon the Nile had no better fate than those who marched by land. All their vessels, except that of the legate, were sunk by the tempest, consumed by Greek fire, or taken by the Mussulmans. More than thirty thousand Christians lost their lives in those days of disaster, killed on the battlefield, drowned in the Nile, or massacred after the fight.

Alphonsus of Poitou and Charles of Anjou, brothers of the King, shared his captivity. His Queen, far advanced in pregnancy, remained with an insufficient force in Damietta. She was thought to be on the point of death. A knight of more than eighty years of age served her as esquire, and never left her night or day. The unhappy Marguerite, after having for a moment sobbed herself to sleep, started up in the greatest terror, imagining that her chamber was filled with Saracens. The old knight, who had hold of her hand while she slept, pressed it, and said : " Be not afraid, madame, I am with you." An instant after she had reclosed her eyes she awoke again, trembling with fear, and the grave esquire reassured her again. At length, the Queen ordered every one to leave the chamber except the old knight, and then, throwing herself on her knees before him, with tearful eyes, she said : " Sir ! I beseech you promise me this, that if the Saracens should take this city, you will strike off my head rather than suffer me to become their captive." " Madame," answered he, " I meant to do so, if the thing should so happen."

On the morrow she prematurely gave birth to a son, who was named Tristan, in allusion to the melancholy circumstances under which he first saw the light.

Adversity brought out the greatness of the character of S. Louis. He was treated at first with courtesy ; he was permitted to hear the canonical Hours recited by the single priest who had escaped ; his breviary, the loss of which he

deplored above all losses, was replaced by another. But he had the bitter aggravation of his misery, that of the ten thousand prisoners made by the Saracens, all who would not abandon their faith met with a cruel death. But to all the courteous approaches of the Sultan, Louis was jealously on his guard, lest he should compromise his dignity as a king or his purity as a Christian ; he would not receive the present of a dress from the unbeliever. To his exorbitant demands and menaces he gave a calm and determined reply. The Sultan demanded the surrender of all the fortresses in Syria ; these, it was answered, belonged not to the King of France but to Frederick II. as King of Jerusalem.¹ To that of yielding up the castles garrisoned by the Knights of the Temple and of S. John, the answer was that the Orders could not surrender them without violating their vows. The King was threatened with torture—torture of the most cruel kind—the barnacles, which crushed the legs. “ I am your prisoner,” he said, “ ye may do with me what ye will.”

At length a truce was agreed to for ten years, Louis was to surrender Damietta, and pay as ransom a million gold bezants. The ransom was paid. When it was being weighed, De Montfort, inheriting the family traditions of how to deal with heretics, laughingly told the King that they had cheated the Saracens of ten thousand bezants. S. Louis indignantly scorned such baseness, even with infidels, and ordered the money to be paid in full.

The release of the King on such favourable terms, at a price so much below the value of such a captive, astonished both the Christians and the Mussulmans. The Sultan, however, was anxious to be rid of the invaders, and dreaded lest too great severity should cause the other Christian kings to arm for his rescue.

The King and the remainder of his famishing army were

¹ Frederick claimed the crown of Jerusalem as husband of Iolante, daughter of John de Brienne.

suffered to embark at Damietta, after having been regaled by the Saracens on cheese and hard boiled eggs in gaily painted shells; and a few days after landed at Ptolemais, October, 1251.

The most judicious course for Louis would have, been to return at once to France. But he could not reconcile himself to this prospect, involving the abandonment of all the brilliant hopes which had allured him to the East. He was deserted by his brothers and most of his barons, who shared neither his enthusiasm nor his delusion. His weary sojourn in Palestine was occupied in nursing and burying the soldiers, who died daily in scores, and who might, and probably would, have recovered if restored to the salubrious air of their native France. Joinville tells us that he saw twenty funereal convoys pass his windows daily, and that every time he heard the mournful chant, "Libera me, Domine!" he could not refrain from tears. In vain did his nobles exhort Louis to desert the uncongenial soil of Palestine. He lingered on there for a whole year, in fruitless negotiations with the Sultan of Aleppo on one side, and with the Egyptians on the other, expending enormous sums in the purchase of Mohammedan or heathen slaves, whom he caused to be baptized.

It was only the death of the Queen-mother Blanche, and the imperious necessity for his presence in his kingdom of France, that forced him at last to leave the hallowed soil. He returned, without warlike fame, to find every one impressed with the profoundest reverence for his sanctity.

After his return to France, Louis lived a more austere life than before, using a hard bed of wood covered with a thin mattress, and attending matins at midnight and lauds at daybreak. He spent long hours at night in prayer, lying prostrate on the ground, and when he rose, was often so dazed in his head, and so stiffened in his limbs, as to be

unable to reach his bed without assistance. He would then call his chamberlains in a low voice, so as not to disturb the knights who slept in his chamber. He amazed those who shared his room by the celerity with which he got through his dressing in the morning. He was out of bed and in his clothes so quickly that they had often to run after him to church without having had time to put on their shoes and stockings. But the secret of his speed was, that he tumbled into bed with his clothes on after matins, so as to be ready at the first stroke of the bell to rise for lauds.

As has been already said, he heard mass every day. He was also fond of hearing sermons, and would sit on the rushes which strewed the floor, with the greatest attention following the words of the preacher. Henry III. of England attended many masses every day, but was not partial to sermons. Louis, one day, when they were together, advised him to listen to them with more zest and patience. "My good brother," said Henry, "when one has a dear Friend, one prefers infinitely to see Him to hearing another person talk about him."

S. Louis delighted in the society of learned theologians; he had no interest in any other sort of learning, and was profoundly ignorant of polite literature. His ear was attuned to the Gregorian chant, but he could not endure secular music. S. Thomas Aquinas dined at his table one day, and, as was his wont, went off on a train of thought which made him forget where he was and with whom he dined. Suddenly down came the fist of the Angelical Doctor on the table, making the plates rattle; and he exclaimed, "That is an argument to confound the Manichees; it would have overthrown Manes himself." Then recovering himself, he apologized to the King, who instantly called for paper and ink that the convincing argument might be written down before it was forgotten.

It is unnecessary to do more than allude to the unswerving fidelity of S. Louis towards his Queen, whom he always treated with the greatest deference, and the most thoughtful attention. On his wedding ring he had inscribed "Dieu, France et Marguerite," and he was wont to say, pointing to it, "Hors de cet anel n'ai point d'amour." A part of his evenings was spent with his children, who appeared before him with roses in their hair, except in Lent. He marched them every day to mass, taught them the services of the Church, and gave them sound advice. Joinville gives us an anecdote or two of his dealings with his children.

"The good King, being once dangerously ill at Fontainebleau, said to my Lord Louis, his eldest son, 'Fair son, I beseech thee to make thyself beloved by the people of thy kingdom; for, in truth, I should prefer to see a raw Scotchman from Scotland, or from any other distant and unknown country, govern the subjects of my realm well and loyally than that thou shouldst rule them wickedly and reproachfully.' The good King called to him one day my Lord Philip, his son, and Thibault his son-in-law, and seating himself at the door of his oratory, he put his hand on the ground, and said to his sons, 'Seat yourselves here near me, that you may be out of sight.' 'Ah, Sire,' replied they, 'excuse us if you please, for it would not become us to sit so close to you.' The King then addressing me, said, 'Seneschal, sit down here,' which I did, and so near him that my robe touched his. Having made them sit down by my side, he said, 'You have behaved very ill, being my children, in not instantly obeying what I ordered of you. Take care that this never occurs again.' They answered that they would be cautious that it should not."

S. Louis had clear perception of the dangers to the crown and unity of France which arose from the power of the great nobles. He brought the haughty feudal nobles,

and even the Churchmen, under the impartial sovereignty of the law of the land. The barons resisted, but were brought to submission, and Louis IX. prepared the way for the final breaking of their power by the crafty polity of Louis XI. The clergy, living under their own law, escaped punishment for the gravest crimes. Even Alexander IV. could not close his eyes to the monstrous fact of the crimes of the clergy, secured from adequate punishment by the immunities of their sacred persons. The Pope made a concession: the king's judge was not excommunicated for arresting, subject to the judgment of the ecclesiastical courts, priests notoriously guilty of capital offences. Alexander threw off from the Church, and abandoned as scapegoats to the secular courts, all married clergy and those exercising low trades; with them the law might take its course, they had forfeited the privilege of clergy. But Louis would not be the slave of narrow intolerance. The whole prelacy of France, writes the *Sieur de Joinville*, met to rebuke the King for not enforcing with his sword their sentences of excommunication. "Sire," said the Bishop of Auxerre, "Christianity is falling into ruin in your hands." "How so?" said the King, making the sign of the cross. "Sire, men regard not excommunication which is not backed up with force. The bishops admonish you to order all the royal officers to confiscate the lands and chattels of all such as are excommunicated, and thus compel them to seek absolution." The King shook his head. "I will willingly do so to all such as shall be proved to me to have wronged Holy Church." "It belongs not to you to judge such cases, whether just or unjust," said the bishop, haughtily. Then Louis answered, "I will not act otherwise. It were a sin against God and against reason to force those to seek absolution to whom the clergy have done wrong."

The Pragmatic Sanction was promulgated about A.D. 1268.

The objects of this famous charter were the establishment of the rights of patrons to appoint to vacant benefices, to confirm to the cathedral churches the freedom of election of their bishops, to cut off the sin of simony, to limit the fees for promotions, collations, and the like ; to forbid the collection in France of "any manner of exactions or assessments of money, which have been imposed by the Court of Rome, by which our realm has been miserably impoverished, or which hereafter shall be imposed," unless the cause be reasonable and approved by the King.

S. Louis had always cherished the mad idea of returning to the East to prosecute the war of the Cross against the Crescent ; and after his return from the disastrous Crusade in Egypt, his attendants saw with regret that he still kept the cross on his mantle. The enthusiasm smouldered in the King's breast for ten years ; it was fanned into a flame by the disastrous accounts which every returning pilgrim brought with him from the East. But for so important an undertaking as a Crusade money was wanting, and the King began to retrench all the unnecessary expenses of his household, to the astonishment of those who were accustomed to his magnificent liberality. In 1265, when Clement IV. ascended to the throne of S. Peter, S. Louis sent to him for his opinion on the advisability of undertaking another Crusade. Clement followed the impulse of his heart rather than the dictates of reason, and in a letter dated October 14th, 1265, wrote, "Act a manly part, O dearest of sons ! son of blessing and favour ! and laudably bring forth your laudable conception ; put your hand with vigour to the work." S. Louis being thus encouraged to prosecute his chivalrous and foolhardy enterprise, summoned all the prelates, barons, and nobles of his kingdom to meet at Paris in the Lent of 1267, and by Thursday, March 12th, a great number were assembled, but few knew the object for which they were summoned.

On the Feast of the Annunciation S. Louis brought the crown of thorns, which he had procured from Constantinople at an enormous cost, from the Sainte Chapelle which he had erected to enshrine it, and showing it to the assembled barons, exhorted them with earnestness to assume the cross.

When he ceased to speak, a sad but profound silence expressed at once the surprise and grief of his barons and prelates with the respect they bore for the holy monarch. Louis received the cross from the hands of the Cardinal of S. Cecilia, the Papal legate, and his example was followed by three of his sons. Among the princes the assembly was affected to behold Jean Tristan, Count of Nevers, who was born at Damietta amidst the calamities of the preceding Crusade.

The determination of S. Louis spread deep regret throughout the kingdom; his people could not behold without sorrow the departure of a prince whose presence alone preserved peace, and maintained order and justice everywhere. The health of the King was so feeble that he could not endure the weight of armour, or sit for many hours on horseback. Yet notwithstanding the general regret, there were no complaints raised against the King; the spirit of resignation to inevitable evil weighed on the people. Joinville expresses the general opinion when he says, "They who advised the King to undertake this voyage sinned mortally."

"What shall we do?" said one knight to another, within Joinville's hearing, at the mass in the chapel. "If we take the cross with the King we shall ruin him and injure ourselves, for if he leaves, it will be the most fatal day ever seen in France; and if we take the cross it is from no other reason than to please the King, and so we shall forfeit God's grace."

The clergy loudly protested against the Crusade, because

they saw that when the King was gone, anarchy would ensue, but chiefly because the Crusade was to be paid for by a levy of a tenth on their revenues for three years, accorded by the Pope.

The period fixed upon for the departure of the expedition was May, 1270; the intervening years were spent in active preparation. Money was grudgingly furnished; Crusaders were reluctantly enrolled. The fleet sailed on July 4th, 1270, and in a few days arrived in the roads of Cagliari. As yet no plan of operations had been formed: nobody knew, for it had not been decided whether the Crusaders should fall on Egypt or the Holy Land. It was now arranged to sail for the Nile, and wipe out the disgrace of the Seventh Crusade by the achievements of the Eighth. The fleet accordingly made for the African coast, and the army disembarked on July 17th on the site of ancient Carthage. A month was spent before Tunis; the Crusaders suffered from the attacks of the Saracens, from a pestilence, and from deficiency of food. Nothing was done; the army waited for the arrival of the King of Sicily, who had no very real desire of risking his troops and fortune on the sands of Africa. Tristan, Count of Nevers, his father's favourite son, now died: the sickly boy exposed to the hardships of a camp and the infection of disease succumbed at once. Prince Philip also felt the effects of the contagion. Louis fell ill with dysentery, and it was clear to himself and all around him that he would not recover. Philip, who was his successor to the throne, was in the tent with him. Louis called him to his bedside and gave him his dying exhortation. "I bestow upon thee," said he, in conclusion, "all the benedictions that a father can bestow on a dear son. Aid me by mass and prayer, and let me have a part in all the good actions thou shalt perform. I beseech our Lord Jesus Christ, of His great mercy, to guard thee from all evils,

and to keep thee from doing anything contrary to His will ; and that, this mortal life ended, we may see Him, love Him, and praise Him together, throughout eternity."

Louis then turned to his daughter, the Queen of Navarre, and bade her a touching farewell. He parted from his children, and they saw him no more.

He then received the ambassadors of the Emperor of Constantinople. He assured them that if he did recover he would do everything that lay in his power to fulfil the wishes of the Emperor which they expressed, and if, as it seemed most likely, he were about to die, his last prayer would be for the peace and reconciliation of the Church.

S. Louis received the last sacraments on Sunday, August 24th. When his chaplain entered, bearing the Viaticum, he found that the King had risen from his bed, and was kneeling to receive the heavenly gift.

"Sire," said his confessor to the King, "dost thou believe this to be verily and indeed the true body of our Lord?"

"Yea, my father," replied S. Louis, with all the earnestness his fast ebbing strength would permit. "I could not more firmly believe it to be Jesus Christ if I were to see Him ascending to heaven in visible shape."

From three o'clock in the afternoon of Sunday until nine o'clock the next morning, the King was heard to praise God incessantly, and pray for his people and army. About night-fall he murmured, "We will go to Jerusalem!" It was to the heavenly Jerusalem he was about to journey. He had a little sleep on Sunday night. On Monday morning he was heard to murmur, "I will come into thy house, even upon the multitude of thy mercy ; and in thy fear will I worship towards thy holy temple!" Then, for the last time, to sigh, "Lord, into thy hands I commend my spirit." And he was dead.

No sooner was the King dead than his brother Charles of Anjou, King of Sicily, arrived. The half-hearted Crusaders were glad to arrange a truce with the Sultan of Tunis and to return to France, bearing with them the body of their beloved King.

Thus ended ignominiously the last of the Crusades, except the desperate and ineffectual struggle which was now about to take place under Prince Edward of England for the narrow remnant of the Holy Land.

The relics of S. Louis were scattered at the French Revolution ; all that remain of him are a jawbone and one of his shirts in Nôtre Dame at Paris.

August 26.

SS. JUSTUS, ORONTIUS, AND FORTUNATUS, *MM. at Otranto*
1st cent.

S. ZEPHYRINUS, *Pope at Rome*; A.D. 219.

SS. ABUNDIUS AND IRENÆUS, *MM. at Rome*; A.D. 258.

S. SECUNDUS, *M. at Ventimiglia in Northern Italy*; A.D. 286.

S. ALEXANDER, *M. at Bergamo*; circ. A.D. 287.

S. ADRIAN, *M. at Nicomedia*; circ. A.D. 310.

S. BREGWIN, *B. C. at Canterbury*; A.D. 762.

S. ROSA, *V. at Lima, in Peru*; A.D. 1617.

S. ZEPHYRINUS, POPE.

(A.D. 219.)

[Roman Martyrology, Martyrologium parvum, Usuardus, Ado, the Martyrology of Bede on December 20, on the same day that of S. Jerome, Hrabanus, and Wandelbert. Authorities:—The ancient catalogue of Roman Pontiffs, Eusebius, and the lately discovered "Refutations of Heresies," attributed to S. Hippolytus.]



F Zephyrinus, who became Pope in A.D. 202, we have adverse accounts—that of Eusebius, and that contained in the "Refutations of all Heresies," attributed to S. Hippolytus, of Porto, and if not by him, by a bishop of the same period of one of the suburban dioceses.

The asceticism, the stern puritanism of the Montanists, attracted the admiration of Pope Victor.¹ He acknowledged the inspiration of their prophets, and issued letters of peace in their favour. But at the instigation of Praxeas, a violent opponent of Montanism, lately come from Asia Minor, who represented to him that his conduct was the reverse of that of Anicetus and Soter his predecessors, and who gave him

¹ Tertullian, our authority, does not name the Pope. Neander thinks it was Eleutherius, but the opinion generally admitted and least encumbered with difficulties is that the Pope alluded to was Victor.

an unfavourable report of the Montanist community in Asia Minor, Victor revoked his letters, denied their spiritual gifts, and drove the prophets in disgrace from Rome.

Praxeas gradually acquired a predominant influence over the mind of the Pope, and, if we may trust Tertullian, infused into his mind his peculiar Patripassian opinions. But an accusation made by Tertullian under the excitement of disappointment at the failure of the attempt to obtain papal sanction of his cherished doctrine, is not likely to be true.

Monarchianism, or, as it was offensively branded, Patripassianism, became the controversy which raged during the episcopate of Victor, Zephyrinus, and Callixtus. Theodotus, a leather dresser of Byzantium, was the nominal founder of Monarchianism, actually it was long latent Ebionism taking emphatic expression in the assertion of Monotheism against Trinitarianism. The Monarchians could not admit the triple personality; the designation of Father, and Son, and Holy Ghost belonged to aspects of the one Divinity. God revealed Himself to the Jews as the Father, in humanity as the Son to the world, breathed in the Church as the Holy Spirit. There were many shades of Monarchianism, as men endeavoured to reconcile the idea of the Trinity with that of the unity of the Godhead, without admitting the individual personality of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Zephyrinus, whom the author of the "Refutation of all Heresies" represents as an unlearned man, ignorant of the language and definitions of the Church, through his long pontificate wavered to and fro, in dreamy uncertainty about the points of contest. Hippolytus—if he were the author of the "Refutation"—says he was avaricious, venal, or unsettled principles: not holding the balance between conflicting opinions, but embracing adverse tenets with

all the zeal of which a rude, untaught, and withal an irresolute mind was capable. He was now a disciple of Cleomenes, the successor of Noetus, and teacher of Noetianism in Rome, holding extreme Patripassian views; now of Sabellius, who, become bold, had matured his scheme, which was odious to both contending parties alike. Zephyrinus was entirely governed by the runaway slave and escaped convict, Callixtus; and thus constantly driven back, by his fears or confusion of mind, to opposite tenets, and involved in the most glaring contradictions. At one time he publicly used the startling words, "I acknowledge one God, Jesus Christ, and none beside Him, that was born and suffered;" and at another he refuted himself, "It was not the Father that died, but the Son."

We shall probably arrive at the truth in estimating the character and capacities of Zephyrinus, if we admit with the author of the "Refutation" that he was an ill-educated man, of no fixed opinions, no theological or philosophical training, nor natural capability of grasping abstruse questions in theology. With all this he had the wish to believe what was orthodox, and his mind was swayed by various advisers in different and adverse directions. The author of the "Refutation of all Heresies" headed the orthodox party in Rome, and in his irritation and disappointment at the vacillation of the Pope, used stronger language in particularizing his character than he was justified in doing. That Zephyrinus was avaricious and venal, are probably unjust charges.

There is no evidence that Zephyrinus was a martyr.



SS. ABUNDIUS AND IRENÆUS, MM.

(A.D. 258.)

[The ancient Roman Martyrology, Ado, Usuardus, Wandelbert, Bede, and Modern Roman Martyrology. Authority :—The Acts, which have the appearance of being perfectly trustworthy. These have been inserted, along with several others, to amplify the Acts of S. Laurence in their late form.]

AFTER the martyrdom of S. Concordia (Aug. 13), there came a soldier named Porphyry to the keeper of the sewer, and asked him if he were disposed to keep a secret, and share in the profits. The keeper of the sewer, who was called Irenæus, and was a Christian, asked what the secret was. Porphyry then told him that after the execution of the Christian, Concordia, her body had been cast into the great sewer through a certain opening, and that he expected, as she was a woman of some fortune, that there would be jewels on her dress. He wished therefore by night to examine the corpse. Irenæus agreed, and the two sought the body in the sewer, found it, but could not discover any jewels on it. So Porphyry went grumbling away.

Now Irenæus went to the priest Justin, and told him what he had heard, and a devout Christian named Abundius offered to go with Irenæus to remove the sacred body and bury it. The two men did so, but were observed and reported to the prefect of Rome, who ordered both to be plunged in the filth of the sewer and suffocated in it. They suffered on August 26th. Afterwards Justin succeeded in recovering their bodies, and he buried them near that of S. Laurence in the catacomb of Veranus.

S. ALEXANDER, M.

(ABOUT A.D. 287.)

[Roman Martyrology. Venerated with octave as a double at Bergamo. Ado, Usuardus, &c. Authority :—The Acts, late and untrustworthy.]

S. ALEXANDER and S. Secundus, both of whom are venerated on this day, are said to have been soldiers in the Theban legion under S. Maurice. Alexander was standard-bearer, according to one version of the Acts, according to another, head-centurion. Secundus was commander or general, and was executed before S. Maurice. No great reliance can be placed on the acts of either of these martyrs. The body of S. Alexander was probably brought from Agaunum, the modern S. Maurice in the Valais, but the Bergamese prefer to believe that he suffered martyrdom near their city at a place called Plotacco. Alexander, being known to be a Christian, was brought before Maximian at Rome. A long and tedious discussion between them is given by the late author of the Acts, out of his own head. A soldier was ordered to hew off the head of the saint, but became motionless ; Alexander was then led back to prison. He escaped by night and took refuge at Bergamo, but was discovered and dragged before an idol of Plotatius,¹ and executed with the sword. A pious Christian matron named Grata took up his body and buried it in her farm.²

A large picture in the National Gallery by Romanino represents this young soldier.

¹ The idol Plotatius was a statue or pillar erected by Crotacius, a favourite general of the Emperor Probus, in or about A.D. 270, on his native farm. Plotatius is a corruption of Crotacius.

² See S. Grata, September 4.

S. BREGWIN, ABP. OF CANTERBURY.

(A.D. 672.)

[Wilson in his *Anglican Martyrology*, Mayhew, and Menardus. Authorities:—A life by Eadmer, d. 1124, and mention in the *Anglo-Saxon Chronicle*.]

BREGWIN, an Anglo-Saxon, was a disciple of S. Theodore at Canterbury. He entered the monastery founded by S. Augustine there at an early age. Cuthbert, Archbishop of Canterbury, died in A.D. 758, and King Ethelbert, son of Wighthred, being then King of Kent, proposed Bregwin to the people¹ as bishop in the room of the deceased Cuthbert. He was unanimously elected, by clergy and people, and was consecrated on the 29th September, and died, after a good life and upright government of his see, in A.D. 762. Eadmer has spun these scanty facts into a lengthy life.



S. ROSE OF LIMA, V.

(A.D. 1617.)

[Roman Martyrology, but August 30th is the day on which she is generally commemorated. She was canonized by Clement X. in 1671, and August 30th appointed for her festival. Her name occurs on both August 26th and 30th in the Martyrology. Authorities:—Her life written by Leonard Hansen, O. P., in 1664. A life in Spanish by John de Vargas, in 1657; another in Italian by Dominic Maria Marchesi, in 1665; a Latin life, "*Vita admirabilis, virtus, gloria S. Rosa*," &c. Aug. Vindel. 1679; J. B. Feuillot, "*Vie de la brenh. épouse de Jésus Christ, S. Rose de S. Marie*," Paris, 1669. J. A. Faure, "*Vie de la brenh. M. Rose de S. Marie*," Bordeaux, 1668, &c.]

THE life of Rose of Lima, of the Third Order of S. Dominic, is suggestive and instructive.

Rose was born on April 20th, 1586, of Gaspar de Florez

¹ "Refertur in populum; consentiunt omnes in unum . . . totius cleri confluentis voce."

and Maria del Oliva, at Lima in Peru. Her parents were natives of Puerto Rico, in moderate circumstances and pious. At her baptism the little girl was called Isabella, after her grandmother Isabella de Herrera; but on account of her ruddy complexion was called Rose, to the no slight displeasure of her grandmother, who grumbled incessantly at the child not being commonly designated Isabella. When the little girl was confirmed, the bishop, S. Turribius, administered the sacrament to her under the name of Rose, omitting the baptismal name. When she grew older some scruples entered her mind that she had no right to this name, which was given her because of her appearance. She went, it is said, into a chapel of the B. Virgin, and besought the Holy Mother to relieve her of her difficulties in this matter. A voice, speaking within her, replied that the name was grateful to Christ, but that she had better add to it the name of Mary; thenceforth she called herself Rosa Santa Maria.

When she was three years old a heavy chest-lid fell on her thumb and crushed it. She suffered the barbarous treatment of an ignorant surgeon with the greatest courage, and without crying.

One day when playing with her brother, who was somewhat older than herself, he, with boyish frolic, plastered her long rich brown hair with mud. Rose was very proud of her auburn hair, and withdrew, and sulked, and would not play with him any longer. "Why, what a fuss you make about your red hair!" exclaimed the tormentor. "You little know what a frizzling girls' hairs get in Hell fire, if they are vain of them." Then, imitating a preacher in action and words, the boy began a sermon against women's vanity, and the witchery they exercise with their beautiful long hair. Rose listened with eyes and ears, and took it all in as seriously meant—she was only five years old—and, getting a razor, shaved her head.

The poor mother, who was exceedingly proud of her child's beauty, her hair, and her complexion, was in dismay. Fortunately at that early age hair grows very fast, and poor little Rose's scrubby pate soon assumed a presentable appearance.

Somehow or other Rose's first religious ideas were taken from the life of S. Catharine of Siena, and from early infancy it became her passion to imitate that self-tormenting enthusiastic visionary. Her mother used to make the pretty little girl wear roses in her hair, woven into a wreath, when company were in her house. Rose took care to weave her garland with thorns on the twigs so as to scratch her skin. "It is a great thing for the girl to have a nice white hand," thought the mother; "it gets as brown as a berry under the blazing sun of Peru." So she bought her gloves, soft and scented, to wear on her hands when she went to bed.¹ There were struggles over these gloves. Rose would not draw them on, the mother insisted; then came tears and groans, and Maria del Oliva only succeeded in carrying her point by the exercise of her "ferocious authority." But Rose was not beaten yet. She was put to bed with her gloves on, but she had inserted in them some stinging herbs, so that in the morning her hands were covered with blotches and inflamed. The mother looked at the hands, and abandoned further attempt to coerce in this matter such an obstinate and impracticable child.

Next came an altercation about dress. The mother wished to adorn her daughter in the prevailing fashion, as she was now sixteen, and old enough to be in society. She must have her hair done up with pads, her gowns must be of silk, and just a little touch of colour must be added to her lips. What was to be done? In vain did Rose protest. She had recourse at last to her confessor, and set him to frighten her mother into letting her have her own way.

¹ "After the manner of women," says Hansen.

The parents moved to a mine at Guanica, where, as the elevation was great, they suffered from cold, and Rose caught a chill and inflammation. Her mother made her a plaster of cantharides and told her to put it on. Three days after she asked Rose about the blister, whether it had not done her good, and where she had thrown it. "I have not taken it off," answered the girl composedly. "Why not?" asked her mother, in dismay. "You did not tell me I was to," answered Rose. The condition of her flesh after three days of blister may be imagined.

Once she was embroidering flowers in silk; some were badly done. Her mother looked over her shoulder, and said, "What monsters of flowers those are!—take them out," meaning only the last she had embroidered, whilst her mind was wool-gathering. Rose unpicked every stitch in her work and reduced it to a blank. Her mother was angry. "How could you have been such a fool?" "You did not particularize which flowers were to be unpicked."

At the age of twenty she joined the Third Order of S. Dominic, in spite of her mother's opposition, who wished to see her married. An old lady, whose son had cast his eyes on Rose for his wife, assailed her with words—and ended by slapping her face, when she refused to accept her son.

It had long been Rose's intention to join the Order. She was confirmed in it by seeing a black and white butterfly hover round her one day; and black and white are the colours of S. Dominic.

She had an Indian servant girl at home, named Mariana. It was a great satisfaction to Rose to lie down on the floor and let the Indian jump and dance on her back. Mariana objected at first, but soon acquired a relish for the pastime. Rose, says her biographer, Hansen, was ignorant of her good looks; and it was with horror that she one day heard a woman admire her taper fingers and the whiteness of her hands. She had once rubbed them with lime till the skin

cockled and cracked, and for thirty days was rendered incapable of dressing herself.

It is unnecessary to enter into particulars concerning her ingenious methods of self-torture, her fastings, chains wrapped round her body, and the like, in lively imitation of S. Catharine of Siena. She had a crown of thorns which she placed daily on her head, and had it struck so as to wound her temples. This crown was composed, we are told, of ninety-nine thorns. With this she is represented in art.

If her mother put a mattress as her bed, she flung it on one side; if she gave her a flock pillow, Rose pulled out the flocks and stuffed it with chips of wood. When visitors called, and she was told to come down to receive them, she rubbed pepper into her eyes, so that she could neither see them nor think of what they were saying. She begged hard to be allowed to live in a little shed at the end of the garden, and extorted a reluctant consent from her parents. The fancy then took her that this was to be her wedding chamber, and she fitted up her shed with the greatest delight. S. Catharine of Siena, her ideal, had been married mystically to the infant Jesus; why not she also?

The wish to be in all things like S. Catharine of Siena was father to the thought that she also was accepted as the chosen bride of Christ. Under the disappointment one Palm Sunday of having been passed over in the distribution of palms; she took refuge in the chapel of the B. Virgin, and fell into a trance before the image of S. Mary and the infant Saviour. She had had forewarnings of what was to happen.¹

¹ "Post assumptam tertii Ordinis candidam vestem, nocte quadam ostensa fuit Rosæ pulcherrima ac decentissima viri species, . . . habitus latomum fingeat, seu marmorum cælendorum nobilem artificem. Et tunc festinus et amans venerat, tanquam virginem illic sponsam sibi quæsiturus. Rosa, cui nulla unquam placuerat nuptiarum cogitatio, sentiebat intus, uno isto conjugio nihil felicius in tota sibi vita posse obtingere. Quod vero conjugium sit relinquere patrem et matrem, ut sint duo in carne una, monuit Rosam suam neonymphus. . . . Jamque post ejusmodi

Suddenly the child said, "Rosa cordis mei! tu mihi sponsa esto!" She answered, "I am thy handmaid! I will be thine." And she was unable to say more from agitation.¹ She rushed home, got her brother to make her a wedding ring, persuaded the priest on Good Friday to deposit it with the Host in the Sepulchre; she got her ring back on Easter Sunday, and wore it ever after. On it she had engraved the words, "Rosa cordis mei! tu mihi sponsa esto."

The vision was the product of an unwholesome condition of mind, as is evident enough to any one acquainted with psychology. It is not to be passed over as one would wish, for it shows to what dangerous dreams an ill-regulated devotion and warm temperament may lead. One cannot but be too thankful that Rose of Lima was a member of the Catholic Church, which could correct and guide such a nature as was hers, treading such a perilous path; under other influences she might have been an Antoinette Bourignon or a Joanna Southcote.

Some of her other fancies were less objectionable. Coming in one morning from mass to her little hut, she exclaimed as she looked round the garden, "O all ye green things of the earth, bless ye the Lord!" Then suddenly the trees began to shiver and clash their leaves together, whilst the flowers and herbs—even the vegetables in kitchen garden—lifted up murmuring voices in praise of their Creator. The stately poplars bowed their heads and touched the ground with them, as saluting God.

There was a little song-bird which had its nest in a tree one spring, near the hut of Rose. It sang so sweetly and

præambula supererat ultimum, quo demum sponsus manifeste ac palam se insinuaret vigili Rosæ, exuto latomi schemate, virginem ad connubialem thalamum apertius invitaret."—*Hansen.*

¹ "Certe non erravit, quicumque ille fuit, puerum qui pinxit amorem," gravely remarks the biographer. "Jucundissimum ipsi erat; quod eodem die ac loco, et palam et rosam amiserat, utpote post hoc connubium non amplius sua!"

shrilly one day that she lifted up her voice, and composing Spanish verses on the spur of the moment sang them;¹ then paused. The bird burst forth in song again. Once more Rose sang, and the bird followed, and so for an hour together they sang alternately. Then the bird flew away.

The extraordinary fancies of Rose were not always pleasant, the visions often scared her and troubled her mind, so that she had recourse to various confessors. One said the source of all these was bile, or the spleen, another told her plainly that she was out of her mind, and that if she did not take proper nourishment and sufficient sleep she must expect to be a prey to all sorts of delusions. As she could not find a single confessor who would attribute them to any other cause, she was much put out. One advised medicine, another blood-letting. All agreed that she must eat and drink and sleep in reasonable proportions. Her mother insisted on calling in the aid of a doctor. Rose resisted, but in vain. The doctor quite agreed with the confessors, and prescribed pills, draughts, and bleeding.*

A committee of doctors and divines sat upon her to decide if she were mad or sane. The doctors questioned her as to her food, the divines as to the books she read. She was questioned as to the works on mystical theology she had read. She stared and asked what mystical theology meant. One of the doctors present, Don Juan de Castillo, a very religious man, was the only one who could make much out of her. He pressed her very closely to describe

¹ "Laxa fibras philomela
Dulce prome canticum;
Pangat hymnum vox anhele,
Collaudemus Dominum.
Tuum lauda Creatorem;
Meum ego Salvatorem;

Deum utriusque nostrum,
Collaudabo. Pande rostrum,
Pande guttur cantillando:
Alternantes concrepando
Melos demus vocibus."

* Latine hæc satis efferrî non possunt; quæ in Hispano Rosæ idiomate, propriis numeris venustius illigabantur."

² "Catapotsia, pharmaca, phlebotomia."

her feelings ; after many blushes, and much hesitation, she entered into a tolerably minute description of them.¹

De Castillo decided that there was nothing to be done, the visions were of God, and the rest acquiesced or departed with a shrug of the shoulders.

She was now lent spiritual works to read, and her visions became more frequent, though scarcely more ravishing.² She was constantly aware of the presence of angels ; she was able to converse with her guardian angel, and to send him messages. One night she was fainting for food in her little cell, so she asked her guardian angel to fetch her a cup of chocolate, and then went through the garden to the house. Her mother saw by the face of Rose that she was faint, and taking out two coppers gave them to the servant, and said, "Run to the nearest grocer's, and bring me some sugar and chocolate."

"You need not do so, mother," said Rose ; "I have got some chocolate coming."

"You are telling lies, or gone crazed," said her mother ; "who at this time of night would send you hot chocolate? Go along, Mariana, and get what I told you."

At that moment there was a knock at the garden door. The maid ran to open ; and lo ! there was a man, with a silver cup full of steaming, well-sweetened chocolate, outside.

It was thought to be a miracle wrought by Rose that one day she prayed before a picture of Christ till it broke out into a profuse sweat. Don Gundsalvo, in whose oratory this

¹ "Velut in sponsi brachiis me deprehendo, . . . sentis avidos liberrimi amoris impetus, ut cum rapidi amnes disruptis obicibus, non fluendo, non tuendo, sese evolvunt per cataractam."

² "Jesulus digiti statura vix procerior, sæpe apparebat amanti Rosæ, . . . stabat pusillus et nudus Amor, mox inambulabat passu levissimo, ac interim obtutu serenulo, tenero, suavi adblandiebatur virgini . . . nutibus taciturnis loquebatur ad cor dilectæ ; arridebat ; huic protendebat breves ulnas velut amplexum. offerens ; hanc ardentibus oculis jugiter adurebat, omnique gestu, motu, flexu, protestabatur amorem."

marvel took place, examined the image with the greatest care, brushed off some of the moisture, smelt it, and satisfied himself that this was a miracle.¹

S. Rose had an eccentric habit of preparing a set of clothes for the infant Jesus or the B. Virgin by means of prayers.

Before Christmas she would get ready a whole set of baby linen in this way. "Fifty Litanies, nine hundred Rosaries, five days' fasting, make up one little shirt (indusolum). Nine stations at the B. Eucharist, nine Psalters, and nine days' fasting supply him with a wrap. Five days of abstinence, five stations, and as many Rosaries furnish sheets for the crib. Thirty-three Communions, thirty-three attendances at mass, thirty-three hours of mental prayer, embroider and fringe the sheets. And for toys (crepundia) I give my tears, my sighs, my heart, and soul."² She provided an imaginary suit of clothes in a similar manner for the Blessed Virgin; six hundred angelic salutations and as many repetitions of the Salve Regina, and fifteen days' fasting, made up an under-garment. Six hundred angelic salutations and as many Salve Reginas, fifteen Rosaries, and fifteen days' fasting provided the material for a gown, and so on for the buttons, lace, thread, &c., for making it up.³ But she sometimes provided more substantial garments. There was an image of S. Catharine of Siena, the care of which was confided to S. Rose. She one day poured forth an anguished prayer before the image, which was shabbily dressed: "O sweetest mother! if I had only fifteen or six-

¹ "Digito guttas aliquot delibavit, fricuit, naribus admovit . . . lustratis diligenter omnibus, edixit, supernaturale sibi omnino videri, quod in imagine gerebatur."

² "Constat, ex devotæ Rosæ mystica officina, pluries hoc vestimentorum genus prodixisse; nam subinde amicissimis personis eadem liberali dono cedebat offerenda, applicanda, circumponenda Jesulo nudo, amori suo."

³ "When a gown was finished, "Jam hoc vestimentum confectum est; benedictus sit Deus: ejusque mater sanctissima prægrandi sua pietate suppleat defectus meos et ausui det veniam."

teen reals I would dress you after my fancy in a beautiful new white cloak." Not long after, a negro woman met her and gave her sixteen reals to expend on the image. Her delight was unbounded. She bought a magnificent white cloak, and put it round the shoulders of the image, which beamed and smiled with satisfaction at receiving such an attractive gift.

S. Rose, for her livelihood, and for the support of her mother, was a milliner, which will account for the interest she took in making dresses for her heavenly patrons.

There was a young man, Vincent Montessi de Venegas, who admired Rose's good looks, and to get an opportunity of seeing her closely and having a little chat with her, went to his mother and said, "I want a set of fine frilled linen collars, and no one makes them better than Rose de Florez; may I have a set?"

"By all means," answered his mother; "go to her house and be measured for them."

So Vincent went to the saintly milliner's; and sat down to have a tape put round his neck, as measure for the collars. There was a pert look in his eyes which Rose did not like, so she said, "You have not come here for collars, I see clearly enough. Do not tell lies, but mind your conduct." Vincent sneaked away sheepishly, and never returned again.

There was a religious at Lima "possessed with a passion no less dirty than foolish and monstrous—a love of tobacco, as injurious to the welfare of his soul as of his body, so that there seemed no hope of salvation for either one or the other. The mouth of the man was all smoky within like a chimney, his snuffy nostrils were choked with black, a dark cloud compassed his brains and disorganized his chest; his clogged lungs emitted hoarse asthmatic croakings; and the miserable man never had the pernicious pipe out of his

mouth. Physicians protested, friends entreated, dissuaded, finally the heads of the religious order fined him and issued the severest inhibitions, precepts, and hurled the thunderbolts of the direst censures. But all was in vain. The vicious habit of thirty-three years would not yield to entreaty, threat, or penalty. No remedy promised to be of any avail to the perishing wretch, had not Rose succeeded in shaking the obduracy of the smoker's heart, and obtaining the cure of it by ardent prayer."¹

After five days of exhortation from the saintly milliner, he cast aside his pipe, and for ever renounced tobacco.

The parents of Rose had a young cockrell, which Leonard Hansen, the biographer of the saint, describes in the glowing terms of a genuine poultry fancier. Maria del Olivá, being a prudent housekeeper, set great store by the cockrell, which she hoped would grow up and be useful for breeding purposes. But every one in the house admired this cockrell, and fed it, so that he became excessively fat and lazy. He sat down on the ground as if bent on busking in the dust all day long, and would not crow.² The mother, at last, thinking the cock worthless, brought it into the room and set it down on the table before her husband, saying, "The cock must have its throat cut, and we will eat it to-morrow." But Rose, full of compassion for the young cock, said to the bird, "Crow, my cockrell, crow that you die not." Scarcely had she uttered these words when the bird stood up, shook out its wings, stiffened its neck, its comb became scarlet, and it crowed lustily. Every one burst out laughing, and the more they laughed the louder crowed the cock. Then with stately strides chanticleer walked round the table, and stopping before Rose, thrust its head towards her and uttered

¹ Hansen, c. xxii, who quotes as the description of the smoker the words in Job xli. 20, "Out of his nostrils goeth smoke, as out of a seething pot or caldron."

² "Crevit pullus, sed ea inerat ventricosus pigritia, ut jugiter cubarit humi, et vix unquam visus sit ultro in pedes attolli, nunquam auditus cucurire."

its most vociferous and grateful crow, as though thanking her for having indicated a way by which he might redeem his life.

One day, a Dutch fleet appeared off the coast of Peru, and threatened the port of Lima. The inhabitants were panic-struck, expecting the town to be sacked. Rose entered the church, and stood on the foot-pace of the altar, ready to defend the tabernacle with her life against the insults and profanities of the heretics. Soon after, news reached her that the fleet had weighed anchor.

Her bed was a wooden chest filled with chips of wood and broken crocks, and a great stone served as her pillow. She allowed herself only two hours' sleep. Twelve hours she devoted to prayer and meditation, the other ten to needlework for her livelihood, and the support of the household.

Want of sleep and food exposed her to the most distressing fantasies. Her imagination conjured up horrible spectres, and at night she trembled and broke into a cold sweat with fear.

She made herself a narrow silver band set with sharp nail points, which she wore round her head, to prick and wound her incessantly, so that her temples were raw and bleeding. She also scourged herself till her body was a mass of sores.

After a long and very painful sickness, S. Rose died, on August 24th, A.D. 1617, at the age of thirty-one. She was canonized by Pope Clement X. in 1671, after an apostolic commission had been issued by Pope Urban VIII. in 1630, to obtain information regarding her merits and miracles.

August 27.

THE ETHIOPIAN EUNUCH, *baptized by S. Philip; 1st cent.*

SS. MARCELLUS, MAMMÆA AND OTHERS, *M.M. in Egypt; A.D. 303.*

SS. RUFUS, CARPO, AND OTHERS, *M.M. at Capua; circ. A.D. 303.*

S. EUTHALIA, *V.M. at Lentini, in Sicily.*

S. POEMEN, *H. at Scete, in Egypt; circ. A.D. 450.*

S. LYCERIUS, *B. of Conserans, at Lacerda; end of 6th cent.*

S. CÆSARIUS, *B. of Arles; A.D. 542.*

S. SYAGRIUS, *B. of Autun; circ. A.D. 600.*

S. ÆTHERIUS, *B. of Lyons; A.D. 602.*

S. DECUMAN, *H.M. near Dunster, in Somersetshire; A.D. 706.*

S. MAELRUBHA, *Mk. M. in Mearns; A.D. 722.*

S. WERNEFRIED, *P. at Elst, in Guelders; A.D. 760.*

S. GERHARDT, *B. of Constance; A.D. 1195.*

SS. MARCELLUS, MAMMÆA AND OTHERS, M.M.

(A.D. 303.)

[Martyrology of Jerome, ancient Roman Martyrology, Ado, Usuardus, &c. Modern Roman "At Tomis in Pontus S. Marcellinus tribune; his wife Mannea, and their sons John, Serapion, and Peter." This is inaccurate in several particulars. The place of martyrdom was Thomis, in Egypt. John alone was their son according to Ado, John and Babylas according to the Acts, John and Serapion according to the Martyrology of Jerome. Authority:—The Acts, which are perfectly trustworthy, written originally in Greek: "I, Julian the priest, gave these relics with these copies (of their Acts) to the venerable deaconess Yssicia, and I wrote them by the hand of my son Stelechiuss in the possession of Rastocis, on account of the infirmity of my eyes."]



THE precious acts of these martyrs, of rare authenticity and simplicity of style, begin thus:—

"In Egypt were crowned the holy ones in the second consulship of Diocletian and the first of Maximian,¹ cruel persecutors, in the month of August, on the sixth of the kalends of September, under the governor

¹ This is not quite accurate, it was the third consulship of Diocletian.

Cultianus.¹ The names of the martyrs were :—Peter, a devout soldier, and Chiro, Ammon, and Serapion, clerks, and Marcellus, a tribune, and his wife Mammæa, and their sons John and Babylas ; and Miletius a bishop, and Atheogenes, Aristeon, Festus, Victor, Susanna, Zoilus, Dominus, and Memnon. These were accused to the governor by Hiero and Acatius, because they were Christians, saying, “These are the only ones in the city of Oxyrhynchus who contradict the imperial precept, and they are impious in the religion of the gods, and they despise thy tribunal, by not obeying thy commands.”

The governor ordered them to be brought before him in chains. He tried in vain to move them to obedience, and when they proved inflexible, condemned them to the wild beasts.

But even on the morrow, when they were brought into the amphitheatre before all the people, he would not give the word for the beasts to be let loose on them till he had once more endeavoured to shake their resolution.

“Do you not blush,” said he, “to worship a man who was executed and buried some years ago by order of Pontius Pilate, whose Acts, as I have heard, are still extant?”²

Then with one voice the Bishop Miletius and the innocent boy cried out, “Far be it from us to deny the name of our Lord and God Jesus Christ, the living Word,

¹ S. Epiphanius, *Hæres*, lxxviii., says, “Culeianus was governor of the Thebaid,” at that time, when the persecution of Diocletian and Maximian raged in Egypt.

² An allusion to certain Acts of Pilate then circulating. Eusebius says : “Having found certain Acts of Pilate, respecting our Saviour, full of every kind of blasphemy against Christ, these by consent of the Emperor were sent through the whole of the Empire subject to him, commanding at the same time by ordinances in every place and city, and the adjacent districts, that these should be published to all persons, and given to the schoolmasters to hand to their pupils to study and commit to memory, as exercises for declamation.” It is not probable that the Emperors would lend themselves to circulate a deliberate forgery. What is far more likely is that these Acts were genuine, extracted from the register of Pilate. To meet them the Christians forged Reports of Pontius Pilate to Tiberius, and letters from him to King Herôd, and interpolated an account of Christ in the *Antiquities* of Josephus.

who was before the constitution of the world, of one substance with the Father,¹ who strengthens our fragile nature and restores the ruin wrought by your father the devil. If thou seekest our death, do thy worst, for we are not disposed to give ear to thee."

Then Cultianus ordered the beasts to be let loose, and four she-bears were sent out of their dens by the manager of the sports. But the bears clumsily strode about the open space, showed no disposition to injure the large band of Christians, and rolled on the sand.

"Ha!" said the governor, "the beasts are bewitched. Try fire."

A pile of wood was erected, and the martyrs crowded on it, but either the wood was too green, or the wind too high; the pile would not burn, and the patience of the governor being exhausted, he ordered the martyrs to have their heads struck off.

S. POEMEN, H.

(ABOUT A.D. 450.)

[Greek Menology and Menæa, Modern Roman Martyrology. Authorities:—A life by Laurence, monk of Ruti in Calabria; his apophthegms, and mention of him in the Lives of the Fathers of the Desert.]

"THERE is not a more celebrated name in the history of the Fathers of the Desert than that of Poemen or Pastor," says Tillemont. The Greeks lavish on him the loftiest praise in their Menæas and Synaxarium. They call him the fellow citizen of angels, the chief of the solitaries, the

¹ Written evidently after the Council of Nicæa, A.D. 325. The martyrs could not have used the expression.

prince of the desert. They say that he was a lamp of discretion lightening along the dark path of men, leading between the pitfalls and snares to the gates of heaven.

Poemen was an Egyptian, fifteen years old when he deserted the world. When he went out into the desert, he drew with him his six brothers, of whom one was certainly older, the rest must have been mere children. Why they fled the world we know not. Perhaps the boys were suddenly left orphans, and finding the world's heart closed to them, fled in disgust to live in the desert with God. The elder brother of Poemen was named Anub or Ruph, and the younger one Paes.

So these seven youthful anchorites grew up together in the solitude of Scete. Poemen fasted twice a week; as he grew to man's estate he made his fasts five in the week; as his age declined he reduced their severity, and ate one little meal every day, always observing the golden rule for health and manners, to leave off with an appetite. "This," said he, "is the royal road that leads to salvation." "We do not fast," said he, "to kill our bodies, but our passions." "Let a monk eat once a day, but without gorging himself; that is better than severe fasting; for he who makes long fasts often gets proud of his achievements, and a small dinner prevents that, and also lets him feel hunger in his entrails."

The seven brothers, under the direction of the eldest, Anub, lived in Scete till an irruption of the Mazics, or Bedouins, drove them to Terenuth, where they found an old temple, and took up their abode in it, under the shadow of its painted columns and gigantic grave-faced images. Anub occupied himself every morning with throwing stones at one of the idols, and in the evening he bowed his knee to it, and apologized for the insult and injury he had done it.

This went on for seven days, and then the curiosity of his brothers broke through all restraint, and they asked him the meaning of his extraordinary conduct.

"I threw stones at the face of the image. Did it scowl or look sulky, or utter words of anger?"

"No."

"And when I bowed the knee to it, and showed it profound respect, did it smile and look pleased?"

"No."

"Then," said Anub, "here are we seven brothers. If we purpose in our hearts to be like that image, unmoved by what we say or do to one another, then by all means let us dwell here together. But if we are going to resent wrongs or bitter speeches, or be pleased with flattery, here are four doors, and let us separate."

Poor little Paes gave the elder brothers trouble. He would frolic about, laugh and shout in the ghostly courts of the old temple, rob nests, amuse himself with the pictures in blue and red and yellow on the long walls, and huge drums of columns, objected to fasting, preferred a romp to a prayer, could not meditate, and fell fast asleep when he ought to be reciting psalms.

Two of the brothers could not endure this. The innocent child's mirth and unmonkish levity distracted them, and they took their staffs and wallets to depart. But little Paes ran over the desert after them, flung himself at their feet, and implored them to return, promising amendment. In time all light-heartedness and natural spirits were crushed out of him, and he grew up as grim and austere as they could desire.

In after years Poemen softened to childish noise and lightness of heart, and when, at Diolchus near Pelusium, his brothers grumbled that they could neither meditate nor pray near the monastery because of the chirping and chattering

of children in it,¹ "I love to hear angels' voices," said Poemen. "Voices that speak of innocence come out of Paradise, and cannot distract."

A painful story is told of the brothers. Their aged mother yearned to see her sons, and came to the door, and knocked. This was not when they haunted the old temple, but inhabited a monastery, when and where cannot be exactly decided, but it was probably when they were at Diolchus. She went to their retreat and strove to see them, but all in vain, their doors were shut against her. She waited till Sunday, when she knew that they would come forth to go to church. When they issued from their cells, they saw their old mother waiting for them, and instantly drew back and fastened the door. She ran after them, and beat at the door, wailing, "My sons, my sons! do not refuse me the joy of seeing your faces once more!" And through the door they heard her sobbing.

Anub, moved at the tears of his mother, said to Poemen, "What is to be done? Our mother is weeping."

Poemen went close to the door and said, "Why, mother, dost thou cry?"

She recognised his voice at once, and exclaimed, "O, my children! I long to see you again. Why should my old eyes and heart be denied this satisfaction? Am I not your mother, did I not nourish you at my breasts? I am very old. When I heard your voice, my heart leaped up within me, and I yearn, I yearn to see you."

"My mother," coldly answered Poemen "which do you prefer—to see us now for one glimpse, or to behold us with uncowed heads in the unclouded light of eternal day?"

"If I were but sure I might see you hereafter, I should perhaps be content."

¹ It was customary for very young boys to be taken into the monasteries and trained from infancy to become monks.

"Doubt not," said Poemen. "Make now this sacrifice of your heart's wish to God, and you will enjoy our society hereafter for ever."

"So let it be, then," said the old woman with a sigh; and with drooping head, and tears flowing down her wrinkled cheeks, she withdrew. In this life she never saw her sons again. When she died, other hands closed her eyes; her sons were too dead to the world to remember their natural duties.

The Governor of Lower Egypt, anxious to see Poemen, arrested his nephew, the son of a married sister; and the sister wrote to Poemen imploring him to intercede with the governor to spare the life of her son.

Poemen, with icy indifference, replied, "If he is guilty of a crime, let him die; if he is innocent, he will obtain his discharge."

The lad was released.

Another anecdote exhibits an intensity of selfishness most repulsive. When the governor was at Diolchus, he had imprisoned a man on some charge or other. The people of the neighbourhood went to Poemen with tears, entreating him to obtain for them the liberation of the prisoner, thinking that the governor would refuse him nothing. Poemen was forced to intervene, but not before he had spent three days in prayer that God would induce the governor to refuse his request, knowing that if this one were acceded to, his time would be broken into by the people urging him to interfere in other cases.

When he made his request, it was with such indifference that the governor refused it.

But as years passed, Poemen's character changed. All traces of harshness disappeared, it softened and sweetened, till none of the solitaries surpassed him in tenderness and

beauty of mind and action, in deeper insight into God's will and greater charity towards others.

Anub remained head of the community of brothers till his death, and the eight were knit together in bonds of the warmest affection. "We lived together," said Poemen in his old age, "till death broke up our companionship, in the greatest unity, tasting its fruits of peace without ceasing. We followed the rule Anub imposed on us; one of us was made steward by Anub, and he had the care of providing for our table. We ate whatever was set before us, and no one said, Give me something else, I cannot eat this."

One day Poemen went a long trudge over the barren desert to visit an aged solitary, who he heard was much distressed in conscience. Poemen had thought of three things to say to the old man, which he believed would rest his troubled soul, but when he got to his cave he had forgotten one of them. On his return home, when his hand was on the lock of the door, the third point of consolation recurred to him. Without entering his house he turned back, and retraced his journey to the old hermit's cell, to pour into his ear this third motive why his uneasy spirit should lie down and rest. The aged solitary was moved by this token of solicitude for souls, and said to him, "Thou art indeed a Poemen—a shepherd of the flock of Jesus."

The priest of Pelusium, hearing that some of the solitaires of Diolchos were wont to come into the city and take baths¹, was indignant at their self-indulgence, and going to the monastery pulled their habits off eleven of them; then went to Poemen, and asked if he had done well. "Had you divested yourself of the old man before you exercised your

¹ These baths were not so much for cleanliness as for luxury: like the Turkish baths, they consisted in exposing the bather to hot air; he was shampooed, rubbed with scented oils, and his hair dressed with aromatic ointments.

zeal in unfrocking these monks?" asked Poemen. The priest was ashamed of himself, went back to the monastery, and restored their habits to the eleven.

An anchorite having heard that a monk had committed a fault, exhorted the abbot to turn him out of the monastery. The expelled monk cast himself into a ditch near the gate, and wept there, refusing food. Some of Poemen's disciples told him that the man was broken-hearted at his expulsion, and would starve himself to death. Poemen ordered him to be removed to his cell, and then sent to the anchorite by whose advice the monk had been driven out, and asked him to break bread with him. The anchorite came. Poemen said, "Two persons had each a dead man in his house, and yet one had the compassion to leave his, and come to his neighbour to bewail with him his corpse." The anchorite applied the parable to himself, and blushed, and exclaimed, "Poemen is high as heaven; I am base as the earth."

A solitary said to Poemen, "When a brother comes to see me who is a pious man, I receive him with joy; but if another comes who has fallen in any way from his high profession, I shut the door in his face."

"You do wrong," said Poemen. "The sick soul needs the gentle hands of the nurse, and the tender care of the hospital; throw open the door, spread your arms to the sinner."

A young monk came often to visit Poemen, but Poemen could see by the wistful face and troubled brow of his visitor that the youth wanted something, but was ashamed to speak. After several of these visits without their leading to anything, Poemen broke the ice with, "My brother, I see there is something troubling your soul; tell me your heart, and I will give you what medicine I think you need."

Then the young man broke silence, and related to him his secret trouble, thoughts of blasphemy.

"Do you take pleasure in these thoughts?" asked the Abbot Poemen.

"I hate and detest them," answered the young monk.

"Be of good cheer," said Poemen; "if you cast them out without giving them consent, they cannot hurt, though they may distress you."

Another monk said to him. "Father, what am I to do? I have impure thoughts rising in my mind."

"Don't think of them," said Poemen.

"And ill-natured thoughts of others rise up."

"Don't think of them," said Poemen.

Another monk again came to him. The burning of impure imaginations pained him.

"What shall I do, my father, my father?"

The abbot led him out of the door of his cell. The flat, glaring desert lay before them, a mirage quivering over the burning sand. A hot breath like that from a kiln swept towards them.

"Open the breast of your habit," said Poemen. The burning blast fanned the bared breast of the monk. "Fold your robe over you again," said the abbot. "And now tell me, have you enclosed the hot wind in your bosom?"

"No."

"So let passion sweep by, like a scorching breath, fanning you. You cannot help that. Let it pass. Do not take it in and harbour it."

"Temptations," said another abbot, Sisoës, "are like an axe. They may cut down your hopes of salvation and lop off your virtues, but they can do nothing against you unless you take them up by an act of will, and give consent to them."

Some touching instances of the gentleness of Poemen are recorded. A monk said to him, "Those young novices do not keep awake during the offices in the church at night.

I see their heads nodding. Shall I not go round and shake them?"

"Poor fellows," said Poemen. "Do nothing of the kind. When I see their sleepy heads droop, I wish I might spread out my lap, and let the heads lie easy on it, that they might sleep in peace."

The Abbot Nesteros was reproved by some for being so indulgent to his disciple that he allowed him a pillow. "I should like to put another pillow under his head," said Poemen.

It was told him that there was a woman in a neighbouring town who was a sinner. "Yet," said the Abbot Timothy, who told him of her, "the woman has elements of good in her. She is spoken of as very charitable to the poor."

"Be at rest," said Poemen. "If there is a rent in the clouds the sun will shine through."

Some time after, he heard from Timothy's mother about the same woman, that she was going on in the same way, charitable, but still living in sin. "Do not be afraid; she will serve God in the end."

At last the poor woman was somehow or other induced to visit Poemen. The dove-like gentleness of the good old man, his overflowing charity, completely won her heart. She broke into floods of tears, fell at his feet, and resolved to abandon her sins, and live to God alone. She afterwards entered a convent, and lived a holy life.

"I cannot endure my present cell," said a monk to him one day. "In my neighbourhood is another monk of whom all sorts of scandalous stories circulate."

"Are they true?"

"I have had the stories on the best authority, on the word of a monk."

"A monk!" exclaimed Poemen, "Telling scandalous stories. I should not call that good authority at all. A

monk who tells such tales has fallen from his profession, and is unworthy of belief."

"But if the stories be true——?"

Poemen stooped down and picked up a straw, then looked up at a beam over his head. "This straw is my neighbour's sin which I trample on with such scorn; that log is my sin which I rarely notice, but which may one day fall and crush me."

When the Abbot Sisoës heard of this answer of Poemen, he is said to have exclaimed, "Words precious as a goodly gem and quite as shining."

It is said of Poemen, but the story is also told of Sisoës,¹ that a solitary came to him, and said, "My father, I have committed a grievous fault, and must do penance for it for three years."

"Three years!" echoed Poemen; "that is a very long penance."

"What! is that too long? At least for a year then."

"Too long, too long!" said Poemen.

Those who were present, seeing the solitary full of surprise, and unable to speak, interfered, and said, "How long would you have him punish himself for his fault? During forty days?"

"That is too much," said the abbot. "A broken and a contrite heart God will not despise, with only three days of penance."

A monk who suffered from violent temptations to which he had too often yielded, was advised by Poemen to go far into the desert for a while, and wrestle with his bad temper, and conquer it, before he returned to dwell among others. "But, my father," said the monk, "how if I were to die without sacraments in the wild wastes?"

"Do you not think God would not receive you, coming

¹ July 6, p. 141.

from the battle-field where you have been striving against your passions, even should that happen?"

Another monk asked him, "Where shall I settle down? What place will be most suitable to me?"

"Any place will be suitable," said Poemen, "where you do not cause annoyance to other people."

"Had I better live in community or in solitude?" asked another.

"Wherever you find yourself humble-minded there you may dwell with security," answered Poemen. "But if you have a great opinion of yourself, nowhere is fit for you."

"Silence," said Poemen, "is an excellent thing. But people who hold their tongues should not always account themselves as silent. If their minds are occupied with their neighbours' shortcomings, their silence is as bad as senseless chattering."

"Do not trouble others by asking advice where no advice is necessary. If a course of conduct be wrong, do not adopt it, but don't waste the time and distract the attention of the aged solitaries by asking advice about it."

Once a hermit came from a long way off to pay a visit to Poemen. He was a man held in great esteem in his own country for his profound theological knowledge. On his arrival he sat down with Poemen, and opening his mouth began to talk about abstruse theological questions. Poemen turned his head away, and looked out of the door at the hot sand, and the date-palms motionless on the horizon. The anchorite could get nothing out of Poemen, and went away in disgust, saying, "I wish I had not taken the trouble to come so far and see this ignorant old fellow."

This was reported to Poemen.

"This anchorite flies far above my reach," he said; "he sails up in heaven, but I am of the earth. If he would talk about our passions and infirmities, and how to overcome

them, then we should have some subject in common on which I could speak."

When any one complained to Poemen of the devil tormenting him with discouraging thoughts, he used to say, "Ah! Isidore of Scete used, under those circumstances, to say, Well, devil, suppose I be lost? You will always be below me." But to some he said, "Devils, devils! it is always devils that are complained of. I say, self-will, self-will."

A Syrian solitary came to him once, lamenting the hardness of his heart. "Read the Word of God," said Poemen; "the drip of a fountain pierces the stone, and the gentle word falling softly day by day on the dead hard heart after a while infallibly melts it."

"What am I to do?" asked a monk of Poemen. "I have got a neighbour, and I am continually doing him little acts of kindness, yet I always find that there is self-satisfaction or some mean unworthy motive mixed up with my intent. Shall I forbear?"

"There were two men who had fields," said the abbot in reply. "The one sowed corn, and with it tares, the other sowed nothing in his field, and it grew up covered with weeds. But he who had sowed corn and tares reaped a mixed crop, some good, some bad; but he took pains to sort the corn from the tares. Which acted best?" There was but one answer.

"Fly from all occasions of temptation," said Poemen. "If still tempted, fly further still. If there is no escape possible, then have done with running away, show a bold face, and take the two-edged sword of the Spirit." "Some temptations," he advised on another occasion, "must be taken by the throat, as David killed the lion. Others must be stifled, as David hugged the bear to death. Some you had better keep to yourself, and don't give them air. Shut them up, as scorpions in a bottle. Scorpions in such con-

finement soon die ; but if allowed out for a crawl, and then put back in their bottles and corked down, they will live a long while and give trouble. Keep the cork down on some temptations and they die of themselves."

A brother was remarking to Poemen of a hermit who, he said, held evil in abhorrence.

"What do you mean by that expression?" asked the abbot. The monk lapsed into generalities. "Do not talk so vaguely," said Poemen. "Say that he hates all the bad habits, bad tempers, bad thoughts which he finds in himself, and then I can understand you. I do not like to think of monks learning about evil in order to acquire an abhorrence of it."

The superior of a monastery asked him how to acquire the fear of God. Poemen knew probably that in this monastery the monks made good cheer.

"Nabuzaradan, chief cook¹ of the King of Assyria, took Jerusalem," said Poemen. "Many a peaceful Jerusalem is despoiled by cooks and cookery."

"Inconveniences always swell to double their size when grumbled over."

"What is a living faith?" was a question put to Poemen one day. "A living faith," he answered, "consists in thinking little of oneself, and showing tenderness towards others."

"Do not contemplate self too long," was one of Poemen's sayings. "He who does so is like one standing at the brink of a pond looking at his reflection. He is just in the position for the devil with a push to tumble him into destruction."

Another of his sayings, "A warm heart, boiling with charity to God and man, is not tormented with temptations ;

¹ So the LXX., ἀρχιμαγειρος (2 Kings xxv. 3). But the Vulgate, more correctly, *magister militum* : that is "captain of the guard," or "chief executioner." There is frequent use of S. Poemen's remark in mediæval exegesis.

they swarm round a cold one. You see no flies hovering about the caldron boiling on the fire. Set it down and let it grow cold, and it is black with flies."

It is not known with certainty when Poemen died, but it was probably at the advanced age of a hundred and ten.

S. CÆSARIUS, B. OF ARLES.

(A.D. 542.)

[Roman and Gallican Martyrologies. Authorities :—A life in two books, the first by Cyprian, Bishop of Toulouse, the second by Messianus the priest and Stephen the deacon. Cyprian certainly was a disciple of S. Cæsarius, the other two probably were so. Cyprian was assisted in his composition of the first book by Messianus and Stephen and the bishops Firmus and Viventius, all contemporaries of Cæsarius.]

CÆSARIUS, son of the Count of Chalons, was born in Burgundy, in A.D. 470, and from earliest childhood showed a disposition to embrace the religious life. When only seven he was wont to divest himself of his clothes and give them away to any beggar who asked for them, and return to his parents nearly naked.

At the age of eighteen he ran away from home, and received the tonsure from the hands of S. Silvester, afterwards (A.D. 490) Bishop of Châlons-sur-Marne. In 490, Cæsarius became a member of the monastic community of Lerins. Thence he was drawn in 501 to succeed the first fathers of the holy isle, Honoratus and Hilary, upon the archiepiscopal throne of Arles. He was for nearly half a century the most illustrious and most influential of the bishops of Southern Gaul; he presided over four councils, and directed the great controversies of his time. Accused to Alaric II., King of the Goths, of treasonable correspon-

dence with, perhaps, Clovis, he was banished to Bordeaux ; but was speedily recalled. Alaric II. was killed in battle by Clovis in 507, and Theodoric, King of the Ostrogoths, marched out an army, arrested the victorious arms of the Franks, and assumed the government of Spain and Aquitain as self-constituted guardian of Amalaric III., infant son of Alaric.

Cæsarius had been engaged in erecting a great monastery for women at Arles when the Franks and Ostrogoths met under its walls in desperate conflict. Clovis was defeated. The monastery was reduced to a ruin. A priest, a relative of Cæsarius, had the meanness to let himself down the walls by night, escape to Theodoric, and denounce Cæsarius as actively engaged in organizing an opposition to the Ostrogoth arms, and as purposing to deliver up the town to the Catholic Clovis, so as not to receive within its walls an Arian tyrant. As soon as Arles was taken, Cæsarius was led under custody before Theodoric, but was speedily released by that great-minded prince, who ascertained the innocence of the bishop. Another and similar charge was made against him later, and Cæsarius was obliged to travel to Ravenna to exculpate himself before Theodoric. Thence he went on to Rome, where Pope Symmachus received him with great respect, and granted permission to the deacons of the church of Arles to wear dalmatics like the Roman deacons.

On his return to Arles Cæsarius set to work to rebuild the monastery, not this time without the walls, but near the metropolitan church. He made his own sister Cæsaria the abbess, and she governed it for thirty years, and shortly gathered there two hundred nuns. This brave Christian woman caused to be prepared, and ranged symmetrically round the church of the monastery, stone coffins for herself and for each of the sisters. They sang all day and night

the praises of God in the presence of the new tombs that awaited them.

It was into this church that Cæsarius himself, feeling his end approach, had himself conveyed to bless and console his daughters. And, certainly at that moment he did not forget his dear island of Lerins, where the calmest, happiest years of his life had been spent.

"O happy isle," he had said, "O blessed solitude, in which the majesty of the Redeemer makes every day new conquests, and where such victories are won over Satan! Thrice happy isle, which, little as she is, produces so numerous an offspring for heaven! It is she who nourishes all those illustrious monks who are sent into all the provinces as bishops. When they arrive, they are children; when they go out, they are fathers. She receives them as recruits, she dismisses them as kings. She teaches all her happy inhabitants to soar to the sublime heights of Christ on the wings of humility and charity. The tender and noble mother, the nurse of good men, opened her arms to me also; but while so many others owe heaven to her teaching, the hardness of my heart has prevented her from accomplishing her task in me."

S. DECUMAN, H.M.

(A.D. 706.)

[Wilson in his *Anglican Martyrology*, Wyon, Ferrarius and Castellanus, and the Bollandists. Authority:—A legend in Capgrave.]

DEGEMAN, in Latin Decumanus, was born of noble parents in the south-west of Wales. He is said to have thrown a faggot of rushes into the waters of the Severn Sea, and to have floated across upon them to the neighbourhood

of Dunster, in Somersetshire. There he settled, living on the milk of a cow, clearing away the brambles, and making himself a wattled hut. A robber cut off his head. The story goes that the body then rose up, and, carrying the head in its hands to a fountain at which Decuman was wont to drink, washed it in the limpid spring. The date of his death is fixed at 706, but not with certainty.

S. MAELRUBHA, MK. M.

(A.D. 722.)

[Irish Martyrologies on April 21; Scottish on Aug. 27. Authorities:—Aberdeen Breviary, &c., see "S. Maelrubha, his History and Churches," by W. Reeves, D.D. Edinb. 1861, in *Proceed. Soc. Antiq. Scot.*, iii. p. 258. For a curious account of heathen sacrifices offered to this saint, and of the feelings of the clergy on the subject in the 17th cent., see Dr. Mitchell's paper, "On Various Superstitions in the North-west Highlands and Islands," *ibid.*, iv. p. 251.]

S. MAELRUBHA was born in 642, of an ancient Irish royal family; he was descended on his father's side in a direct line from Niall of the Nine Hostages, and at an early age he became a member of the monastic community of S. Comgal, his mother's relative, at Banchor in Ireland.

In A.D. 671, when he was aged twenty-nine, he went to Alba, and after two years he founded Apurcrossan in Mearns, where he resided for fifty-one years. He also founded a church on an island in Loch-maree, which takes its name from him. According to Irish accounts he died a natural death, at the age of eighty, at Apurcrossan, but the Scottish accounts are more likely to be correct, which say that he was killed by the Northmen. He lay for three days wounded before he expired, and then a wooden church was built over the spot, which afterwards was made the paro-

chial church, and is now called Urquard. His body was translated to his monastery at Apurcrossan.

The name of this saint, made up of consonants apt to be liquefied, occurs in many transmutations, such as Mulruby, Mulrew, Melriga, Marow, Murrui, Arrow, Errew, Olron, Ro, Rufus, and, taking in his title, Summaruff, Samarevis, and Summereve.

S. WERENFRIED, P.C.

(ABOUT A.D. 760.)

[Belgian Martyrologies. Benedictine Martyrologies of Menardus and Wyon. Authority :—A life by an anonymous writer.]

S. WERENFRIED, a companion of S. Willibrord, came from England into Friesland with that great apostle, and preached the faith in the parts about Elst. He is said to have died at Westervoert. His body was placed on a boat, and the boat floated across the Rhine and stranded on the opposite shore. The Elst people at once claimed it, and carried it off to their village, where it was solemnly buried.

August 28.

S. HERMES, *M. at Rome*; A.D. 116.SS. FORTUNATUS, CAIUS, AND ANTEUS, *MM. at Salerno*; circ.

A.D. 303.

S. JULIAN, *M. at Brivat, in Auvergne*; circ. A.D. 304.S. ALEXANDER, *B. of Constantinople*; A.D. 340.S. MOYSES THE ETHIOPIAN, *Ab. M. in Scete*; 4th cent.S. AUGUSTINE, *B. D. of Hippo, in Africa*; A.D. 430.S. VIVIAN, *B. of Saintes*; 5th cent.

S. MOYSES THE ETHIOPIAN, Ab.M.

(4TH CENT.)

[Greek Menæa and Menology of Basil Porphyrogenitus. Modern Roman Martyrology. Authority:—The Lives of the Fathers of the Desert, and a life by Laurence, monk of Ruti, in Greek.]



HERE seem to have been three celebrated anchorites of the Egyptian deserts of the name of Moyses or Moses—Moyes the Egyptian, Moyses the Libyan, and another of the same name. It is not always possible to distinguish to which of these three the anecdotes and sayings reported by Palladius and Cassian relate.

Moyes the Ethiopian was a gigantic negro slave who had escaped from his master, and at the head of a party of ruffians lived on pillage.

One instance may be related of his natural strength and ferocity. A shepherd had interfered somehow with the execution of one of his schemes of rapine and murder. Moyses, bent on revenge, seeing the shepherd on the opposite side of the Nile, swam across, his sword between his teeth, to kill him. The shepherd saw him coming, and

concealed himself. Moyses then killed four of his best rams, tied them together by the horns, and swam back, drawing them after him. He ate one of them, sold the rest, and drank the proceeds.

Accounts differ as to the occasion of his conversion. That which is most probably the right one is that he was obliged to take refuge among the solitaries to escape pursuit for his crimes, and that he was won by the example of the eremites. He went to a lonely cave and lived there. One night four robbers broke into his cell. The huge negro wrestled with them, threw them down, bound them together, and dragged them to the door of the monastery, and delivered them up to the monks to punish as they thought fit. For many years he had the greatest difficulty in conquering his furious passions. Almost driven to despair, he went to consult the Abbot Isidore. The Abbot led him to the top of the house ; it was dawn : dark vapours were rolling away to the West, whilst flakes of sunlit clouds strewed the eastern sky. "See," said Isidore, "as the light comes on the darkness flies away, not all at once, but little by little. So is it with your soul."

Moyes was satisfied, and returned to his cell to see the dawn break brighter on his dark spirit, and the gloomy and distorted visions of night disappear one by one.

After some years he was ordained priest. When vested in white the patriarch of Alexandria, Theophilus, said to him, "Now, Moyses, the black man is made white."

"Only the outer man," said Moyses ; "the inner one is dark enough still, God knows !"

His method of opposing his evil imaginations was by giving himself up to active exercise. He was wont to visit the cells of all the solitaries of advanced age and delicate health in his neighbourhood during the night, and take their pitchers, fill them at the well, and bring them back.

As the solitaries lived scattered over the rocks, this was hard work ; he had to carry water five miles for one or two of them.

One night as he was stooping over the pool filling his pitcher, he was doubled up with a sudden attack of lumbago. He thought the devil had given him a sudden stroke across his loins with a club.¹ He lay groaning with pain till next morning, when he was found and carried to the church. The attack was on him for many months, so as totally to incapacitate him for work.

The governor of the province had heard of the virtues of Moyses, and came to Scete to see him. Moyses was on his way to the well to fetch water, and met the governor, who asked him where the renowned anchorite lived. "Bah!" said Moyses. "It is not worth your while going in quest of him, he is a fool."

The governor turned back, and at the monastery related what he had heard. "What was the man like who said that?" asked the monks.

"He was a huge old black fellow covered with rags."

"The man himself," answered the monks.

It is probable that Moyses was killed by the Bedouins.

In the lives of the Fathers of the Desert, we are told that Moyses, abbot in Scete, hearing that these nomads were in the neighbourhood, ordered his disciples to fly.

"But you, father, what will you do?"

"Our Lord said, They who take the sword shall perish by the sword. His word will come true."

Seven of the disciples refused to leave the old man, and were killed along with him by the Bedouins. It is most probable that this Moyses was the Ethiopian abbot.

¹ The ancient Norsemen and Icelanders, unable to comprehend the sudden shooting pains of rheumatism, attributed them to elf-bolts, invisible arrows shot by mountain spirits. The mediæval anchorites, racked by rheumatism in their damp caves, attributed them to the cudgels of demons, or to the scourging administered to them by saints.

S. AUGUSTINE, B.D.

(A.D. 430.)

[Carthaginian Kalendar on Aug. 29. Ancient and Modern Roman Martyrologies on Aug. 28. From the life of S. Cæsarius of Arles we learn that the festival of S. Augustine was observed in the 6th cent. in Gaul. All Latin Martyrologies. Some commemorate the conversion of S. Augustine on May 17, his baptism on May 5, the translation of his relics by the Roman Martyrology on Feb. 28, by the Augustinian hermits on Oct. 11. Other Martyrologies give commemorations of S. Augustine on Jan. 24, March 6, April 1, June 5. By Bull of Leo X. the festival of S. Augustine's death, Aug. 28, was ordered to be observed with the same honours as the feast of an Apostle. The same injunction was given for special dioceses by John XXII. and Innocent VIII. ; for the whole of Spain by Innocent XI. Authorities :—Augustine's own Confessions for his early life ; a Life by S. Possidius, his disciple and companion for forty years ; the letters and other writings of Augustine, &c.]

AURELIUS AUGUSTINE was born at Tagaste in Northern Africa, on the Ides of November (Nov. 13) A.D. 354. His father's name was Patricius, his mother was the holy and gentle Monica. Patricius was a choleric man, a Pagan, but upright for his lights, and loving his wife and children. Augustine, like other boys full of animal spirits, was not fond of books ; as for Greek, he hated it, and would not learn it. " I perhaps knew that '*δλον*' did not mean *one* but *all*, and that '*καθόλου*,' whence the Catholic name is derived, meant *according to all*." In after years he was obliged to extend his knowledge of Greek.

He was sent early to Carthage, and there learned rhetoric. The theatres, racecourse, and amphitheatre delighted him, and corrupted the simplicity of his boyish mind. At Carthage he contracted a connexion with a young woman, and at the age of eighteen became a father.

The reading of Cicero's Hortensius excited his growing mind to the study of philosophy. Manichæism offered to him a clear system of belief, a solution to the mystery of the universe, to that greatest of all mysteries,

the co-existence of good and evil. He embraced it, and his mind was so saturated with its tenets, that even in his after-life, when converted to the Catholic faith, the influence of these first ideas coloured and biased his theological conceptions. But he found that the Manichæans were great rather in pulling to pieces the religious faith of others than in supporting their own doctrines with satisfactory proofs, and what especially dissatisfied him was the contemptuous way in which they threw doubt on the historical existence of Christ. They were prepared to celebrate the martyrdom of Manes, but took no notice of the death and resurrection of Jesus; "For," said they, "we are not sure that these events ever occurred." The early instructions of his mother were not to be eradicated by a light breath of doubt such as this. Faustus of Milevis, an eminent Manichæan, came to Carthage. Augustine listened to him with eagerness, admitted his eloquence, but was dissatisfied with his logic.

In an unsettled state of mind, not knowing what to believe, he devoted himself to æstheticism, and wrote, at the age of twenty-six, on "The Beautiful and the Fitting."

In 383 Augustine went to Rome, there to teach rhetoric, against his mother's advice.¹ At Rome he lived with Manichees, and his confidence in them received another shock. He had been attracted by the asceticism of some of the "Elect" of the sect, but he soon found that Manichæism admitted of luxury or asceticism with easy indifference. Each was compatible with its fundamental doctrine. Matter is evil, spirit is good. The spirit chained to the body aspires to emancipation. Flesh and spirit are opposed to one another, ruled by different laws, under separate lawgivers. Some Manichees agreed that the work of life was the emancipation of the spirit from the thralldom

¹ The story of Monica and the youth of Augustine has been already told in the life of the mother of the great doctor (May 4), and the reader is referred to it for much that is omitted here, so as not to go over the same ground twice.

of the body by crushing out the lusts of the flesh ; but others argued that the spirit was not bound by the law of the body, that if the flesh lusted, the soul remained undefiled, so that the flesh might be indulged with impunity to the spirit. It was the insufficiency of Manichæism to supply man with an ethical code which finally revolted the intellect of Augustine. He saw that a religion to be a true one must establish morality on a foundation of adamant. Manichæism failed to do this ; therefore he was alienated from it. Augustine, in after years, wrote his experiences of Manichæism,¹ exposing its errors and the immorality of its "Elect." The diatribes of a convert against his former religion and co religionists are never to be taken without a pinch of salt, coloured as they always are by bitterness and injustice occasioned by the consciousness that such an attack is ungenerous and in bad taste. Every religion is the groping of ignorant souls after light ; its errors are deserving of compassion, not of insulting exposure by those who arrogate to themselves superior enlightenment.

Having shaken himself free from Manichæism, Augustine joined himself to the Academicians ; in the conflict of philosophies he could not find rest. He felt like a man in a forest, through which long aisles betwixt tree boles led, all offering a road, and all leading to points whence radiated similar long passages of gloom and bewilderment.²

From Rome he went to Milan in 384, to teach rhetoric, and there fell under the charm of the presence and teaching of S. Ambrose. Another, a softer, even a holier presence came also to exert its influence on the young rhetorician. His mother, Monica, unable to find rest for her aching heart in Africa, took ship, and came to Italy, to Milan, seeking her best-loved, erring son.

His friend Alypius, his brother Navigius, and his son

¹ De Moribus Manichæorum.

² De utilitate credendi, c. 8.

Adeodatus, were his companions, living in the same house. The first observable effect of the refining presence of Monica on the young men was that they gave up a habit of swearing into which they had fallen.¹ Monica urged him to marry. At her entreaty, he sent back the woman who had so long lived with him, to Africa, whence he had brought her, but two years after he formed another similar connexion.

All this while he was not happy. His soul was hungry for bread, and nothing satisfied it. He had tried philosophies, and they did not give him what he wanted. In pleasure, in ambition, was only disappointment; and happiness was the subject of endless discussions between the friends and his mother. One day after Augustine had delivered a panegyric on the Emperor, full of suppression of the truth, of bombast, and exaggeration, disgusted with himself, he was passing through a street with his companions, when they encountered a beggar laughing and lively. "There," said Augustine sadly, "that poor wretch is happy, and has got what I cannot attain to."

He read Plato in a Latin translation, and Plato seemed to him to point to Christ. The great mystery of evil was to him for long insoluble. He thought to deny the existence of evil, to hold all things to be good, what we think to be evils to be but minor goods. Yet this theory, so plausible on paper, is a poor one to act upon in life. The wrongs, the agonies, the sins of life will not square with the theory in our consciences. Augustine could not hold it seriously for long. He consulted S. Simplician, who afterwards succeeded Ambrose on the episcopal throne of Milan, and by degrees his objections to Christian doctrines melted away. Yet his head only was enlightened; his heart was not touched. He attended church with his bosom friend,

¹ *Serm. xxviii.*

Alypius, listened to the discourses of Ambrose, and began to read the sacred Scriptures. An African named Pontitian, an officer in the Imperial palace, called one day at the house of Augustine, and sitting down at the table drew towards him a scroll Augustine had been reading, and looked at it. It was one of the Epistles of S. Paul. The New Testament writers had interested Augustine and convinced him of the truths of Christianity; but something else, greater, was wanted to touch and conquer his heart—the evidence of Christian truth, living, moving, ruling sovereign over human souls. This was what Pontitian was about unconsciously to supply.

What follows must be given in the words of Augustine himself:—

“When I told him I was giving attention to these writings, we began to talk, and he to tell of Antony, the monk of Egypt, whose name was then very famous among thy servants,¹ but was unknown to us till that moment. When he discovered that, he spent some time over the subject, detailing his virtues, and wondering at our ignorance. We were astounded at hearing such well-attested marvels of him, so recent and almost contemporaneous, wrought in the right faith of the Catholic Church. We all wondered: we, that they were so great; and he, that we had not heard of them. Thence his discourse ran on to those flocks of hermit-cells, and the morals of thy sweetness, and the fruitful deserts of the wilderness, of which we knew nought. There was a monastery, too, at Milan, full of good brethren, outside the city walls, under the tutelage of Ambrosius, and we knew nothing of it. He went on still speaking, and we listened intently; and it befell that he told us how, I know not when, he and three of his mess companions at Trèves, while the Emperor was engaged in an afternoon

¹ He is addressing our Lord.

spectacle in the circus, went out for a walk in the gardens round the walls; and as they walked there in pairs, one with him alone, and the two others by themselves, they parted. And those two, straying about, burst into a cottage, where dwelt certain servants of thine, poor in spirit, of such as is the kingdom of heaven; and there found a book, in which was written the life of Antony. One of them began to read it, and to wonder, and to be warmed; and, as he read, to think of taking up such a life, and leaving the warfare of this world to serve thee. Now, he was one of those whom they call Managers of Affairs. Then, suddenly filled with holy love and sober shame, angered at himself, he cast his eyes on his friend, and said, 'Tell me, prithee, with all these labours of ours, whither are we trying to get? What are we seeking? For what are we soldiering? Can we have a higher hope in the palace, than to become friends of the Emperor? And when there, what is not frail and full of dangers? And through how many dangers we do not arrive at a greater danger still? And how long will that last? But if I choose to become a friend of God, I can do it here and now.' He spoke thus, and, swelling in the labour-pangs of a new life, he fixed his eyes again on the pages, and read, and was changed inwardly as thou lookedst on him, and his mind was stripped of the world, as soon appeared. For while he read, and rolled over the billows of his soul, he shuddered and hesitated from time to time, and resolved better things; and already thine, he said to his friend, 'I have already torn myself from that hope of ours, and have settled to serve God; and this I begin from this hour in this very place. If you do not like to imitate me, do not oppose me.' He replied that he would cling to his companion in such a great service and so great a warfare. And both, now thine, began building, at their own cost, the tower of leaving all

things and following thee. Then Potitianus, and the man who was talking with him elsewhere in the garden, seeking them, came to the same place, and warned them to return, as the sun was getting low. They, however, told their resolution, and how it had sprung up and taken strong hold in them, and entreated the others not to give them pain. They, not altered from their former mode of life, yet wept (as he told us) for themselves; and congratulated them piously, and commended themselves to their prayers; and then dragging their hearts along the earth, went back to the palace. But the others, fixing their hearts on heaven, remained in the cottage. And both of them had affianced brides, who, when they heard this, dedicated their virginity to thee."¹

This story shook the soul of Augustine to its foundation. The Gospel was not a mere historic narrative, Christianity not one theory of man's relation to God among many, Jesus Christ not a founder of a system only: the Gospel, Christianity, Jesus Christ, were living powers, to-day as mighty as three hundred years ago. Jesus Christ, lifted up, was drawing souls to him by the mighty attraction of love. He had known Manichæans live holy lives for a system; here was the man Jesus, "alive for evermore," calling to him, holding fast the passionate hearts of men in self-forgetting love. Here was Christianity promising to spread the salt over the dead and rotting old world, and arrest its putrefaction; the Gospel promising happiness, and men proclaiming that the promise was true, they had found happiness, they enjoyed it, under its peaceful prescriptions.

Augustine remained silent, red with shame, as he considered his past life, weighed down with sorrow, lost in thought. Pontitian saw that his words had wrought an unexpected effect. He rose, and silently went his way.

¹ Confessions, c. 16.

Augustine could not endure to be in the house. It suffocated him. He started up to go into the garden. His friend Alypius followed him, bringing in his hand the roll which Augustine had been reading before Pontitian called. They sat down together in an arbour.

The agitation of Augustine's soul continued. It strained with inexpressible yearning for the pure, blessed life of those holy ones in the desert of whom he had heard, but his love of pleasure, his animal lusts, his ambition, the recollection of his many ties in Milan which would have to be broken, restrained him. Could he break off his connexion with that woman, give up the merry banquets, the carelessness of his present life for one of strict self-discipline? His soul was travingling. He could not bear the presence of Alypius near him, with kind hand clasping his. He started up and left the bower, scarcely knowing where he went, except that it was as far from the house as possible. He came to a fig tree, and flung himself down on the turf under its shade.

Then without restraint he gave vent to his emotion ; the tears streamed from his eyes upon the grass, and his breast shook with sobs.

At that moment he heard a child's voice singing, "Take up and read ! Take up and read !" The voice of a little boy or little girl. It was the refrain, perhaps, of some child's game.¹

He rose from his prostrate position at the roots of the fig tree. At such moments any small incident affects us, assumes an importance, a significance we should not accord it at another. Might not that little child's chant be addressed by the voice of innocence to his shaken soul? Surely so. Did not Antony, of whom he had just heard, learn what was to be the rule of his life, when he went into the church

¹ "Cogitare cœpi, utrumnam solerent pueri in aliquo genere ludendi cantare tale aliquid."

and heard the words of the Gospel read, "Sell all that thou hast and come and follow me?"

With tottering steps Augustine returned to the bower where he had left Alypius, and opening the scroll, his eyes fell on the words, "Not in rioting and drunkenness, not in chambering and wantonness, not in strife and envying, but put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make not provision for the flesh to fulfil the lusts thereof" (Rom. xiii. 13). He read no more, but putting a mark in the place, he closed the book and handed it to Alypius. His friend asked to see what the words were which had so struck him, and Augustine bade him look. Alypius read on, "Him that is weak in the faith receive ye, but not to doubtful disputations," and applied it to the conduct of Augustine in this most eventful period of his life.

Then Augustine's heart yearned to tell all to the dear mother who with perfect patience and trust in God had prayed without wearying for her son from childhood, hoping against hope. He found her, and told her what had befallen his soul. "She rejoiced and triumphed," says Augustine in his Confessions. "She blessed Thee, Who art powerful to give more than we ask or know how to ask; for she saw that Thou hadst given to me more than she had ventured to pray for with many bitter tears and mournful sighs. Thou didst convert me to Thee so that I cared no more for wife or anything this world could afford, and Thou didst convert her sorrow into joy fuller than she had looked for."

Augustine at once threw up his lectureship on rhetoric and returned to a villa near Milan lent by a friend, Verecundus, that he might prepare for baptism. It was a happy, peaceful time. Monica was there, now one in heart and hope with her son, seeing the travail of her soul, and satisfied. Alypius was there also, a catechumen, a good,

truth-seeking, pure-minded man. Nebridius visited them; he too was turning to the light, a man of unspotted life, who, though reared in Paganism, had lived as clean and God-fearing a life as any Christian. He also, somewhat later, was baptized, and died a holy life, still in his youth. In the evenings, under the stars, when the heat of day was past, that happy company assembled under the trees. The fireflies sailed past them, or wavered their lamps over them, then went out, like the wandering fires of earthly passion and pride and ambition, whilst above burned the changeless stars, types of those heavenly lights to which out of their darkness these earnest hearts were aspiring. There they read and learned by heart and applied to their own souls the Psalms of David, ancient words never old, always speaking the hopes, the joys, the sorrows, the aspirations of human hearts. But Augustine was suffering from toothache. "What a pain it is!" he exclaims; he could not sleep, meditate, eat, speak. So he wrote on his wax tablet what was afflicting him and showed it to his friends. Then they all fell to prayer together in childish simplicity and good faith, and Augustine recovered from the pain.

On Easter Eve, April 25, 387, he was baptized by S. Ambrose at Milan. Alypius was baptized with him, and Augustine's son Adeodatus. The father's tenderness breaks out again and again when speaking of his boy. "Thou, O God, hast well made him. He was about fifteen years old, and in intellect surpassed many grave and learned men. I confess Thy gifts, O Lord, my God, Creator of all, mighty to reform our deformities. I had nothing in that boy but my sin. What he learned of us in Thy discipline Thou didst inspire into us, Thou only."

After the series of lessons usual on Holy Saturday, the Great Sabbath, Augustine and his son Adeodatus, with Alypius, were led to the font, where a priest and a deacon attended on S. Ambrose. With faces turned westward,

they renounced "the devil and all his works, the world, its luxury, its pleasures;" and then turned eastward in recognition of Christ.

Ambrose then performed the benediction of the font; each candidate descended into it, was asked, "Dost thou believe in God the Father Almighty?" answered, "I believe," and was immersed in the water; professed in like manner his faith "in our Lord Jesus Christ and His Cross, and in the Holy Spirit," and was immersed a second and third time.¹ Ambrose then anointed the head of each with consecrated oil, and a prayer that this might be unto life eternal.

Their feet were washed—a Milanese usage not followed in Rome—in token that they were to walk in newness of life, they put on white raiment, and then they received "the spiritual seal" whereby "Christ confirmed" them,² and were led in procession up the church, chanting the forty-second Psalm (A.V. xliii.), as introit before their communion: "O send out thy light and thy truth; that they may lead me: and bring me unto thy holy hill, and to thy dwelling. And that I may go unto the altar of God, even unto the God of my joy and gladness."

They saw the altar in its fair array,³ with lamps burning around it, decked for the Easter Communion; and were at once admitted to the highest privileges of the Church. In after time it was said that on this occasion from the swelling breasts of Ambrose and Augustine sprang that inspired triumph song, the *Te Deum*.

The chronicle of Dacius of Milan, which is claimed as authority for this incident, never existed; the tradition, a very ancient one, may however rest on a foundation of truth. Augustine and Ambrose together may have composed this hymn shortly after.

¹ Ambros. de Myst. 28, written probably about this time.

² De Myst. 42. Chrism is not mentioned, but was probably applied to the forehead; the former anointing appears to have been a distinct rite.

³ De Myst. 43.

"In those days when we had been baptized," he says, "I was not satisfied with the marvellous sweetness, with musing on the greatness of Thy counsel for the salvation of the race of man. O! how I went over the hymns and canticles, shaken to the depths with the voices of Thy Church so sweetly sounding! Those notes flowed in at my ears, and Thy truth revealed itself in my heart, and there glowed within me a burning piety; my eyes streamed with tears. It was well for me to be there!"

But this ineffable joy was broken in upon by external affairs; for

"Storms confused above us lower,
Of hope and fear, and joy and woe;
And scarcely even for one half-hour
Is silence in God's house below."

Justina, mother of the boy-Emperor Valentinian, viewed with hostility the popularity of Ambrose, and encouraged an Arian bishop, Auxentius, to claim the throne of Milan. Ambrose was called on to plead against him in the imperial consistory. He refused. The sovereign, he said, was young and unbaptized; one day he would see the absurdity of asking a bishop to "place his rights at the feet of laymen."

Ambrose took refuge in the church, the faithful crowded into it, around him; Monica was there, probably also Augustine and Alypius. The faithful throng stood between him and the soldiers. To calm the agitation of the people, Ambrose set them to sing hymns which he had written, full of terse and condensed energy, and to chant the Psalms antiphonally, "after the manner of the East."

He knew "how mighty a strain" was the doxology to the Father, Son, and Spirit which "made all who sang it

¹ "Tunc hymni et psalmi ut canerentur, secundum morem Orientalium partium, ne populus mœroris tædio contabesceret, institutum est; et ex illo in hodiernum retentum, multis jam ac pæne omnibus gregibus tuis et per cetera orbis imitantibus."—*Conf.*

teachers." The soldiers were withdrawn, the enthusiasm of the people was too mighty for Justina to overcome.

It was now resolved by Augustine, his friend and his mother, to return to Africa, and there to form a religious household. S. Monica, in the fulness of her joy, acted both as mother and as servant to them all. She went with them to Ostia, where they prepared for the homeward voyage. One day she and Augustine were leaning against a window of the house where they lodged, and talking of the future blessedness, "what it must be to enter into God's very presence after the resurrection." Then she told him that as all her hopes for this world were fulfilled, she desired to live no longer. In a few days she was seized with a fatal illness, and calmly expired about a week afterwards. Her grandson's loud weeping was hushed by a scruple on Augustine's part against any such display of sorrow. It was well with her, she was with her Lord. They chanted the 101st Psalm (A.V. cii.), performed the burial, and had mass said for the repose of her soul, "The sacrifice of our ransom was offered for her."

At length the long-restrained feeling found relief, and Augustine burst into tears, though not without apprehension that men, if they knew it, would judge him hardly.

He deferred his voyage for the present, and settled at Rome.

"Inspire, O Lord God, Thy servants, my brethren," prays Augustine, "and Thy sons my lords, whom with voice and heart and pen I serve, and all who may read this, to remember at the altar Monica thy handmaid, and Patricius her husband, through whom I was brought into the world."

At this point breaks off that most touching and precious record of the early years of Augustine, his Confessions, and we are condemned to complete his history from the biography

of Posidius and incidental allusions in his epistles and sermons and controversial writings.

In 388, Augustine was at Rome, and there he wrote his work on the *Morals of the Manichees*, and began one on *Free Will*. Towards the close of the year he returned to Africa, from which he had been absent over five years, and retiring to Tagaste with his friend Alypius, they led together a religious life, till A.D. 391, reading and writing on Music, on True Religion, and controversially against the Manichees.

In 391, against his will, he was withdrawn from his place of retreat, and ordained priest by Valerius, Bishop of Hippo. He at once sought to form a monastery in Hippo, where he might live with his brethren.

Valerius was not able to speak Latin, and was therefore unable to preach to the Latin-speaking community at Hippo. It was for this reason that he had ordained Augustine, to use him as his mouthpiece to his flock. The fame of Augustine as a rhetorician, as a writer, as a disciple of Ambrose, was sufficient to make it probable that he would serve the purpose of Valerius admirably. And, in fact, Augustine was at once commissioned to preach in the Cathedral. This was an innovation. Hitherto only bishops had preached, and the neighbouring prelates murmured at Valerius introducing this change without the sanction of a synod. But Valerius explained to them that in the East it was customary for priests to preach, and so silenced their objections. After this the custom spread in the African Church, and many priests received licences to preach to their congregations, even in presence of the bishops. But Valerius seems not only to have committed to Augustine the duty of preaching, but also a great part of the regulation and government of his diocese. He wrote against the Manichees and Donatists, and held public controversy with the former.

A scandalous custom had grown up in the African churches

somewhat similar to that reprimanded by S. Paul at Corinth. In the primitive Church it was customary for the rich to give banquets to the poor ; these were the Agapæ or love feasts. They were generally given in connexion with the Eucharist, as thank-offerings to God in the person of his poor for the benefits He conferred on the communicants. But in the Corinthian Church these love feasts became disorderly revels. They were speedily abolished in the Catholic Church, or so modified as to be unobjectionable. The offertory at Communion has taken its place. Gifts of money are made to be distributed among the needy, instead of spreading for them a table, or, as in the Gallican Church, the *pain bénit* is presented by the charitable, blessed by the priest, and distributed to non-communicants throughout the church. In Africa these feasts lingered on longer than elsewhere. They took place on the eves of saints' days, in the church, wine was drunk in abundance, and distressingly sacrilegious scenes were the consequence.

Augustine, still only a priest, exerted himself to abolish this custom in the diocese of Hippo, and he wrote to Aurelius, the newly elected Bishop of Carthage, on the subject, A.D. 392. Probably owing to his representations, a canon was drawn up by the Carthaginian Church forbidding these feasts for the future.¹

Valerius was very old, and utterly incapacitated for discharging his episcopal duties. He had set his heart on having Augustine for his successor. He therefore obtained the consent of the com-provincial bishops to the elevation of Augustine to the episcopate, to act as his coadjutor during the remainder of his life, and to be his successor on his death, should the clergy and people of Hippo elect him. The date of his consecration cannot be fixed with certainty, but it was

¹ A mild form of this abuse had been habitual with such pious persons as S. Monica ; but when at Milan she had visited the churches with small baskets of food and wine, she was told that the practice was forbidden by S. Ambrose.

probably in A.D. 395, when he was forty-one. That the appointment of a coadjutor bishop was inconsistent with the literal sense of the eighth Nicene canon, neither he nor Valerius was aware. In after years he regretted that he had involuntarily allowed himself to transgress the canon. His deep sense of episcopal responsibilities is expressed in his sermons and epistles written at this time, by repeated references to the burden laid upon him, and by entreaties for the prayers as well as the obedience of his flock.

The rebellion of Gildo the Moor in 398 gave boldness and power to the Donatists to afflict the Catholic Church in Africa.

Gildo, brother of the tyrant Firmus, had amassed an enormous patrimony; long and meritorious service in the armies of Rome had given him the title of military count; and Theodosius had invested him with the government of Africa. His ambition soon usurped the administration of justice, and of the finances, without account, and without control, and he maintained for twelve years absolute possession of an office from which the feeble Honorius could not, dared not, remove him. During those twelve years the province of Africa groaned under the intolerable despotism of a capricious tyrant, ruling without law, uniting in his government the unfeeling temper of a stranger with the partial resentments of domestic faction. Donatism was a constant thorn in the side of Augustine, he combated it with not less vigour than he displayed against Manichæism. But Donatism was a schism rather than a heresy. It originated in a disputed appointment to the episcopal dignity at Carthage.

Mensurinus, Bishop of Carthage, was accused of having dealt too gently with the Traditors, those who, in the persecution of Diocletian, had delivered up the sacred books and vessels to escape martyrdom. Mensurinus was summoned to Rome on a political charge. On his departure he entrusted

to the deacons of Carthage the sacred vessels of his church. He died on his way back. Cæcilian, a deacon, was raised by the unanimous suffrages of the clergy and people to the vacant see. He was consecrated by Felix, Bishop of Aptunga. The deacons in charge of the sacred vessels refused to deliver them up. They were jealous of Cæcilian, and pretended that Felix, his consecrator, had been a Traditor. Donatus, Bishop of Casæ Nigræ, placed himself at the head of the malcontents. His commanding mind swayed the countless hierarchy which crowded the different provinces of Africa. The Numidian bishops took the lead, and at the summons of Donatus appeared in Carthage to the number of seventy, to cite Cæcilian and declare him contumacious, and his election void. Majorinus was appointed by them to the Carthaginian see. Both parties appealed to the civil power; and Anulinus, Prefect of Africa, who during the reign of Diocletian had sent martyrs to their crown with unsparing hand, was surprised to see the Christians crowding in hostile factions to demand his interference in their domestic discords. The schism continued in defiance of imperial rescripts and the decision of councils. Persecution embittered and intensified the opposition of the Donatists. This first development of the principle of Christian sectarianism was as stern, as inflexible, and as persevering as in later times. The Donatists drew their narrow pale round their persecuted sect, and asserted themselves to be the only elect people of Christ; the only people whose clergy could claim an unbroken apostolic succession, vitiated in all other communities of Christians by the inextinguishable crime of Tradition. Wherever they obtained possession of a church they burned the altar; or, when wood was scarce, scraped off the infection of heretical communion; they melted the chalices, and sold, it was asserted, the sanctified metal for profane uses; they rebaptized all who joined

their sect; they would not even permit the bodies of the Catholics to repose in peace, lest they should pollute the common cemeteries. Their counterpart in Europe is perhaps to be found in the Rascolniks of Russia. But in Russia a gentle forbearance with narrow bigotry about trifles, a loving spirit of conciliation, is daily healing the old wound and drawing schismatics from their prejudice. In Africa another course was adopted. The Catholics appealed to the imperial arm to torment and crush their opponents, and the result was that bitterness and vitality was given to the schism. The implacable faction darkened into a sanguinary feud. For the first time human blood was shed in conflicts between the followers of the Prince of Peace. Each party recriminated on the other, but neither denies the barbarous scenes of massacre and licence which devastated the African cities. The Donatists boasted of their martyrs, and the cruelties of the Catholic party rest on their own admission: they deny not, they proudly vindicate their barbarities—"Is the vengeance of God to be defrauded of its victims?"¹—and they appeal to the Old Testament to justify, by the examples of Moses, of Phineas, and of Elijah, the Christian duty of slaying by thousands the renegades or the unbelievers.

Augustine, in his calmer mood, saw the evil of using constraint. "My opinion at first was that no one should be compelled to the unity of Christ; he must be won by the word, convinced by argument, satisfied by reasons, lest we should have disguised Catholics instead of open heretics."² When in power, with the imperial authority at his back, the temptation was too strong for him not to retract this wise opinion, and to call force in to constrain his adversaries. But he had not experience to teach him the grievous error he committed. The stake and the sword drove the Mediæval Manichees or Patarines to take repose under the

¹ Optatus of Milevis.² Ep. xlviii.

cowl of S. Francis. The Minorite Order was nearly ruined thereby, the Fraticelli proved more dangerous to morals and sacerdotalism than flagrant Manichæism. It was they who secretly throughout Europe sowed the seeds of that revolt which rent half of Europe from the Church in the 16th century. The revocation of the Edict of Nantes, the dragonnades and galleys of Louis XIV., forced thousands of Huguenots into external profession of Catholicism. Their brooding discontent spread, infected the community, and broke out in the frenzy against religion and monarchy of the first French Revolution.

S. Augustine, during the rule of Gildo, was constrained to use his tongue and pen alone against his adversaries. He wrote at this time his great book on the Trinity, and the elaborate work against Faustus the Manichæan, whom in his Confessions he had characterized as that "great snare of the devil," whose knowledge he had found so shallow. He opposed the Donatist principle—that since "God heareth not sinners," the wickedness of the minister hindered the effect of the ordinances—in his replies to the letters of Parmenian and Petilian, and in his treatise on Baptism. His position was, that the Church was not deprived of spiritual privileges by the presence within her of sinners whom she could not expel without driving them into schism; seeing that the presence of Christ, ever living as the great fountain of grace in the midst of His Church, secures to the sacraments their validity, and to His ordinances a perpetual vitality.

During the winter of 404, Augustine held a discussion with Felix the Manichæan, who avowed that the chief attraction of Manichæism in his own case was the plausibleness of its doctrines concerning the origin and end of the material world. Felix was convinced, and had the unusual candour to embrace Catholicism.

The more frantic enthusiasts of the Donatist sect were

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called Circumcellions. No sooner had the provincial authorities received instructions to reduce the province by force to a semblance of religious unity, than the Circumcellions broke out into open revolt. Donatism was made a matter of blood and of tongue. The Latin-speaking settlers in Africa adhered to Catholicism, the Punic-speaking relics of the old Phœnician colonists embraced Donatism. Under the mask, unconsciously assumed, of religious controversy, the descendants of conquered Carthage rose against the descendants of their conquerors.

The Circumcellions abandoned their agricultural implements, and proclaimed themselves instruments of Divine justice and protectors of the oppressed ; they first asserted the wild theory of the civil equality of mankind, proclaimed the abolition of slavery, and, led by their clergy, marched against Catholics, slave-masters, and usurers. Their battle-cry was "Praise to God !" Their weapons were massive clubs, with which they beat their miserable victims to death. Trains of sacred virgins attended the "Companies of the Saints." Catholics called them troops of drunken prostitutes. Donatists flung back the odious and false imputations on Catholic religious communities.

Maximian, Catholic Bishop of Bagæ, was taken by the Circumcellions, and beaten on the head with the timbers of his own altar. Left for dead, he was again seized and flung from a tower. The care of a peasant and his wife enabled Maximian to travel to Italy, where he showed his scars to Honorius, and told his tale, no doubt with exaggerations. Other bands of Circumcellions fell on the Catholic clergy, and poured vinegar and lime into their eyes.

A synod was summoned (A.D. 404) at Carthage, and an appeal was made to the Emperor to put in force against the Donatists the harsh penal laws of Theodosius. But before the deputies reached Honorius, the Emperor had issued an

edict against the Donatists, threatening the laity with fines, and the clergy with exile, if they did not abandon their schism.

In the year 405 an unprofitable controversy of no little interest came to an end. Augustine and Jerome had for years been discussing whether the Septuagint could claim an absolute authority, whether S. Peter's weakness and S. Paul's rebuke at Antioch were simulated or real, whether the latter had been guilty of falsehood or of equivocation. Each party came to see the value of an independent translation from the Hebrew text; and Jerome apparently learned the more important lesson that Scripture could authorize no pious frauds.¹

Augustine was about this time troubled at a scandal which occurred in his own monastery at Hippo. He tried in vain to hush it up, but when it got wind, it caused not only distress to the Catholics, but gave occasion to the Donatists to exult.

Under his irritation and annoyance he wrote an elaborate letter in favour of coercing the Donatists. However, painful as his argument is, we must in fairness remember that he had seen the Church attacked, not simply by an opposing sect, but by a sect whose weapon was murderous brutality; and that when, towards the end of 408, it became a capital offence to disturb the Church's worship, Augustine shrank from the bloody exercise of the powers he had appealed for, and entreated the pro-consul of Africa to "forget that he had the power of inflicting death."

In the course of 409, Honorius, apparently in order to secure the support of all classes, put forth a short-lived edict of toleration.

¹ Adv. Pelag. 22. A low standard of truthfulness in the decaying empire had its influence on some eminent churchmen. Augustine found it necessary to remonstrate against tampering with truth, and to insist with special earnestness on the duty of truthfulness in the cause of truth.

In the summer of 411 the Catholic bishops of Western Africa held a conference with the Donatists at Carthage, and to force these sectaries to attend it, Honorius commissioned his secretary, Marcellinus, to preside.

The story of this conference has been told elsewhere (April 6, p. 89), and can only be hastily noticed in this place. Marcellinus assured the Donatist bishops who should attend exemption from recent penalties, and solemnly promised, by the Holy Trinity, the Incarnation, and the Day of Judgment, to act with entire impartiality. In May, two hundred and seventy Donatist prelates entered Carthage with considerable pomp. The Catholic prelates were two hundred and eighty-six in number. The conference was long, recriminative, and ended in neither party convincing the other.

Marcellinus then drew up a sentence, ordering the suppression of Donatist conventicles, and that the use of churches which had been permitted to the sectaries should henceforth be denied them. This intolerable and atrocious sentence was confirmed by Honorius on Jan. 30, 412; he abrogated all laws in favour of the Donatists; imposed fines on all of them; banished their clergy, and ordered the country labourers to be reclaimed from their schism by "frequent strokes of the lash."

Augustine was now about to be involved in another controversy. Whilst he was absorbed by the business of the conference, he once or twice saw Pelagius, a British Christian—his Welsh name was Morgan—at Carthage. He was accompanied by Coelestius; Pelagius departed for Palestine, but Coelestius remained at Carthage.

Paulinus, a Milanese deacon, then at Carthage, engaged in writing the life of S. Ambrose, accused Coelestius before Aurelius the Bishop, of publicly avowing, and widely disseminating the propositions that—1. Adam was created

mortal ; 2. That the fall of Adam was personal, and did not entail sin on his descendants ; 3. That infants are born in an unfallen state ; 4. That mankind did not die in Adam, nor rise in Christ. (This latter was an unfair deduction from the teaching of Pelagius and Coelestius.) 5. That man might be saved by observing the moral law, as well as by the Gospel ; 6. That there were sinless men before Christ came ; 7. That infants dying unbaptized were not necessarily lost eternally.

On being questioned by a council, at which Augustine was not present, Coelestius admitted or explained his doctrine as formulated by Paulinus. Augustine heard of this, and fired up. Pelagianism, he said, was reducible to two principles—the denial of Supernatural Grace, and the denial of Original Sin. He attacked the new doctrine both in sermons and in treatises, which set forth the doctrine of the Church as to the first and second Adam, the need of a Saviour for infants, the difference between original sin and “the following of Adam,” between regeneration and the imitation of Christ. Influenced perhaps by his early teaching, in his controversy with Pelagius (in his other writings he holds another tone), Augustine boldly proclaimed the physical transmission of sin in the propagation of children, and the damnation of unbaptized infants, but qualified it as a milder one than that which is the lot of those who wilfully reject salvation.

Pelagius asserted the freedom of the will to choose aright, to follow virtue, to reject evil. Augustine looking back on his own conversion, and not noticing that, under the fig-tree, when Grace was wrestling with his heart, he had, by an exercise of free will, cast off the old man and his deeds, and thrown open the door to Grace, was disposed to attribute to Divine Grace a constraining power almost destructive to human freedom, to use expressions, in the vehemence of

controversy, which are neutralized by other sayings in calmer moments, and to lay down maxims of predestination, of the supremacy of Grace, the incapacity of the will of man to think or to do any good thing, which, if carried to their logical conclusion, are destructive to morality, and which laid, in fact, the foundation of the most paralysing and deadly of all modern heresies—Calvinism. His controversy with Pelagius occupied Augustine till 418. But he had time to cheer on the governor to fresh acts of tyranny against the luckless Donatists, whom, unable to convince, he was determined to efface. His last work against Donatism was called forth by the piteous wail of Gaudentius, a Donatist bishop, that if these penal laws were enforced against him, there was nothing left for him but to burn himself and his flock in their church. Augustine wrote two books against the unfortunate prelate whom he had driven to desperation, coldly informing him that suicide was a sin. Yet the threat seems to have opened his eyes to the impolicy if not the wickedness of compulsion; and he concludes his appeal with the words, "Let us then agree to hold Catholic charity, in growing up with the wheat, in bearing with the tares unto the end, and in living for ever in the garner."

Augustine wrote a letter to Sixtus, priest of Rome, afterwards Pope, on Pelagianism. In this famous letter he not only went over the ordinary topics as to the Divine origination of all good in man, the evidence of original sin, &c., but dwelt with earnestness and positiveness on a view which he had started already in writing to Paulinus, the danger of which he did not see—a theory of absolute predestination, a fatalism like that which afterwards formed the basis of the teaching of Mahomet. According to this horrible doctrine, all men are equally deserving of perdition; all are formed of one "lump" of damnable sin.¹ God might justly have punished all, but for inscrutable reasons, scarcely to be

¹ Luther adopted this view into his system.

distinguished from caprice, he chose to elect some for weal and form others to woe. Man's foreseen qualities, his efforts, his yearnings after good, have nothing to do with his salvation, which is fatally regulated by God's hidden will. A horrible doctrine, which does away with all necessity for man making an endeavour to follow after righteousness, which relieves him from the smallest compunction when plunging into crime. Fortunately Augustine, in practice, did not follow out this his doctrine, and in other works insisted on truths which sap its foundations.

This letter of Augustine caused great disputes in 426 among the monks of Adrumetum. The Abbot Valentine, in calm self-complacency and assurance of his own salvation, and sitting in the ashes of dead lusts, highly approved of this system of Predestinarianism; but not so the younger monks, conscious of daily exercise of their free wills in the daily struggle against passion. The letter had been brought to the monastery by a monk named Felix, who read it to the brethren; whereupon some of them exclaimed that it destroyed free-will. At length, in the spring of 427, after a winter kept warm with controversy on the subject, two young monks, Cresconius and Felix, were sent to consult Augustine. He wrote in reply a letter to the brotherhood, exhorting them to hold together the truths of grace and free-will, salvation and judgment according to works. He however composed a treatise, "On Grace and Free-will," of a most mischievous tendency; in which, while contending for the real sense of the former term, he evaporated the latter of all real significance and force. For he ascribed to Grace such a vast controlling power as practically annulled all freedom of choice; the will, under Grace, could not choose aught but good, and Grace became an irresistible power. Into this extreme statement Augustine's predestinarianism led him by a necessary consequence.

The treatise was sent in a second letter to Valentine,

Abbot of Adrumetum, who, in reply, extolled Augustine as exhibiting the wisdom of an angel of God. But one of the monks took an objection: "If the will to do good is purely God's gift, why am I corrected for my faults, seeing that He has not given me such a will? God is unjust."

Augustine, in reply, wrote another treatise, "On Correction and Grace;" in which he maintained that those who are "called according to purpose" have an indefectible faith and an incapacity for sin; whereas the non-elect are the proper subjects of all penal infliction, simply as being what they are.

The tone of the argument is at once stern and unreal. We see the great writer condemned by a trenchant theory to have recourse to such a distinction as that between the "free" will of the non-elect, and the "freed" will of the elect, each of them being, on the hypothesis, constrained in one particular direction; the former unable to choose good, the latter unable to choose evil. We see the ingrained Manichæism of Augustine breaking out in this dividing of the world into regions of cloudless light and total darkness. The Deity was not mingled in any way in the darkness; all who lay under the shadow of evil were fatally bound to do evil: all their generosity, patience, strivings to keep the natural law, purity, modesty, courage, were all evil, utterly, unredeemably evil, and could not call up an emotion of love, of interest, in the breast of the Creator, nor stir Him to compunction at burning in eternal flames those who all their lifetime had striven according to their light to serve Him.

Within the pale of Election was the world of Salvation and Light. Those within could not sin. The human soul was so reduced to a subordinate agent before the mysterious and inscrutable power which, by the infusion of faith, rescued it from its inveterate, hereditary propensity, that it

became entirely passive, altogether annihilated, incapable of overleaping the profound though narrow gulf which divided the two kingdoms of Grace and Perdition.

We are amazed to notice the boldness with which Augustine sweeps away the plain meaning of a text that stands in the path of his system, as that which speaks of God's "desire that all men should be saved," and which he interprets as referring only to the elect, among whom are specimens of "all" classes, those who observe the moral law and those who do not.

In 427 Augustine carried out a long-cherished design of reviewing all his treatises, and correcting whatever might displease his ripened judgment. This process of rehandling was applied, in two books which bear the name of "*Retractiones*," to ninety-three treatises; the letters were reserved for a subsequent revision.

In the meantime Augustine's book "*On Correction and Grace*" had reached the bishops of Gaul, and had been perused by them with astonishment and alarm. They denounced his teaching on moral grounds, as tending at least to carelessness, and discouraging exertion. They insisted on God's offers of mercy to all men, on the universality of baptism, on the unlimited efficacy of the death of Christ. Augustine wrote against them two books on "*The Predestination of the Saints*," and "*The Gift of Perseverance*," in which he advanced his views in all their offensiveness, but admitted that they would not bear teaching to the people without discretion.

The difficulties of the Gallicans were not to be disposed of thus; their objections were real, rising out of the fundamental principles of morality. They would not be brow-beaten as had been the Donatists. By his own showing, Augustine did not acknowledge, on man's part, any real freedom of will; on God's, any real readiness to have mercy


on all men. The truths for which the Gallicans were solicitous appeared in their due place, in the admirable dogmatic statements of the Gallican Council of Orange held a century later—in 529. That assembly scanned the mystery of grace and free-will on both sides, and while glorifying God as the inspirer of prayer and faith, proclaimed that “all the baptized, having received grace through baptism, could, by the co-operating aid of Christ, work out their own salvation.” “We not only do not believe that any are predestined to evil, but if any hold so evil a belief, we say Anathema to them that do, with the utmost abhorrence.”

Augustine was taken away before Africa fell under the sway of the Arian Vandals. Hippo, one of the three cities which had as yet escaped the common ruin, was besieged by the Vandals in June, 430. One day Augustine while at table announced to the other bishops who had taken shelter in Hippo, that he had prayed God either to deliver the city or to strengthen His servants to bear His will, or at least to take him out of this world. That repression of error by the arm of flesh which he had leaned on against the Donatists was now to be excited by Vandal heretics against Catholicism. “They that take the sword shall perish by the sword.” He may have foreseen this, and been saddened to weariness of life by the prospect. He ceased not to preach and work, till in August he was prostrated by fever; and as he used to say that even approved Christians and priests ought to die as penitents, he excluded his friends from his room, except at certain hours, caused the penitential psalms to be written out and fixed on the wall opposite his bed, and repeated them with many tears; thus by his last acts throwing over the consequences and with them the principles advanced in his later dangerous treatises that

grew out of the Pelagian controversy. He expired on Aug. 30, A.D. 430, in his seventy-seventh year.

The body of S. Augustine was buried in the church of S. Stephen at Hippo, but was removed to Sardinia fifty-six years after by the exiled African bishops. When Sardinia fell into the power of the Saracens, in 710, Luitprand, King of the Lombards, redeemed the body, and it was placed in the church of S. Peter in Pavia. The relics have been since moved into the cathedral. Some portions have been given lately (A.D. 1837) to the diocese of Algiers and placed in a church erected on the ruined site of Hippo.

S. Augustine is represented with a burning heart in his hand.



August 29.

DECOLLATION OF S. JOHN THE BAPTIST (see June 24).
 SS. SERRAFIA, *V. M.*, AND SABINA, *M.* at Rome; circ. A.D. 126.
 S. ADELPHUS, *B.* at Metz; 5th cent.
 S. SEBBI, *K. of the East Saxons*; A.D. 694.
 S. MEDERIC, *P. Ab.* at Paris; circ. A.D. 700.
 S. VERONA, *V.* at Louvain; 10th cent.

S. SEBBI, K.C.

(ABOUT A.D. 694.)

[Modern Roman Martyrology, inserted by Baronius, not in any ancient Martyrologies. Authority:—Bede, Hist. iii. 29, iv. 11.]


KINGS SIGHERE and Sebbi, though subject to Wulfhere, King of the Mercians, governed the East Saxons after Swidhelm. During this reign a pestilence broke out in Essex, and Sighere with that part of the people which was under his dominion, thinking the plague was sent by their old gods in punishment for their desertion of Woden, returned to their ancient faith, and began to restore the pagan temples, and set up again the images of the great gods of Walhall—Woden the one-eyed, Thor the red-bearded holding his hammer, and Frey, beautiful, long-haired, holding a fish. But Sebbi, with his people, clave to the Lord. King Wulfhere sent Jaruman, Bishop of Lichfield, into the realm of Sighere to preach to the people. Bede says: "He proceeded with much discretion, as I was informed by a priest who bore him company in that journey, and had been his fellow-labourer in the Word. For he was a religious and good man, and travelling through all the country, reduced both

the aforesaid king (Sighere) and people to the way of righteousness, so that, forsaking or destroying the temples and altars which they had erected, they opened the churches, and rejoiced in confessing the name of Christ. These things being done, the priests and teachers returned home with joy." "Sebbi," continues Bede, "was much addicted to religious works, almsgiving, and frequent prayer; preferring a private and monastic life to all the wealth and honours of his kingdom, which sort of life he would also long before have adopted, had not his wife positively refused to part with him; for which reason many were of opinion, and gave vent to it in words, that he was more fit to be a bishop than a king." When he had been thirty years a king, and a soldier of the heavenly kingdom, he fell violently sick, and died of this sickness; but when attacked, he admonished his wife that they should then at least jointly devote themselves to the service of God, since they could no longer enjoy, that is, serve, the world. Having with much difficulty obtained this of her, he repaired to Waldhere, Bishop of London, and with his blessing received the religious habit, which he had long desired. He also carried to him a considerable sum of money, to be given to the poor, reserving nothing to himself, but rather coveting to remain poor in spirit for the sake of the kingdom of heaven.

"When the aforesaid distemper increased upon him, and he perceived the day of his death to be drawing near, being a man of royal disposition, he began to apprehend lest, when under pain, and at the approach of death, anything unbecoming might escape from his lips, or there might be want of dignity in the posture of his limbs. He therefore called to him the Bishop of London, and entreated that none might be present at his death except the bishop and two of his attendants. The bishop consented."

As Waldhere dozed by the King's bed, he thought he

saw men in shining garments minister to the sick man, and promise him a painless death. Sebbi passed away gently in a slumber, and was buried in S. Paul's, London. Bede adds an unworthy and ridiculous story about the stone coffin of Sebbi



August 30.

S. PHILONIDES, *B.M. in Cyprus*; circ. A.D. 303.SS. FELIX, *P.M.*, AND ADAUCTUS, *M. at Ostia or Rome*; circ. A.D. 304.S. PAMMACIUS, *C. at Rome*; A.D. 409.S. ÆONIUS, *B. of Arles*; A.D. 502.S. MODAN, *H. at Kill-Modan in Ulster*.S. AGILIUS, *Ab. at Rebais*; A.D. 650.S. FIACRE, *H. at Breuil, in France*; 7th cent.S. AMELTRUDE, *V. at Jumièges, in Normandy*; 7th or 8th cent.S. FANTINUS, *Mk. at Thessalonica*; 9th cent.

SS. FELIX AND ADAUCTUS, M.M.

(ABOUT A.D. 304.)

[Roman Martyrology. Ado, Usuardus, and almost all Latin Martyrologies. Authority:—Mention in the Martyrologies, the ancient Acts, and a poem by Marbod of Rennes.]



SAINT FELIX, a Roman priest, was taken in the persecution of Diocletian and condemned to lose his head. As he was being led to execution he was met by a stranger, who, being a Christian, was so moved by the sight that he cried out with a loud voice, "I also confess the same law as this man. I confess the same Jesus Christ; and I am ready to lay down my life in witness of these truths." He was at once seized, led before the magistrate, hastily sentenced, and the martyrs were both beheaded together. The real name of the stranger was never ascertained. He was therefore called Adauctus, or one who had joined himself to the martyr Felix.

S. FIACRE, H.C.

(7TH CENT.)

[Roman and Gallican Martyrologies, Aberdeen Breviary on Aug. 27,¹ and 30. Authority:—A life by an anonymous writer—late, 12th cent., and not trustworthy.]

S. FIACRE, or Fiachre, was of an illustrious family in Ireland. Wishing to lead a solitary life, he withdrew to France with some followers, and applied to S. Faro of Meaux, who was fond of the Irish, for some lonesome spot that might serve him as a retreat from the bustle of the world. The bishop immediately promised him as much ground in his own patrimony of Breuil as he could dig in a day. Fiacre dug so lustily that a woman complained to the bishop he had taken an unfair advantage of him; wherefore women were not allowed to enter his chapel. "It is said," we are told by Hector Boece, "All women that gangis in his chapell will be othir blind or wod (mad)." The woman, finding S. Faro paid no attention to her complaint, returned to the forest, and began to abuse S. Fiacre with all that warmth, copiousness of verbiage, and bitterness of tongue of which only woman is capable. Fiacre sat very depressed under this torrent of words on a stone, and the impression of his person is left on the stone to this day. The stone, with a curved impression in the centre, was preserved in the nave of the church of S. Fiacre at Breuil, placed on a pedestal for the convenience of pilgrims, who, suffering from hæmorrhoids, sat upon it, and received miraculous healing.²

At Breuil Fiacre erected a monastery in honour of the Blessed Virgin, where he used to receive strangers and guests, living himself in a cell apart. His reputation became so great, that from all parts infirm persons used to be

¹ As Fiacre B. of Autun; there never was such a bishop.

² Dom Piron: *la Vie admirable de S. Fiacre*, t. 1, p. 59.

brought to him, whom he cured by merely laying hands on them. After his death also, the date of which cannot be fixed with precision, streams of pilgrims came to Breuil, for the privilege and gratification of sitting in the depression made by Fiacre in the solid stone. The relics of S. Fiacre were removed to the Cathedral of Meaux in 1568, for protection against the fury of the Huguenots, but the stone was left at Breuil, and escaped their notice. Access to the chapel of S. Fiacre remained for long forbidden to women. Following a peculiarity of that sex, several at various periods persisted in attempting an entrance, and a string of miracles is recorded of the manner in which this curiosity was punished. One woman put her foot in at the door, and it swelled up to elephantine proportions, and the eyes of another who peeped in dropped out.

S. Fiacre died on the 18th of August, but his festival is celebrated on the 30th.

There exists a curious "*Mystère de Monsieur Saint Fiacre*" of the 15th century, published by M. Jubinal,¹ and a very interesting window of the 16th century at the church of S. Maclou in Pontoise, represents his legend. Unfortunately half the window is destroyed, but what remains represents eight scenes in his life, with the following inscriptions:—

1. "Comme Saint Fiacre en son jeune age alloit à l'escole pour apprendre la foy catholique."
2. "Comme le père de Saint Fiacre, duc de Hybernie, le voulut marier, avec . . . Damoiselle, fille" (the rest illegible).
3. S. Fiacre departing from his parents. Inscription destroyed.
4. "Comme Saint Fiacre arriva à la mer et pria un marinier de le passer en France."

¹ *Mystères inédits du xve siècle.*

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5. "Comme Saint Fiacre, après avoir passé la mer vint à Saint Pharon, évesque de Meaux, et lui fit prière"
 6. "Comme Saint Pharon donna congé à Saint Fiacre d'aller faire un hermitage au bois pour soy y tenir."
 7. "Comme Saint Fiacre abattit grand nombre de boys et a tant fâché bequenaude qui le reprint et accusa à Saint Pharon."
 8. "Comme Saint Pharon consola Saint Fiacre, et le reprint de son découragement."
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August 31.

- S. ARISTIDES, *Philosopher at Athens; 2nd cent.*
 S. CRESIDIUS, *P.M. at Transqui, in the Abruzzi; A.D. 310.*
 S. PAULINUS, *B. of Treves; A.D. 360.*
 S. OPTATUS, *P.C. at Auxerre; circ. A.D. 530.*
 S. EANSWITHA, *V. Abs. of Folkestone; A.D. 640.*
 S. AIDAN, *B. of Lindisfarne; A.D. 651.*
 S. CUTHBURGA, *Q. Abs. of Winborne; circ. A.D. 725.*
 S. RAYMUND NONNATUS, *Card. at Cordova; A.D. 1240.*

S. PAULINUS, B. OF TREVES.

(A.D. 360.)

[Roman and Gallican Martyrologies, Ado, Usuardus, Wandelbert.
 Authorities:—Various incidental notices collected by the Bollandists.]



SAINT PAULINUS, a disciple of S. Maximian of Treves, succeeded to the pastoral charge of that great and important city, the capital of Belgic Gaul, on the death of S. Maximian, in A.D. 349.

When the great Athanasius was banished to Treves, he was received with open arms by Paulinus. The bishop was summoned to Arles by Constantius, bent on Arianizing the Church. Constantius had convened a council at Arles, in which he hoped to force the bishops to renounce the communion of Athanasius. The aged Vincent, who had represented Pope S. Sylvester at Nicæa, unhappily yielded, in the vain hope that Valens and his friends would, on their side, condemn the Arian heresy. Vincent appears to have thought it necessary to sacrifice one man, in order to secure the Creed. But Paulinus of Treves saw that in this one man the whole cause of the faith was represented. To abandon Athanasius was, in fact, to abandon Nicæa. He

therefore withstood threats and persuasions, and bravely refused to accede to the wishes of the Emperor.

Early in 355 a new council met at Milan, where Dionysius was metropolitan. About three hundred Western bishops were present ; of the Eastern, only a small number. A letter which spoke of Athanasius, not as heretical, but as sacrilegious, was sent to Eusebius of Vercellæ, to urge his attendance. On reaching Milan he was excluded for ten days from the sitting in the cathedral. When he was admitted, the Arianizers desired him to sign a condemnation of Athanasius. With a diplomatic subtlety which marred his nobleness, Eusebius held out the Nicene Creed, saying, "First let us make sure of the faith. Sign this, and I will sign what you please." A great agitation ensued ; the people, who could hear in the nave what was passing in the choir, began to murmur. The meeting was adjourned to the palace. There Court influence was brought to bear on the bishops. Constantius had written a letter full of Arianism, which his agents attempted to pass off. They were asked to sign this paper ; Constantius skulking behind a curtain, overhearing their answers.

"The letter is rank Arianism," shouted Lucifer of Cagliari ; "there is no faith beside the Nicene, and all the soldiers of the Emperor will not prevent me from abhorring blasphemy."

"Insolent man !" said Constantius, bursting with unblushing brow from behind his screen ; "is it your duty to school an Emperor ?"

The presence and tones of an Arian despot capable of any barbarity intimidated the majority of the bishops. They yielded, not only to sign the decree against Athanasius, but formally to profess union with the Arians.

Dionysius, in a moment of weakness, yielded the first point in order to secure from the opponents a corresponding

concession, which should leave the faith undisturbed. It is said that he repented of having yielded at all, and that Eusebius "very ingeniously" contrived to efface his signature. There is no doubt that Eusebius, Lucifer, and Paulinus were steadfast, and when Constantius answered their appeal to the canons by saying, "Let my will serve you for a canon," they lifted up their hands, protesting against his bringing his authority to bear on ecclesiastical affairs, and reminding him of the account he must render at the Day of Judgment.

They were instantly condemned to exile. Dionysius, who now cast in his lot with them, shared their sentence. S. Hilary was cruelly beaten and banished. Maximus of Naples, though weak from illness, stood firm, and died in exile. A pious bishop, Rufinianus, was compelled by a young Arian prelate, Epicetus of Centumcellæ, to run before his chariot, until he died by bursting a blood-vessel. Lucifer was kept in a dark dungeon at Germanicia; Eusebius, at Scythopolis. Paulinus was banished to Phrygia, and died in exile.

His body was brought thence to Treves, where it received honourable burial, and the church of S. Paulinus, outside the Porta Nigra, was erected in the ninth century in his honour, and above his remains.

S. EANSWITHA, V. ABSS.

(A.D. 640.)

[Wilson in his *Anglican Martyrology* on Sept. 12, but Wyon, Menardus, and the Bollandists on Aug. 31. Authority:—*The life in Capgrave.*]

ETHELBERT, King of Kent, who had been converted to Christ by the preaching of Augustine, had a son, Eadbald,

and a daughter, Ethelburga. Eadbald married Emma, daughter of Theodebert, King of Austrasia, and by her had two sons, Ermenred and Ercombert, and one daughter, Eanswitha.

Eadbald built a church at Folkestone, dedicated to S. Peter, now buried under the blue waters of the encroaching sea. He sought to marry his daughter to one of the Northumbrian princes who was still a heathen. She obstinately refused. King Eadbald's Court was visited by the royal suitor. "I will marry him," said the wise virgin, "if by prayer to his gods he is enabled to lengthen this log a foot." In vain did the suitor sue his gods, the log maintained its accustomed length.

Legends of all kinds have accumulated round the name of this young and holy descendant of Hengist and of Clovis. The gaps in her authentic history are filled by incidents which show the idea formed by the Anglo-Saxons of the supernatural power with which a monastic vocation invested a daughter of the sovereign race.

The church of S. Peter at Folkestone was converted into a convent. As soon as she was installed there as abbess, she made it, after the fashion of all the religious foundations of the time, a great agricultural establishment as well as an ascetic sanctuary and a literary school. There, according to the popular tale, she tamed flocks of wild geese which spoiled her harvests, and which her servants stole from her poultry-yard, and ate, to her great displeasure. With the top of her crosier she dug a canal to bring to her monastery a stream of fresh water, which was wanting.

She died young, in 640.

S. AIDAN, B. OF LINDISFARNE.

(A.D. 651.)

[Roman Martyrology: York Kalendar, Bede, Ado, Usuardus, Aberdeen Breviary. Donegal and other Irish Kalendars. Authority:—Bede in his *Eccl. History of England*.¹]

WHEN S. Oswald sought to convert his kingdom of Northumbria to Christ, as has been already related in his life, he turned to Iona for a missionary.

The Scottish monks answered his appeal with heartiness. But the first effect of their zeal was not fortunate. Their first representative seems to have been a man of harsh, unbending disposition, of that tone of mind prone to look on the gloomy side of affairs, to rebuke and threaten, and meditate and preach on hell fire and outer darkness rather than on the love and mercy of God, and on the glories of Paradise—a temper of mind which was perhaps a national characteristic, to culminate eventually in stern Calvinism.

This missionary, by name Corman, attempted in vain to preach the Gospel to the Northumbrians, who heard him with opposition and dislike. After some time he returned to Iona; and in rendering an account of his mission to the fathers of the monastery, he declared that he could make nothing of the Angles, that they were a race of untamable savages, and of a stubborn and barbarous spirit. This report greatly perplexed the fathers of the synod, who ardently desired to impart to the English people the gift of salvation which had been asked from them. They deliberated for a long time, until at length one of the assembly, Aidan, a monk of Iona, said to the discomfited preacher, "It seems to me, my brother, that you have been too hard on these ignorant people: you have not, according to the

¹ The greater part of this life is taken from Montalembert's *Monks of the West*.

apostolic counsel, offered them first the milk of gentle doctrine, to bring them by degrees, while nourishing them with the Divine Word, to the true understanding and practice of the more advanced precepts."

At these words every eye was turned to Aidan: his opinion was thoughtfully discussed, and the debate ended in an acknowledgment that he was the man wanted for the mission, since he was endowed with that discernment which is the source of all virtues. There was a bishop in the monastery of Iona, and Aidan received consecration from his hands for the work of God in Northumbria.

He received his mission from the whole brotherhood and from Seghen, Abbot of Iona, the fourth successor of Columba in the monastic metropolis of the Hebrides.

Aidan found that everything had to be done, or done over again, in the once Christian Northumbria. To the south, in Deira, the ravages of Cadwallon and Penda do not seem to have left any traces of the mission of Paulinus except the solitary church at York, where the deacon, James, had maintained the celebration of Christian worship, and which, begun by Edwin, was completed by Oswald. In Bernicia the Roman bishop, Paulinus, had restricted himself to itinerating missions, followed by general baptism, but he had not founded there any permanent station, since, until the Cross was planted by Oswald on the eve of his victory over the Britons, it is said that no one had ever seen a church, or an altar, or any emblem of the Christian faith.

It was thus a hard task, and one well worthy of a follower of Columba, which presented itself to the monk of Iona, trained in the school of that great missionary.

Aidan had brought with him several of his brethren, and the number of Celtic monks who came to help him increased from day to day. It became necessary to assign to them, or rather to create for them, a centre of operations. The

King left to Aidan the choice of the seat of his bishopric. Although his diocese comprised the whole of Northumbria, he does not seem to have thought of occupying the vacant see of York. Whether he yielded in this to the prejudices and dislikes which separated the Scots from Roman usages, or whether he was unwilling to quit the northern district, where the mission of Paulinus had left the fewest traces, and where, consequently, he had most work to do, it is certain that he chose to place his episcopal monastery at a distance from the churches founded by the Roman monks in the southern part of the country.

He preferred a position a little more central, near the royal residence of Oswald, and on the coast, but much nearer the Firth of Forth than the mouth of the Humber, which mark the two extreme limits of Oswald's kingdom to the north and south.

This choice of a residence shows that, as a monk of Iona, ambitious of following in every respect the example of the great apostle of his race, founder of the sanctuary whence he issued, S. Aidan took pleasure in imitating S. Columba even in local particulars. Like him he settled his community in an island near the shore, almost as small, as insignificant, and as barren as Iona was when the holy exile from Ireland landed there. Its position was even, in some respects, a repetition, in the North Sea and to the East of Great Britain, of the position of Iona upon the opposite coast and on the shore of the Atlantic.

Amid the waves of the North Sea, opposite the green hills of Northumberland, and the sandy beach which extends between the border town of Berwick on the North, and the imposing scene of the feudal fortress of Bamborough on the South, lies a low island, flat and sombre, girt with basaltic rocks, forming a kind of square block, which terminates to the north-west in a long point of land stretching towards the

mouth of the Tweed and Scotland. This island bears the impress of melancholy and barrenness. It can never have produced anything but the sorriest crops and some meagre pasturage. There is not a tree, not an undulation, not one noticeable feature, save a small conical hill to the south-west, now crowned by a strong castle of picturesque form but recent construction.

In this poor islet was erected the first Christian church of the whole district, now so populous, rich, and industrious, which extends from Hull to Edinburgh. This was Lindisfarne—that is to say, the Mother Church, the religious capital of the North of England and the South of Scotland, the residence of the first sixteen bishops of Northumbria, the sanctuary and monastic citadel of the whole country round—the Iona of the Anglo-Saxons. The resemblance of Lindisfarne to Iona, of the colony to the metropolis, the daughter to the mother, is striking. These two isles, once so celebrated, so renowned, so influential over two great hostile races, have the same sombre and melancholy aspect, full of a wild and savage sadness.

The island chosen by Aidan is, however, an island during only a portion of each day. As at S. Michael's Mount in Cornwall, twice in twenty-four hours the ebbing tide leaves the sands uncovered, and the passage can be made on foot to the neighbouring shore, though not always without danger, for many stories are told of travellers drowned in attempting to cross to the holy isle at low water.

From this new abode Aidan, looking southward, could descry far off the rock and stronghold of Bamborough, where Oswald, after the example of his grandfather Ida, had established his capital. His eye, like his heart, could there hail the young and glorious prince who was his friend, his helper, and his rival.

Nothing is told us by Bede of the early history of S. Aidan.

But the Irish Kalendars state that he was the son of Lugair, of the race of Eochaidh Finn Fuath-nairt, from whom S. Bridgit was descended. They state that he was bishop first at Inis Cathaigh (Scattery Isle, County Clare), but this is certainly a mistake. He may have resided there as a cenobite, but not as a bishop, before entering the community of Iona. When he first appears to us he is already a monk at Iona, and clothed with a certain authority among his brethren. Even when raised to the episcopate, he remained always a monk, not only in heart, but in life. Almost all his Celtic fellow-workers, whether from Ireland or Scotland, were monks like himself, and followed the cenobitical rule of their order and country. A hundred years after Aidan, the system which he had established at Lindisfarne was still in full vigour; and, as in his day, the bishop himself was either himself the abbot of the insular community, or lived there as a monk, subject, like the other religious, to the authority of the abbot, elected with the consent of the brotherhood. The priests, deacons, choristers, and other officials of the cathedral, were all monks. But this monastic discipline and order would have availed little if the missionary-head of the institution had not possessed the character common to great servants of the truth, and been endowed with those virtues which the apostolic office demands.

Bede, who was born twenty years after the death of the monk-bishop, and who lived all his life in the country which was fragrant with the memory of Aidan's virtues, has made his character and life the subject of one of the most eloquent and attractive pictures ever drawn by the pen of the venerable historian. The praise which he awards to him is not only more expressive and more distinct than that given to any other monastic apostle of England, but also so much the less to be suspected of partiality, that it is qualified by most

energetic protests against the Celtic Church and its apostles for their fidelity to Celtic observances as to the celebration of Easter, which the clergy of the South of Ireland had abandoned out of deference to the Roman usage, but which the Scots of the North of Ireland and of all Caledonia obstinately preserved as they had received them from their fathers.

"Aidan was," Bede tells us, "a pontiff inspired with a passionate love of goodness; but at the same time full of a surpassing gentleness and moderation."

Faithful to all the noble teachings of his monastic cradle, he appeared to the future clergy of Northumbria as a marvel of self-denial and austerity. He was the first to practise what he taught, and none could ever reproach him with having failed to fulfil, to his best ability, all the precepts of the Gospels, of the apostles, and the prophets.

Indifferent to all worldly possessions, Aidan expended in alms all that he received from the kings and rich men. To the astonishment of the Saxons, who, like modern Englishmen, were excellent horsemen, and valued nothing more highly than the horse, it was always on foot that the bishop went through town and country, penetrating everywhere—now among the rich, now among the poor—baptizing those who were still heathen, confirming in the faith those who were already Christians, and stimulating all to alms-giving and good works. All who accompanied him, monks or laymen, had to devote a certain portion of each day to meditation—that is to say, to reading the Bible and learning the Psalter. Unwearied in study, humble and peaceful, charitable and sincere, he was especially distinguished by zeal against the sins of the rich. Far from sparing any of their vices or excesses, he rebuked them with the greatest sharpness; and contrary to the received custom, he never made any present to the chiefs or nobles, restricting himself to

simple hospitality when they came to visit him, and giving away to the necessitous the gifts they heaped upon him. But the priestly courage which armed him against the pride of the powerful was transformed into a wonderful tenderness and watchful solicitude when he had to defend the feeble, to relieve the needy, or to comfort the unfortunate. His, in a word, was the heart of a true priest and apostle, disdainful alike of false grandeur and vain prosperity, and victorious over all the mean and perverse tendencies of his time, of all times.

Aidan retained nothing for himself of all the gifts of land which the generosity of the Saxon kings and nobles bestowed upon the Church, whose doctrines they had just embraced. He was content with Lindisfarne and the scanty fields of his poor little isle. But he reserved for himself, wherever it was possible, a site for a chapel, with a small chamber attached, where he prepared his sermons, and in which he lodged during his incessant and prolonged journeys.

Like S. Gregory the Great, whom, though not his disciple, he emulated in well-doing, he took an especial interest in the education of children and the emancipation of slaves. From the beginning of his mission he attached to himself twelve English youths, whom he educated with the greatest care for the service of Christ, and of whom at least one became a bishop. Every church and monastery founded by him became immediately a school where the children of the English received from Aidan's monks an education as complete as that to be had in any of the great Irish monasteries. As to slaves, he devoted principally to their redemption the gifts which he owed to the munificence of the Anglo-Saxons, endeavouring especially to save such as, to use Bede's expression, had been "unjustly sold"—which means, probably, those who were not foreign prisoners, or who had not been condemned to slavery as a punishment for crime.

For the Saxons, as well as the Celts, made no scruple of selling their brethren and children like cattle. The freedmen were carefully instructed by Aidan, numbered among his disciples, and frequently raised to the priesthood. Heathen barbarism was thus assailed and undermined in its very citadel by monks, both from the north and from the south, and by slaves promoted to the rank of priests.

An account of the united labours of S. Oswald and S. Aidan has been already given in this volume, and to it the reader is referred.¹

The battle of Maserfield closed the life and good work of the blessed Oswald, one of the noblest, purest, and most earnest kings known to history.

Oswin claimed and seized on the throne of Deira, and Aidan was as much beloved and respected by this young prince as he had been by Oswald. The touching story of their intimacy and of the early death of Oswin has already found its place in this volume.² The fierce Penda, at the head of his Mercians and the Britons, for thirteen years ravaged Northumbria; but he seems to have entertained less unfriendly feelings towards his neighbours the Deirians and their king than to the Bernicians, and Oswy, the brother of Oswald, his last victim. It is in the north of the two kingdoms that we find him carrying everywhere fire and sword, and attempting to give to the flames the royal fortress of Bamborough. There also we find Aidan, the benefactor and protector of the country. Penda, not having been able to reduce the fortress either by assault or by investment, caused an enormous pile to be erected all round the rampart. He heaped on it all the wood of the surrounding forests, the drift wood from the beach, the beams, and even the thatch of the cottages in all the neighbouring villages which he had destroyed; then, as soon as the wind blew from the West, he set fire to

¹ Aug. 5, p. 70.

² Aug. 20, p. 192.

the mass, with the hope of seeing the flames reach the town.

Aidan was at this time in the islet of Farne, an isolated rock in the open sea, a little to the south of Lindisfarne, and nearly opposite Bamborough, to which he often went, quitting his episcopal monastery to devote himself in solitude and silence to prayer. While he prayed he saw a cloud of black smoke and jets of flame covering the sky above the town where once his dear Oswald had dwelt. Lifting his eyes and hands to heaven, he cried with tears, "My God, behold all the evils that Penda does us!" At the same moment the wind changed, the flames whirled upon the besiegers, destroying many of them, and they speedily abandoned the siege of a place so evidently under Divine protection.

As if this formidable and pitiless enemy was not enough to desolate Northumbria, Oswy, moved by jealousy, made war against Oswin, King of the Deirians. Thus Northumberland was a prey to internecine war as well as desolation from the invasions of the ruthless Penda.

Oswin was defeated and put to death; and twelve days afterwards the glorious Bishop Aidan followed the king he loved to the tomb. He fell sick during one of his innumerable missionary expeditions, and died under a tent which had been pitched in haste to shelter him at the back of a modest church he had just built. He expired with his head resting against one of the buttresses of the church. It was a death which became a soldier of the faith upon his own fit field of battle.

The body of Aidan was laid in his monastic cathedral of Lindisfarne.

S. CUTHBURGA, Q. ABSS.

(ABOUT A.D. 725.)

[Anglican Martyrologies, Sarum and York Kalendars, Roman Martyrology. Authority :—The life in Capgrave, the main facts in which are alone to be relied on ; mention by Henry of Huntingdon and William of Malmesbury, &c.]

S. CUTHBURGA and her sister S. Cyneburga were the daughters of Kenred, King of Wessex. The legislator Ina, whose life has already been given, was their brother.

The fame of the beauty and virtue of Cuthburga having reached Aldfrid, King of Northumbria, he sent to Ina to ask his sister in marriage. Like her sister-in-law, Etheldred, she desired in the lifetime of her husband to give up conjugal life and her royal state to consecrate herself to God in the cloister. Less tender or less violent than his brother Egfrid, King Aldfrid consented to the separation, and Cuthburga took the veil in the monastery of Barking, on the Thames, in the kingdom of the East Angles.

She remained there only a few years. Her brother Ina desired her to become superior of a great foundation belonging to their race and country. He established her at Winbourne, in a very fertile country, which Rodolf, the biographer of S. Lioba who issued from it, is pleased to derive from Wine-born, the fountain of wine. The derivation is fanciful, but expresses the richness of the site. The Queen of Northumbria, when she became abbess of the new community, carried with her the spirit and habits of her first monastic dwelling-place, and Winbourne soon became still more celebrated than Barking for the development of its literary studies.

S. RAYMUND NONNATUS, CARD.

(ABOUT A.D. 1240.)

[Roman Martyrology. S. Raymund is thought to have been canonized by the Anti-Pope Benedict XIII. The recitation of an office and mass in his honour on his festival was sanctioned by Urban VIII. and Alexander VII., under the latter of whom his name was inserted in the Roman Martyrology. Authority :—A life by Ciconius in his *Vitæ et res gestæ Pont. Romanorum et S. R. E. Cardinalium*, t. ii. col. 90.]

As no contemporary life of this Saint exists, as indeed some three or four hundred years elapsed before his legend was committed to writing, ample time had been given for the popular fancy and the zeal of his religious Order to transform the sober facts of his history into a fantastic romance. It is difficult—it is indeed impossible to say what truth there is in the story as it is given us by writers of the 17th century, whether they had any authentic records on which to frame their biography, or whether it is only the crush of the rich fruit of the Catalonian imagination.

There lived in the diocese of Urgel in Catalonia a reduced nobleman of the family of the Counts of Cerdagne, named Sarroi. His wife died when she was expecting her confinement. She was about to be buried. Her husband refused to allow the ceremony to proceed till he was sure that the child in her womb was dead also. A friend with his dagger cut open her side, and extracted a living, beautiful babe. It was baptized by the name of Raymund, and was called Nonnatus, or the "Unborn."

The child grew up with an ardent devotion to the Blessed Virgin, whom he adopted as his mother, having lost her who had borne him seven months in her womb, but had never given birth.

He was employed as a shepherd. (The story is not
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very consistent—we should not look to see a nobleman's son tending sheep.) He found a cave in which was an image of S. Mary, and retired into it frequently to pray. The shepherds complained to his father that Raymund neglected the sheep. The father came to see, and lo ! there stood a youth of angelic countenance in the midst of the flock, in glittering raiment, with a shining staff like a sunbeam, guiding the sheep to green pastures, warding off danger. Whilst Raymund prayed in the grotto an angel watched his flock.

One day the devil in the form of a shepherd visited the youthful Raymund in the cave, and remonstrated with him. He was not born to tend sheep, to do menial work. Let him go into military service like his ancestors. Raymund, feeling this to be a temptation, cried to Mary to save him. No sooner had he pronounced her name than the shepherd vanished in a puff of smoke and a most intolerable smell.

Raymund went to Barcelona and joined the Order of Mercy for the redemption of captives, and received the habit from the hands of S. Peter Nolasco.

He was sent into Africa with money to buy back slaves taken by pirates, and then in captivity in Algiers. He found the sum confided to him insufficient to liberate all. He therefore gave himself up in exchange for one more captive, when he had exhausted the fund at his disposal.

As a slave he laboured at the hardest tasks, and was cruelly bastinadoed. He spoke to his fellow captives, consoled them in their affliction, prevented the wavering from renouncing their faith, and was so zealous in his proclamation of the faith, that his masters put a padlock through his lips, the key of which was kept by the Cadi, and it was only unlocked to allow him to eat.

One day he was found in the moat of Algiers, on which he

was employed, in an ecstasy, pointing with his hand to the words of the 108th Psalm, "Take not the word of thy truth utterly out of my mouth," in his Psalter. The Moors shook him, and tried to restore him to consciousness. Then, slowly coming to himself, he said, padlocked though his lips were, "Thy Word, O Lord, endureth for ever."

Pope Gregory IX. heard of his captivity and sufferings. Money was sent for his release, and his heroic confessorship was rewarded with a cardinal's hat. But Raymund, indifferent to the honours accorded him, returned to his convent at Barcelona. There he had a notable vision. The Blessed Virgin appeared to him in dazzling light, bearing a crown of flowers which she sought to place on his brow. He refused to submit his head to the honour; then Our Lord appeared, and laid on his temples the crown of thorns.

He was ordered to Rome by Gregory IX., curious to see the Saint, but fell ill on his way thither, at the castle of the Count of Cerdagne, two days' journey from Barcelona. Death approached. The priest of the parish was absent. Raymund feared lest he should die without the Sacraments.

Suddenly the door of the chamber flew open, and in swept a mysterious procession of unknown men, in white robes, the habit of the Fathers of Mercy, but white and shining as no fuller on earth could whiten them. Each bore a burning taper in his hand, and all chanted in solemn tones the "De profundis." After these forms had passed in and ranged themselves in an avenue from the bed to the door, there entered One in sacrificial vestments, crowned with thorns, and with wounds in his hands and feet. From beneath his chasuble on the right side welled out red blood, which flowed down his shining alb. There was a great light, and a fume of rising incense, and a bell ringing, sweet and clear. And in

the blaze, and fragrance and chanting and pealing of the silver bell, the dying man was communicated.

As mysteriously as the procession had entered so did it depart. The door closed. The Count of Cerdagne and those present rushed to the window, and saw the awful procession pass the river at the foot of the castle, dry shod, and then disappear.

Then those who had seen this marvellous sight turned to the bed—Raymund was no more.

The body of the Saint is shown at the Hermitage of S. Nicolas at Portel in Catalonia.

In art he is represented with padlocked mouth, in the habit of his Order, sometimes crowned with thorns.

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